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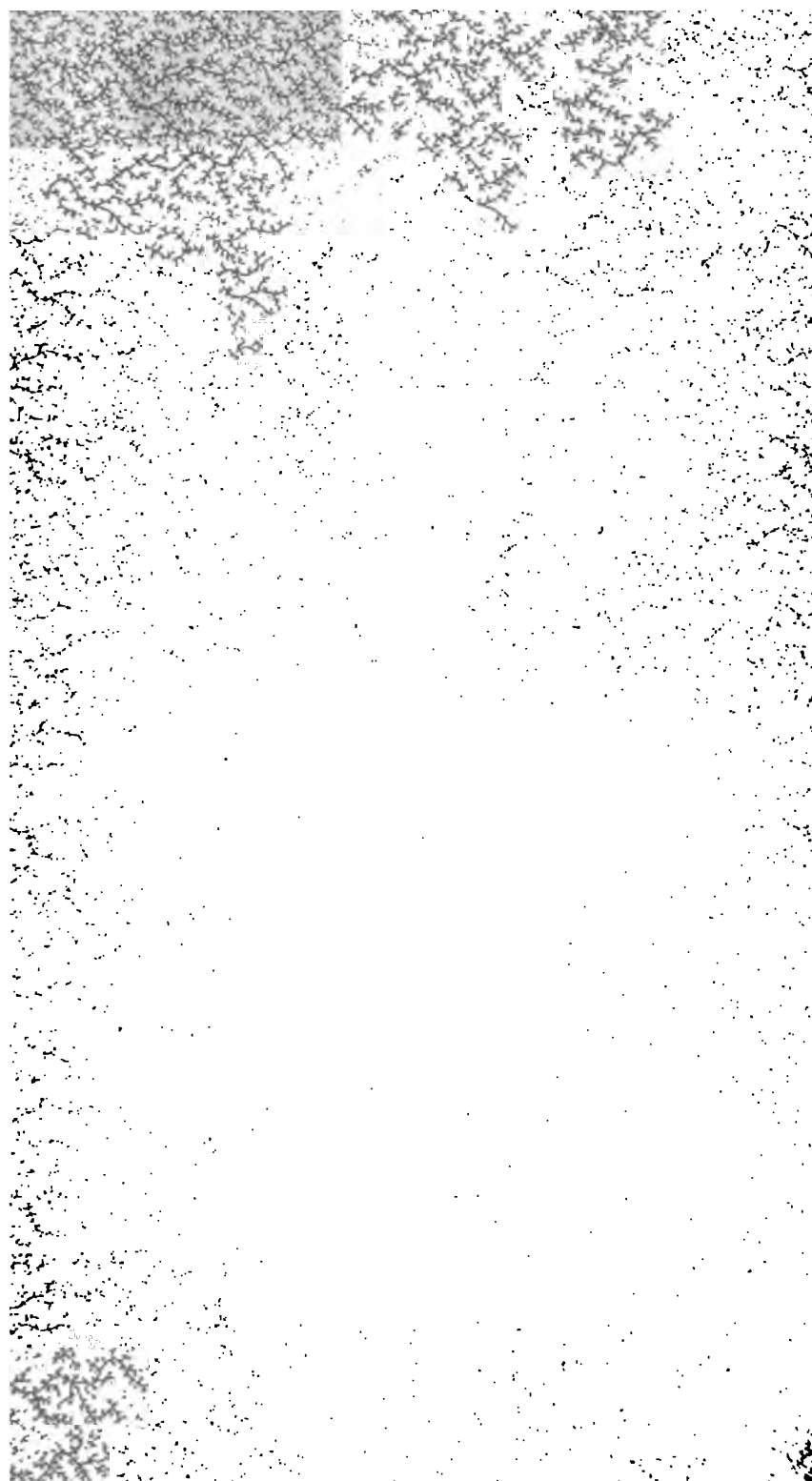


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THE GENUINE
POETICAL REMAINS
OF
SAMUEL BUTLER.

WITH NOTES,
BY ROBERT THYER,
KEEPER OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY, MANCHESTER.

**WITH A SELECTION FROM THE AUTHOR'S CHARACTERS
IN PROSE.**

**ILLUSTRATED WITH HUMOROUS WOOD-CUTS, AND PORTRAITS OF
BUTLER AND THYER.**



LONDON:
PRINTED FOR JOSEPH BOOKER,
61, NEW BOND STREET.

1827.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THIS EDITION.

It was originally intended to include, in this new edition of BUTLER's REMAINS, all the "Prose," as well as the "Poetical," works of this celebrated and humorous writer; and which will account for the sheets being described as the first volume. On a careful perusal, however, of his prose writings, there was found so much, which, from its dryness, coarseness, and prolixity, would ill suit with the more refined taste of modern readers, that the idea has been abandoned; and the publication is now limited to the poetical works, with a selection of a few of the best of the CHARACTERS, for which some highly humorous and spirited wood-cuts had already been prepared.



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MR. THYER'S

PREFACE.

IT would be very unjust to the memory of a writer so much and so justly esteemed as Butler, to suppose it necessary to make any formal apology for the publication of these *Remains*. Whatever is the genuine performance of a genius of his class cannot fail of recommending itself to every reader of taste; and all that can be required from the publisher is to satisfy the world, that it is not imposed upon by false and spurious pretensions.

This has already been attempted in the printed proposals for the subscription; but as the perishing form of a loose paper seems too frail a monument to preserve a testimony of so much importance, it cannot, I hope, be

judged impertinent, to repeat the substance of what I observed upon that occasion—That the manuscripts, from which this work is printed, are Butler's own hand-writing, as evidently appears from some original letters of his found amongst them—That upon his death, they fell into the hands of his good friend, Mr. W. Longueville, of the Temple, who, as the writer of Butler's life informs us, was at the charge of burying him—That upon Mr. Longueville's decease, they became the

—*his good friend, Mr. W. Longueville.*] “Another of his Lordship's [Lord Guilford's] acquaintance was one Mr. William Longueville, sometime a bencher of the Inner Temple, who was one of his Lordship's much esteemed friends and companions. His discourse was fluent, witty, literate, copious, and instructive; and those that did not well attend to him, or did not understand him, thought he talked too much. His excellence of conversation lay in a select society of one or two, but he had too much in him to allow more a due share in the conversation. He was a master of classic wit, and had the best Latin sentences from the orators, historians, and poets, at his tongue's end, and used to apply them significantly and with that judgement as cleared him of pedantry. His method was much after the way of epic compositions, full of digressions and episodes, but neither was the main let fall, nor time lost upon the by. His industry was indefatigable and his integrity as the driven snow, and as few blunders (if any) have come from his chamber as from any of his pretensions. His beginning was low, for he was the son of a cavalier father, who spent extravagantly what

property of his son, the late Charles Longueville, Esq. ; who bequeathed them, at his death, to John Clarke, Esq. ; and that this gentleman has been prevailed upon to part with them, and favoured me with an authority to insert the following certificate of their authenticity.

“ I do hereby certify, that the papers now proposed to be published by Mr. Thyer, are the original manuscripts of Mr. Samuel But-

the tyranny of the times had left him, and at last fell to his unprovided son to be maintained, not only in necessaries, but in extravagancies : and he, with incomparable piety and application, was a father to his father. A good-natured six-clerk took a fancy to the young man, and gave him credit, by which he crept into that office, and at length made it his own, and in fit time he sold it. By which he had a foundation of estate, and what with a match, by which he hath posterity, and his practice, he hath re-edified a ruined family.—Mr. Longueville was the last patron and friend that poor old BUTLER, the author of *Hudibras*, had, and, in his old age, he supported him ; otherwise he might have been literally starved. All that Butler could do to recompense him, was to make him his heir, that is, give him his *Remains* ; but in loose papers, and indigested.—But Mr. Longueville hath reduced them into method and order, and some of them have been since printed. It might have been better, perhaps, if they had never seen the light ; for, under a variety of surprising wit and lively conceit, there is couched but an awkward morality.” *North's Life of Lord Keeper Guilford.* (EDITOR.)

ler, author of *Hudibras*, and were bequeathed to me by the late Charles Longueville, Esq.

JOHN CLARKE."

"Walgherton, Cheshire,
Nov. 20, 1754."

Although from evidence of such a nature there cannot remain the least doubt about the genuineness of this work, and it be very certain that every thing in it is the performance of Butler; yet it must be owned, at the same time, that there is not the same degree of perfection and exactness in all the compositions here printed. Some are finished with the utmost accuracy, and were fairly transcribed for the press, as far as can be judged from outward appearance. Others, though finished, and wrote with the same spirit and peculiar vein of humour which distinguishes him from all other writers, seem as if upon a second review he would have retouched and amended in some little particulars; and some few are left unfinished, or at least parts of them are lost or perished. This acknowledgment I think due to the poet's character and memory, and necessary to bespeak that candid allowance from the reader, which the posthumous works of every writer have a just claim to.

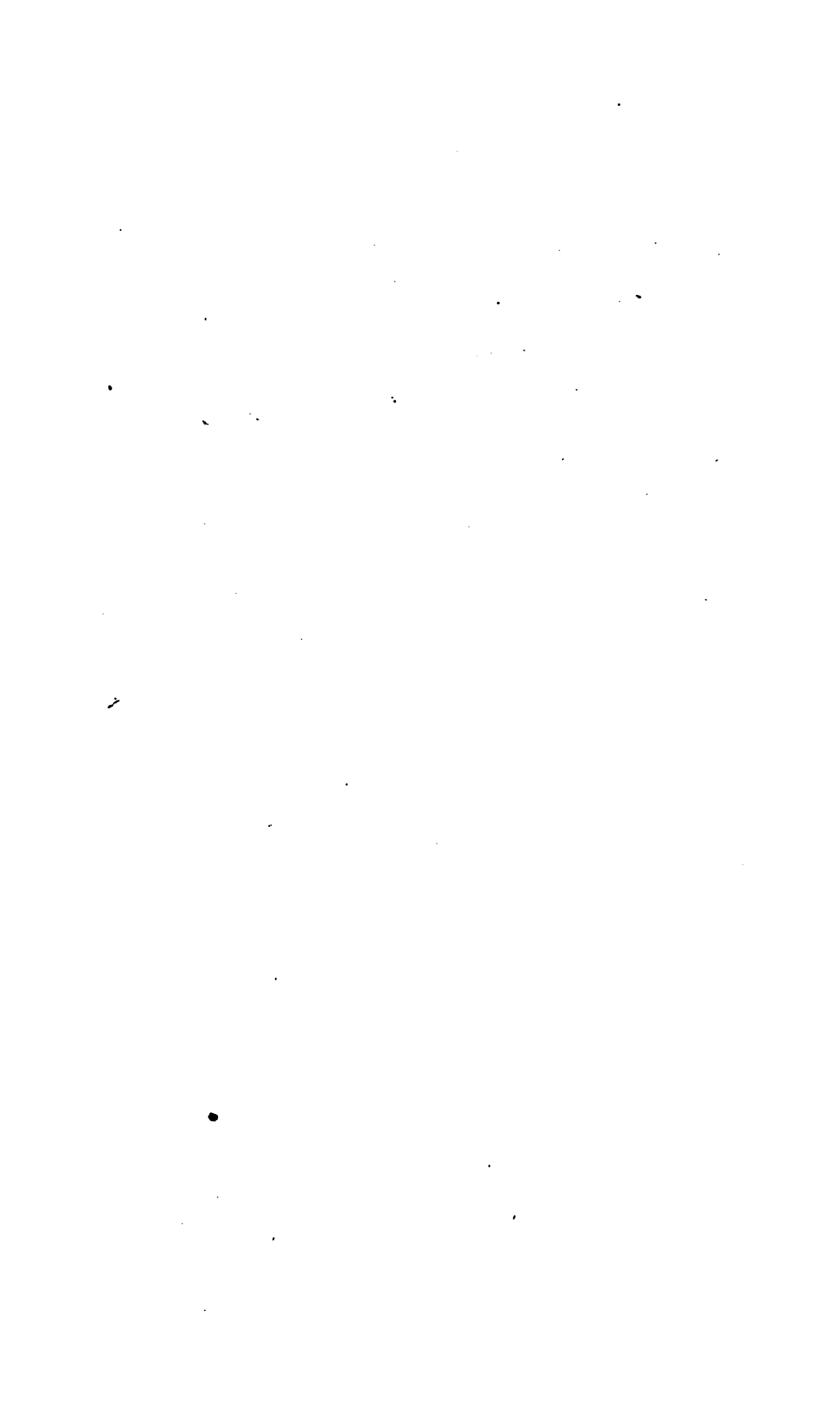
It is, I know, a common observation, that it is doing injustice to a departed genius to publish fragments, or such pieces as he had not given the last hand to.—Without controverting the justness of this remark in general, one may, I think, venture to affirm, that it is not to be extended to every particular case, and that a writer of so extraordinary and uncommon a turn as the author of *Hudibras* is not to be included under it. It would be a piece of foolish fondness to purchase at a great expense, or preserve with a particular care, the unfinished works of every tolerable painter ; and yet it is esteemed a mark of fine taste to procure, at almost any price, the rough sketches and half-formed designs of a Raphael, a Rembrandt, or any celebrated master. If the elegant remains of a Greek or Roman statuary, though maimed and defective, are thought worthy of a place in the cabinets of the polite admirers of antiquity ; and the learned world thinks itself obliged to laborious critics for handing down to us the half intelligible scraps of an ancient classic ; no reason can, I think, be assigned, why a genius of more modern date should not be entitled to the same privilege, except we will ab-

surdly and enthusiastically fancy, that time gives a value to writings, as well as to coins and medals—It may be added too, that as Butler is not only excellent, but almost singular too in his manner of writing, every thing of his must acquire a proportionable degree of value and curiosity.

I shall not longer detain the reader from better entertainment by indulging my own sentiments upon these *Remains*; and shall rather chuse to wait for the judgement of the public, than impertinently to obtrude my own. It is enough for me, that I have faithfully discharged the office of an editor; and shall leave to future critics the pleasure of criticising and remarking, approving or condemning. The notes which I have given, the reader will find to be only such as were necessary to let him into the author's meaning, by reciting and explaining some circumstances not generally known, to which he alludes; and he cannot but observe, that many more might have been added, had I given way to a fondness for scribbling, too common upon such occasions.

Although my author stands in need of no

apology, for the appearance he is going to make in the following sheets, the world may probably think that the publisher does, for not permitting him to do it sooner—All that I have to say, and to persons of candour I need to say no more, is, that the delay has been owing to a bad state of health and a consequent indisposition for a work of this nature, and not to indolence, or any selfish narrow views of my own.



THE
ELEPHANT
IN THE
MOON.

ELEPHANT IN THE MOON.] This poem was intended by the Author for a satire upon the Royal Society, which, according to his opinion, at least, ran too much at that time into the virtuoso taste, and a whimsical fondness for surprising and wonderful stories in natural history. It was founded upon a fact mentioned in a note upon Hudibras's *Heroical Epistle to Sidrophel*, where the annotator observing that one Sir Paul Neal, a conceited virtuoso, and member of the Royal Society, was probably characterised under the person of Sidrophel, adds—"This was the gentleman who, I am told, made a great discovery of an elephant in the Moon, which, upon examination, proved to be no other than a mouse, which had mistaken its way, and got into his telescope." See *Grey's Hudibras*, vol. ii. p. 105.

Butler was a profest enemy to the method of philosophizing in fashion in his time, as appears not only from his works, which are already printed, but from those which I have in manuscript.—To ridicule this, he introduced into his *Hudibras* the character of Sidrophel, which, I can assure the reader, upon the Poet's own authority, was intended for a picture of Sir Paul Neal; and, indeed one must own, notwithstanding the many useful labours of the Royal Society, that at their first setting out, even as it is represented by their learned and florid panegyrist, the Bishop of Rochester, they did justly lay themselves open to the lashes of wit and satire.

(THYER.)

IBID.] Mr. Thyer was not aware that the individual satirised in the *Epistle to Sidrophel* was not the Sidrophel of the *Hudibras*, and has fallen into the mistake of supposing that Butler meant to represent Sir Paul Neal as a conjuror, a fortune-teller, and a receiver of stolen goods. (See note on the *Epistle to Sidrophel*, *Hudibras*, vol. ii. 1819.) Among Butler's MSS. the following lines occur:

"Like that wise virtuoso, Sidrophel,
Who in a public tax is said t' appeal,
And shew how much he had been over-reckon'd
To pay a tenth for but a third or second."

And in another place he says: "Sir P. Neal being rated, in a public tax, the sixth part of an estate he had, complained it was too much, and desired he might be relieved and pay but a fifth." These corresponding passages sufficiently prove that Butler occasionally distinguished Sir Paul by the appellation of Sidrophel, and afford reason for believing him the hero of the *Epistle*, but I do not find among the MSS. a single line which tends to identify the Conjuror of the *Hudibras*; and William Lilly must still retain possession of the title and dignity which tradition has assigned him, and which his character, pretensions, and exploits, so eminently merited.

Sir Paul Neal was one of the first establishers of the Royal Society, and was extremely diligent in his attendance on their meetings; but he does not appear to have distinguished himself in any other way, unless by his superior credulity.

(EDITOR.)

THE
ELEPHANT
IN THE
MOON.

A LEARN'D Society of late,
 The glory of a foreign state,
 Agreed, upon a summer's night,
 To search the Moon by her own light ;
 To take an invent'ry of all 5
 Her real estate, and personal ;
 And make an accurate survey
 Of all her lands, and how they lay,
 As true as that of Ireland, where
 The sly surveyors stole a shire ; 10
 T' observe her country, how 'twas planted,
 With what sh' abounded most, or wanted ;
 And make the proper'st observations,
 For settleing of new plantations,

9. *As true as that of Ireland, &c.*] This probably is a satirical allusion to Sir William Petty, who was employed in taking a survey of Ireland in Cromwell's time, and was afterwards impeached in the Parliament of 1658, for mismanagement in the distribution and allotments of the Irish lands. See *Ward's Lives of the Professors of Gresham College*, p. 219.—(TYLER.)

14. *For settleing of new plantations.*] A sneer, no doubt, upon Bishop Wilkins, who, in his *Discourse to prove, that the Moon may be an habitable world*, has this passage.—" 'Tis the opinion of Kepler, that as soon as the art of flying is found out,

If the Society should incline 15

T' attempt so glorious a design.

This was the purpose of their meeting,
 For which they chose a time as fitting ;
 When at the full her radiant light
 And influence too were at their height. 20
 And now the lofty tube, the scale
 With which they Heav'n itself assail,
 Was mounted full against the Moon ;
 And all stood ready to fall on,
 Impatient who should have the honour 25
 To plant an ensign first upon her.

When one, who for his deep belief
 Was Virtuoso then in chief,

some of their nation will make one of the first colonies that shall transplant into that other world. I suppose his appropriating this pre-eminence to his own countrymen, may arise from an over partial affection to them. But yet thus far I agree with him, that whenever that art is invented, or any other, whereby a man may be conveyed some twenty miles high, or thereabout, then 'tis not altogether improbable that some or other may be successful in this attempt." See *Wilkins's Mathematical and Philosophical Works*, p. 117.—(THYER.)

21. *And now the lofty tube, the scale—With which they Heav'n itself assail.*] This too seems to be a banter upon a passage in Wilkins, where he says,—“ 'Tis related of Eudorus, that he wished himself burnt with Phaëton, so he might stand over the Sun to contemplate its nature ; had he lived in these days, he might have enjoyed his wish at an easier rate ; and scaling the heavens by the glass, might plainly have discerned what he so much desired.” *Ibid*, p. 48.—(THYER.)

27, 28. *When one, who for his deep belief—Was Virtuoso then in chief.*] There is no avoiding the appropriating this character and speech to the then President of the Royal Society, the Lord Viscount Brounker. Sprat, in his *History*, mentions him in the following terms :—“ William, Lord Viscount Brounker, which office has been annually renewed to him by election, out of the true judgement, which the Society has made of his great abilities in all natural, and especially mathematical knowledge.” And 'tis very probable, that the Poet sneeringly alludes to this compliment in these two lines. Butler, as well in this as in the following characters and speeches, which he introduces into this story, may very plainly be observed to

Approv'd the most profound, and wise,
 To solve impossibilities, 30
 Advancing gravely, to apply
 To th' optick glass his judging eye,
 Cry'd—Strange!—then reinforc'd his sight,
 Against the Moon with all his might,
 And bent his penetrating brow, 35
 As if he meant to gaze her through.
 When all the rest began t' admire,
 And, like a train, from him took fire,
 Surpriz'd with wonder, beforehand,
 At what they did not understand, 40
 Cry'd out, impatient to know what
 The matter was, they wonder'd at.

Quoth he,—Th' inhabitants o' th' Moon,
 Who, when the Sun shines hot at noon,
 Do live in cellars under-ground 45
 Of eight miles deep, and eighty round,

describe particular persons; and it would be no difficult task, perhaps, from the circumstances he mentions, to point them out; but I chuse to decline it, rather than to be thought to endeavour, by an invidious explication, to add bitterness to a satire, which may be judged severe enough already against gentlemen, who in many respects have deserved so well of their country and the learned world.

I cannot help observing on this occasion, that 'tis very probable, that the true reason of this poem's not being published in the Author's life-time, was the many personal reflections contained in it upon persons of great consideration, who were, some of them, then alive.—(THYER.)

45. *Do live in cellars under-ground, &c.*] This alludes to a visionary book of Kepler's about the Moon and its Inhabitants.—A passage from Bishop Wilkins's *Discovery of a new World in the Moon*, will be sufficient to explain it. Speaking of the gibbosity of the Moon, he says—"Now if you would ask a reason, why there should be such a multitude of these in that planet, the same Kepler shall just give you an answer. Supposing (saith he) that those inhabitants are bigger than any of us, in the same proportion as their days are longer than ours, viz. by fifteen times,

(In which at once they fortify
 Against the Sun, and th' enemy)
 Which they count towns and cities there,
 Because their people's civiler 50
 Than those rude peasants, that are found
 To live upon the upper ground,
 Call'd Privolvans, with whom they are
 Perpetually in open war;
 And now both armies, highly 'nrag'd, 55
 Are in a bloody fight engag'd;
 And many fall on both sides slain,
 As by the glass 'tis clear, and plain.
 Look quickly then, that every one
 May see the fight, before 'tis done. 60
 With that a great Philosopher,
 Admir'd, and famous far and near,
 As one of singular invention,
 But universal comprehension,

it may be, for want of stones to erect such vast houses as were requisite for their
 habitations, they are fain to dig great and round hollows in the earth, where they both
 procure water for their thirst, and turning about with the shade, may avoid those
 great heats, which otherwise they would be liable unto. Or if you will give Cassar
 la Galla leave to guess in the same manner, he would rather think, that those thirsty
 nations cast up so many and so great heaps of earth, in digging of their wine-cellar.
 See *Wilkins's Mathem. and Philosoph. Works*, p. 68.—(TYLER.)

58. Call'd Privolvans, &c.] This and the following term *Subvolvans* are also
 taken from Kepler.—Wilkins, speaking of the Moon and its supposed inhabitants,
 says—"Kepler calls this world by the name of *Levania*, from the Hebrew word
 לֵוָנָה which signifies the Moon, and our earth by the name of *Volvans*, a *volvendo*;
 because it does by reason of its diurnal revolution appear unto them constantly to
 turn round; and therefore he stiles those, who live in that hemisphere, which is to-
 wards us, by the title of *Subvolvans*, because they enjoy the sight of this earth;
 and the others *Privolvans*, *quia sunt privati conspectu volvas*, because they are de-
 prived of this privilege." See *Wilkins's Mathem. Works*, p. 46.—(TYLER.)

IN THE MOON.

15

Apply'd one eye, and half a nose 65

Unto the optick engine close.

For he had lately undertook

To prove, and publish in a book,

That men, whose nat'ral eyes are out,

May, by more pow'ful art, be brought 70

To see with th' empty holes as plain,

As if their eyes were in again :

And, if they chanc'd to fail of those,

To make an optick of a nose ;

As clearly it may, by those that wear 75

But spectacles, be made appear ;

By which both senses being united

Does render them much better sighted.

This great man, having fix'd both sights

To view the formidable fights, 80

Observ'd his best, and then cry'd out,—

The battle's desperately fought :

The gallant Subvolvani rally,

And from their trenches make a sally

Upon the stubborn enemy, 85

Who now begin to rout and fly.

These silly ranting Privolvans,

Have every summer their campaigns,

And muster, like the warlike sons

Of Raw-head and of Bloody-bones, 90

As numerous as Soland geese

I' th' Islands of the Orcades,

Courageously to make a stand,

And face their neighbours hand to hand ;

Until the long'd-for winter's come 95
 And then return in triumph home,
 And spend the rest o'th' year in lies,
 And vapouring of their victories.
 From th' old Arcadians th' are believ'd
 To be, before the Moon, deriv'd ; 100
 And when her orb was new created,
 To people her, were thence translated.
 For, as th' Arcadians were reputed
 Of all the Grecians the most stupid,
 Whom nothing in the world could bring 105
 To civil life, but fiddleing,
 They still retain the antique course,
 And custom of their ancestors;
 And always sing, and fiddle to
 Things of the greatest weight they do. 110

103, 104, 105, 106. *For, as th' Arcadians were reputed—Of all the Grecians the most stupid—Whom nothing in the world could bring—To civil life, but fiddleing.]*
 The Arcadians were reckoned stupid even to a proverb.—Hence Lucian's expression Πεδν γὰρ ἐν Ἀρκαδίᾳ σοφίης, ἢ φιλοσοφίας. So also Juvenal,

————— *leva in parte mamilla*
Nil salis Arcadico juveni

Sat. vii. v. 169.

They were no less remarkable for their fondness for music; and Polybius observes that by the laws of their country, they were obliged to learn and practise it from their infancy, till they were thirty years old; and that they introduced it into all the public meetings upon every occasion. See *Polybius*, b. 8.

With what particular view our author introduced this circumstance of the Privolvans being akin to the old Arcadians, and of their both being fond of music, I must leave to the conjectures of future annotators. I shall only add, that I find by many satirical flings among his loose papers, that he was no friend to musicians—and perhaps, he only intended to hint, that they are a sort of *Lunatics*.—(THEYER.)

While thus the learn'd man entertains
 Th' assembly with the Privolvans ;
 Another of as great renown,
 And solid judgement in the Moon ;
 That understood her various soils, 115
 And which produc'd best *genet-moyles* ;
 And in the register of fame
 Had enter'd his long-living name ;
 After he had por'd long and hard
 In th' engine, gave a start, and star'd— 120
 Quoth he,—A stranger sight appears
 Than e'er was seen in all the spheres.
 A wonder more unparallel'd,
 Than ever mortal tube beheld.
 An elephant from one of those 125
 Two mighty armies is broke loose,
 And with the horror of the fight
 Appears amaz'd, and in a fright ;
 Look quickly, lest the sight of us
 Should cause the startled beast t'imboss. 130

116. *And which produced best genet-moyles.*] Butler here had in his eye John Evelyn, Esq. F.R.S. who wrote a philosophical discourse of *Earth*, and presented it to the Royal Society, April 29, 1676, which is dedicated to Lord Viscount Brouncker. He also wrote a treatise called *Pomona*, or an appendix concerning fruit-trees in relation to cyder, in which (speaking of the best sort of cyder-apples) he says, p. 66,—“Some commend the fox-whelp; and the *genet-moyle* was once preferred to the very red-strake, and before the brousbury-crab; but upon mature consideration the very critics themselves now recant, as being too effeminate and soft for a judicious palate.”—(THYER.)

130. *Should cause the startled beast t'imboss.*] To *imboss* is to hide himself, taken from the Italian *imboscarsi*, to run into cover.—(THYER.)

It is a large one, far more great
 Than e'er was bred in Afric yet ;
 From which we boldly may infer,
 The Moon is much the fruitfuller.
 And, since the mighty Pyrrhus brought 135
 Those living castles first, 'tis thought,
 Against the Romans, in the field,
 It may an argument be held
 (Arcadia being but a piece,
 As his dominions were, of Greece,) 140
 To prove, what this illustrious person
 Has made so noble a discourse on ;
 And amply satisfy'd us all
 Of th' Privolvans' original.
 That elephants are in the Moon, 145
 Though we had now discovered none,
 Is easily made manifest ;
 Since, from the greatest to the least,
 All other stars and constellations
 Have cattle of all sorts of nations ; 150
 And Heaven, like a Tartar's horde,
 With great and numerous droves is stor'd :

149, 150. *All other stars and constellations—Have cattle of all sorts of nations ;*]
 See much the same thought in *Hudibras*, where Sidrophel, speaking about the new
 star, which he took the paper-lantern to be, says,

I'm certain 'tis not in the scrowl

Of all those beasts, and fish and fowl,

With which, like Indian plantations,

The learned stock the constellations. P. II. C. 3. ver. 429.—(THYER.)

And, if the Moon produce by nature
 A people of so vast a stature,
 'Tis consequent, she should bring forth 155
 Far greater beasts too, than the earth;
 (As by the best accounts appears
 Of all our great'st discoverers ;)
 And, that those monstrous creatures there
 Are not such rarities as here. 160

Mean while the rest had had a sight
 Of all particulars o' th' fight ;
 And every man with equal care,
 Perus'd of th' Elephant his share,
 Proud of his int'rest in the glory 165
 Of so miraculous a story ;
 When one, who for his excellence
 In height'ning words and shad'wing sense,
 And magnifying all he writ
 With curious microscopick wit, 170
 Was magnify'd himself no less
 In home and foreign colleges,
 Began, transported with the twang
 Of his own trillo, thus t' harangue.

Most excellent and *virtuous* friends, 175
 This great discovery makes amends

153, 154. *And if the Moon produce by nature—a people of so vast a stature,*]
 See a passage before cited from Kepler, where he supposes the inhabitants of the
 Moon to be fifteen times bigger than any of us.—(TYLER.)

175. *Most excellent and virtuous friends.*] The sense of the word *virtuous* in this
 speech and other parts of this poem is to be taken from the Italian *virtuoso*, from
 whence the term *virtuoso*.—(TYLER.)

For all our unsuccessful pains,
 And lost expence of time and brains.
 For, by this sole phænomenon,
 We've gotten ground upon the Moon ; 180
 And gain'd a pass, to hold dispute
 With all the planets that stand out ;
 To carry this most *virtuous* war
 Home to the doer of every star,
 And plant th' artillery of our tubes 185
 Against their proudest magnitudes ;
 To stretch our victories beyond
 Th' extent of planetary ground ;
 And fix our engines and our ensigns
 Upon the fixt stars' vast dimensions, 190
 (Which Archimede, so long ago,
 Durst not presume to wish to do,)
 And prove, if they are other suns,
 As some have held opinions ;
 Or windows in the empyreum, 195
 From whence those bright effluvias come
 Like flames of fire (as others guess)
 That shine i' the mouths of furnaces.
 Nor is this all we have achiev'd,
 But more, henceforth to be believ'd, 200
 And have no more our best designs,
 Because they're ours, believ'd ill signs.
 T'out-throw, and stretch, and to enlarge,
 Shall now no more be laid t' our charge ;

Nor shall our ablest virtuosos 205
 Prove arguments for coffee-houses;
 Nor those devices, that are laid
 Too truly on us, nor those made
 Hereafter, gain belief among
 Our strictest judges, right, or wrong; 210
 Nor shall our past misfortunes more
 Be charg'd upon the ancient score:
 No more our making old dogs young
 Make men suspect us still i' th' wrong;
 Nor new-invented chariots draw 215
 The boys to course us, without law;

205, 206. *Nor shall our ablest virtuosos—Prove arguments for coffee-houses.*] To the same thing Butler alludes in his *Hudibras*, where Sidrophel, defending his art against the objectors to it, calls them

Those wholesale critics, that in coffee-Houses, cry down all philosophy.

P. II. C. 3. ver. 100.

And that the wits of that age did joke upon the labours of the Royal Society is clear from Sprat's *History* of it, in which, after having enumerated the many advantages arising from their labours, and, among the rest, that of improving wit by furnishing the imagination with such a stock of new images, he adds—"And now I hope that what I have said will prevail something with the wits and railleurs of this age, to reconcile their opinions and discourses to these studies: for now they may behold that their interest is united with that of the Royal Society; and that if they shall decry the promoting of experiments, they will deprive themselves of the most fertile subject of Fancy; and indeed it has been with respect to these terrible men, that I have made this long digression. I acknowledge that we ought to have a great dread of their power; I confess I believe, that new philosophy need not (as Cæsar) fear the pale or the melancholy, as much as the humourous and the merry: for they, perhaps, by making it ridiculous, because it is new, and because they themselves are unwilling to take pains about it, may do it more injury than all the arguments of our severe and frowning dogmatical adversaries." See *Sprat's History*, p. 417.

(TRYER.)

215. *Nor new-invented chariots draw.*] This and the three following verses are very nearly verbatim inserted in *Hudibras's Heroical Epistle to Sidrophel*, besides several others here and there in this Poem, which it will be unnecessary to point out

Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurse,
 To turn 'em into mungrel-curs,
 Make them suspect our skulls are brittle,
 And hold too much wit, or too little : 220
 Nor shall our speculations, whether
 An elder-stick will save the leather
 Of schoolboy's breeches from the rod,
 Make all we do appear as odd.
 This one discovery's enough, 225
 To take all former scandals off—
 But, since the world's incredulous
 Of all our scrutinies, and us ;
 And with a prejudice prevents
 Our best and worst experiments ; 230
 (As if th' were destin'd to miscarry,
 In consort try'd, or solitary ;)
 And since it is uncertain, when
 Such wonders will occur again,
 Let us as cautiously contrive 235
 To draw an exact narrative
 Of what we every one can swear,
 Our eyes themselves have seen appear ;
 That, when we publish the account,
 We all may take our oaths upon't. 240
 This said, they all, with one consent,
 Agreed to draw up th' instrument,
 And, for the gen'ral satisfaction,
 To print it in the next *Transaction*.

to the admirers of Butler.—It is very usual with him to introduce a verse or two almost literally the same into different compositions.—(THYER.)

But, whilst the chiefs were drawing up 245
This strange memoir o'th' telescope,
One, peeping in the tube by chance,
Beheld the Elephant advance,
And, from the west-side of the Moon,
To th' east was in a moment gone. 250
This b'ing related, gave a stop
To what the rest were drawing up ;
And every man amaz'd anew,
How it could possibly be true,
That any beast should run a race 255
So monstrous, in so short a space,
Resolv'd, howe'er, to make it good,
At least, as possible as he could ;
And rather his own eyes condemn,
Than question what h' had seen with them. 260
While all were thus resolv'd ; a man,
Of great renown there, thus began——
'Tis strange, I grant ! But who can say
What cannot be ; what can and may ?
Especially at so hugely vast 265
A distance, as this wonder's plac'd ;
Where the least error of the sight
May show things false, but never right :
Nor can we try them, so far off,
By any sublunary proof. 270
For who can say, that Nature there
Has the same laws, she goes by here ?
Nor is it like, she has infus'd
In every species, there produc'd,

The same efforts, she does confer 275
 Upon the same productions here :
 Since those with us, of several nations,
 Have such prodigious variations ;
 And she affects so much to use
 Variety, in all she does. 280
 Hence may b' inferr'd, that, tho' I grant
 We've seen i'th' Moon an Elephant,
 That Elephant may differ so
 From those upon the earth below,
 Both in his bulk, and force, and speed, 285
 As being of a diff'rent breed ;
 That, tho' our own are but slow-pac'd,
 Theirs there may fly, or run as fast ;
 And yet be Elephants no less,
 Than those of Indian pedigrees. 290
 This said, another of great worth,
 Fam'd for his learned works put forth,
 Look'd wise, then said—All this is true,
 And learnedly observ'd by you :
 But there's another reason for't, 295
 That falls but very little short
 Of mathematick demonstration,
 Upon an accurate calculation,
 And that is—As the Earth and Moon
 Do both move contrary upon 300
 Their axes, the rapidity
 Of both their motions cannot be
 But so prodigiously fast,
 That vaster spaces may be past

In less time than the beast has gone, 305
 Though h' had no motion of his own ;
 Which we can take no measure of,
 As you have clear'd by learned proof.
 This granted, we may boldly thence
 Lay claim to a nobler inference ; 310
 And make this great phænomenon
 (Were there no other) serve alone,
 To clear the grand hypothesis
 Of th' motion of the Earth from this.
 With this they all were satisfy'd, 315
 As men are wont o' th' bias'd side ;
 Applauded the profound dispute,
 And grew more gay and resolute
 By having overcome all doubt,
 Than if it never had fall'n out ; 320
 And, to complete their narrative,
 Agreed t' insert this strange retrieve.
 But, while they were diverted all
 With wording the memorial,
 The footboys, for diversion too, 325
 As having nothing else to do,
 Seeing the telescope at leisure,
 Turn'd virtuosos for their pleasure ;
 Began to gaze upon the Moon,
 As those they waited on, had done, 330

313, 314. *To clear the grand hypothesis—Of th' motion of the Earth from this.*]
 The Copernican system of the Earth's motion was not at this time generally received ; and our Poet seems, in most places wherein he mentions it, to sneer at it as a philosophic whim. Wilkins, who was pretty sanguine in his opinions, writ a book upon this subject, and yet modestly entitles it,—*A discourse, concerning a new planet,*

With monkeys' ingenuity,
 That love to practise what they see ;
 When one, whose turn it was to peep,
 Saw something in the engine creep ;
 And, viewing well, discover'd more 335
 Than all the learn'd had done before.
 Quoth he,—A little thing is slunk
 Into the long star-gazing trunk ;
 And now is gotten down so nigh,
 I have him just against mine eye. 340
 This being overheard by one,
 Who was not so far overgrown
 In any virtuous speculation,
 To judge with mere imagination,
 Immediately he made a guess 345
 At solving all appearances,
 A way far more significant,
 Than all their hints of th' Elephant;
 And found, upon a second view,
 His own hypothesis most true ; 350
 For he had scarce apply'd his eye
 To th' engine, but immediately
 He found, a mouse was gotten in
 The hollow tube, and shut between
 The two glass-windows in restraint 355
 Was swell'd into an Elephant ;

*tending to prove, that ('his probable) our earth is one of the planets. See Wilkins's
 Philosophical Works.—(THYER.)*

And prov'd the virtuous occasion
Of all this learned dissertation.
And, as a mountain heretofore
Was great with child, they say, and bore 360
A silly mouse ; this mouse, as strange,
Brought forth a mountain, in exchange.

Mean while, the rest in consultation
Had penn'd the wonderful narration ;
And set their hands, and seals, and wit, 365
T' attest the truth of what th' had writ ;
When this accurst phænomenon
Confounded all th' had said or done.

For 'twas no sooner hinted at,
But th' all were in a tumult strait, 370
More furiously enrag'd by far,
Than those that in the Moon made war,
To find so admirable a hint,
When they had all agreed t' have seen't,
And were engag'd to make it out, 375
Obstructed with a paltry doubt.

When one, whose task was to determine,
And solve th'appearances of vermin ;
Wh' had made profound discoveries
In frogs, and toads, and rats, and mice ; 380
(Tho' not so curious, 'tis true,
As many a wise rat-catcher knew ;)
After he had with signs made way
For something great he had to say,

— This disquisition 385
 Is, half of it, in my discission :
 For, though the Elephant, as beast,
 Belongs of right to all the rest,
 The mouse, b'ing but a vermin, none
 Has title to, but I alone; 390
 And therefore hope, I may be heard,
 In my own province, with regard.
 It is no wonder, w' are cry'd down,
 And made the talk of all the town,
 That rants and swears, for all our great 395
 Attempts, we have done nothing yet,
 If ev'ry one have leave to doubt,
 When some great secret's half made out ;
 And, 'cause perhaps it is not true,
 Obstruct, and ruin all we do. 400
 As no great act was ever done,
 Nor ever can, with truth alone ;
 If nothing else but truth w' allow,
 'Tis no great matter what we do.
 For truth is too reserv'd, and nice, 405
 T'appear in mix'd societies ;
 Delights in solit'ry abodes,
 And never shows herself in crowds,
 A sullen little thing, below
 All matters of pretence and show ; 410

385, 386. ———— *This disquisition, ———— Is, half of it, in my discission.*]
 The defect in the first of these lines must not be imputed to any in the manuscript,
 which is very fair, but to the poet's whim—The word *discission* is spelled in this
 fanciful way, I suppose, with a punning allusion to the character of this philosophical
cutter-up of rats, mice, &c.—(TYLER.)

That deal in novelty, and change,
 Not of things true, but rare and strange,
 To treat the world with what is fit,
 And proper to its nat'ral wit;
 The world, that never sets esteem 415
 On what things are, but what they seem ;
 And, if they be not strange and new,
 Th' are ne'er the better for b'ing true.
 For, what has mankind gain'd by knowing
 His little truth, but his undoing, 420
 Which wisely was by nature hidden,
 And only for his good forbidden ?
 And, therefore, with great prudence does
 The world still strive to keep it close ;
 For, if all secret truths were known, 425
 Who would not be once more undone ?
 For truth has always danger in't,
 And here, perhaps, may cross some hint,
 We have already agreed upon,
 And vainly frustrate all we've done ; 430
 Only to make new work for STUBS,
 And all the academick clubs.

431, 432. *Only to make new work for STUBS—And all the academick clubs.* Henry Stubbe, physician at Warwick, published a book entitled, *Legende no Historias : or a Specimen of some Animadversions upon the History of the Royal Society*, Lond. 1676, 4to.—In which he is no less severe upon the labours of that learned body, than he is upon the manner of their historian's setting them forth. (THYER.)

IBID. Stubbe was a very active and formidable enemy to the Royal Society. His *Legende no Historias*, and his *Plus Ultra reduced to a Non Plus*, display great acuteness and learning with no small share of asperity and irritation. Wood, who was his contemporary at Oxford, says of him, that "He was a person of most admirable parts, and had a most prodigious memory ; was the most noted Latinist and

How much then ought we have a care,
 That no man know above his share ;
 Nor dare to understand, henceforth, 435
 More than his contribution's worth :
 That those, wh' have purchas'd of the college
 A share, or half a share of knowledge,
 And brought in none, but spent repute,
 Should not b' admitted to dispute; 440
 Nor any man pretend to know
 More than his dividend comes to ?
 For partners have been always known
 To cheat their publick int'rest prone ;
 And, if we do not look to ours, 445
 'Tis sure to run the self-same course.

Grecian of his age ; was a singular mathematician, and thoroughly read in all political matters, councils, ecclesiastical and profane histories ; had a voluble tongue, and seldom hesitated either in public disputes or common discourse ; had a voice big and magisterial, and a mind equal to it ; was of an high, generous nature, scorned money and riches, and the adorers of them ; was accounted a very good physician, and excellent in the things belonging to that profession, as botany, anatomy, and chemistry. Yet, with all these noble accomplishments, he was extremely rash and imprudent, and even wanted common discretion. He was a very bold man, uttered any thing that came into his mind, not only among his companions, but in public coffee-houses, of which he was a great frequenter, and would often speak freely of persons then present, for which he used to be threatened with kicking and beating. He had a hot and restless head, his hair being carrot-coloured, and was ever ready to undergo any enterprize, which was the chief reason that macerated his body almost to a skeleton. He was also a person of no fixed principles ; and whether he believed those things which every good Christian doth, is not for me to resolve. Had he been endowed with common sobriety and discretion, and not have made himself and his learning mercenary and cheap to every ordinary and ignorant fellow, he would have been admired by all, and might have picked and chused his preferment ; but all these things being wanting, he became a ridicule and undervalued by sober and knowing scholars, and others too."—*Athenæ Oxon.* vol. ii. (EDITOR.)

This said, the whole assembly allow'd
 The doctrine to be right, and good ;
 And, from the truth of what th' had heard,
 Resolv'd to give truth no regard, 450
 But what was for their turn, to vouch,
 And either find, or make it such :
 That 'twas more noble to create
 Things like truth, out of strong conceit,
 Than, with vexatious pains and doubt, 455
 To find, or think t' have found her out.

This b'ing resolv'd, they, one by one,
 Review'd the tube, the Mouse,—and Moon ;
 But still, the narrower they pry'd,
 The more they were unsatisfy'd, 460
 In no one thing, they saw, agreeing ;
 As if th' had sev'ral faiths of seeing.
 Some swore, upon a second view,
 That all th' had seen before was true,
 And that they never would recant 465
 One syllable of th' Elephant ;
 Avow'd his snout could be no mouse's,
 But a true Elephant's proboscis.
 Others began to doubt, and waver,
 Uncertain which o' th' two to favour ; 470
 And knew not whether to espouse
 The cause of th' Elephant or Mouse.
 Some held no way so orthodox
 To try it, as the ballot-box ;

473, 474. *Some held no way so orthodox—To try it, as the ballot-box.*] It is almost

And, like the nation's patriots, . 475
 To find, or make, the truth by votes.
 Others conceiv'd it much more fit
 T'unmount the tube, and open it ;
 And, for their private satisfaction,
 To re-examine the transaction ; 480
 And after explicate the rest,
 As they should find cause for the best.
 To this, as th' only expedient,
 The whole assembly gave consent :
 But, ere the tube was half let down, 485
 It clear'd the first phænomenon ;
 For, at the end, prodigious swarms
 Of flies, and gnats, like men in arms,
 Had all past muster, by mischance,
 Both for the Sub, and Privolvans. 490
 This, b'ing discover'd, put them all
 Into a fresh, and fiercer brawl,
 Asham'd, that men so grave and wise
 Should be chaldes'd by gnats and flies,
 And take the feeble insects' swarms 495
 For mighty troops of men in arms ;

needless to observe, that the method of determining elections, &c. at the Royal Society is by ballotting.

494. *Should be chaldes'd by gnats and flies.*] The term *chaldes'd* we meet with in *Hudibras* in the same sense.

*He stole your cloak, and pick'd your pocket,
 Chous'd and caldes'd you like a blockhead.*

HUDIBAS. P. II. C. 3. ver. 1000.

As vain' as those, who when the Moon
 Bright in a crystal river shone,
 Threw casting-nets as su'tly at her,
 To catch and pull her out o' th' water. 500
 But, when they had unscrew'd the glass,
 To find out where th' impostor was,
 And saw the Mouse, that by mishap
 Had made the telescope a trap,
 Amaz'd, confounded, and afflicted, 505
 To be so openly convicted,
 Immediately they get them gone,
 With this discovery alone ;
 That those who greedily pursue
 Things wonderful, instead of true ; 510
 That in their speculations chuse
 To make discoveries strange news ;
 And nat'ral history a gazette
 Of tales stupendous, and far-fet ;
 Hold no truth worthy to be known, 515
 That is not huge and over-grown,

509, 510. *That those who greedily pursue—Things wonderful, &c.*] From this moral application of the whole, one may observe that the Poet's real intention in this satire was, not to ridicule real and useful philosophy, but only that conceited and whimsical taste for the marvellous and surprising, which prevailed so much among the learned of that age. And though it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge the many useful improvements then made in natural knowledge ; yet, in justice to the satyrst, it must be confessed that these curious inquirers into nature did sometimes in their researches run into a superstitious and unphilosophical credulity, which deserved very well to be laughed at.—(THYER.)

And explicate appearances,
Not as they are, but as they please,
In vain strive nature to suborn,
And, for their pains, are paid with scorn. 520

THE
ELEPHANT
IN THE
MOON.

IN LONG VERSE.

* A VIRTUOUS, learn'd Society, of late
The Pride and Glory of a foreign State,
Made an agreement on a summer's night,
To search the Moon at full, by her own light;
To take a perfect invent'ry of all 5
Her real fortunes, or her personal;
And make a geometrical survey
Of all her lands, and how her country lay,
As accurate as that of Ireland, where
The sly Surveyor's said t'have sunk a shire: 10

* After the author had finished this story in short verse, he took it in his head to attempt it in long. That this was composed after the other is manifest from its being wrote opposite to it upon a vacant part of the same paper; and though in most places the Poet has done little more than fill up the verse with an additional foot, preserving the same thought and rhyme, yet, as it is a singular instance in its way, and has besides many considerable additions and variations, which tend to illustrate and explain the preceding poem, it may be looked upon not only as a curiosity in its kind, but as a new production of the Author's. This I mention only to obviate the objections of those, who may think it inserted to fill up the volume. To the admirers of Butler, I am sure no apology is necessary.—(TYLER.)

T' observe her country's climate, how 'twas
 planted,
 And what she most abounded with, or wanted ;
 And draw maps of her prop'rest situations
 For settling, and erecting new plantations ;
 If ever the Society should incline 15
 T' attempt so great and glorious a design :
A task in vain, unless the German KEPLER
Had found out a discovery to people her,
And stock her country with inhabitants
Of military men, and elephants. 20
For th' Ancients only took her for a piece
Of red-hot iron, as big as Peloponese,
Till he appear'd ; for which, some write, she sent
Upon his tribe as strange a punishment.

This was the only purpose of their meeting, 25
 For which they chose a time, and place most fitting ;

17. *A task in vain, unless the German Kepler*] This and the following verses, to the end of the paragraph, are not in the foregoing composition ; and are distinguished, as well as the rest of the same kind, by being printed in the Italic character.—(THYER.)

21, 22. *For th' Ancients only took her for a piece—Of red-hot iron, as big as Peloponese.*] Similar to these lines are those in *Hudibras*,

*And held the sun was but a piece
 Of red-hot iron, as big as Greece.*

Hudib. P. II. C. 3, l. 739.—(THYER.)

23, 24. *Till he appear'd ; for which, some write, she sent,—Upon his tribe as strange a punishment.*] No doubt by the punishment here mentioned to be sent upon these fantastical and presumptuous speculators about the use and destination of the celestial bodies, the Poet means *lunacy*, or, as Milton expresses it, *moon-struck madness*.

Whether Butler in these additional lines intends to sneer at *Selenographers* in general, or alludes to any particular passage in Kepler's deliriums upon this subject, to more than I can ascertain, as I have not his books to consult.—(THYER.)

When, at the full, her equal shares of light
And influence were at their greatest height.
And now the lofty telescope, the scale,
By which they venture Heav'n itself t'assail, 30
Was rais'd, and planted full against the Moon ;
And all the rest stood ready to fall on,
Impatient, who should bear away the honour
To plant an ensign, first of all, upon her.

When one, who, for his solid deep belief, 35
Was chosen Virtuoso then in Chief ;
Had been approv'd the most profound, and wise
At solving all impossibilities,
With gravity advancing, to apply
To th' optick-glass his penetrating eye, 40
Cry'd out,—O strange !—then reinforc'd his sight
Against the Moon with all his art and might ;
And bent the muscles of his pensive brow,
As if he meant to stare and gaze her thro',
While all the rest began as much t' admire, 45
And, like a powder-train, from him took fire,
Surpriz'd with dull amazement beforehand
At what they would, but could not understand ;
And grew impatient to discover, what
The matter was, they so much wonder'd at. 50

Quoth he,—The old Inhabitants o' th' Moon,
Who, when the Sun shines hottest about noon,
Are wont to live in cellars under ground,
Of eight miles deep, and more than eighty round,
In which at once they use to fortify 55
Against the sun-beams, and the enemy,

Are counted borough-towns and cities there,
 Because th' inhabitants are civiler
 Than those rude country-peasants, that are found,
 Like mountaineers, to live on th' upper ground,
 Nam'd Privolvans, with whom the others are 61
 Perpetually in state of open war.
 And now both armies, mortally engag'd,
 Are in a fierce and bloody fight engag'd ;
 And many fall on both sides kill'd and slain, 65
 As by the telescope 'tis clear and plain.
 Look in it quickly then, that every one
 May see his share before the battle's done.

At this, a famous great philosopher,
 Admir'd, and celebrated far and near, 70
 As one of wond'rous singular invention,
 And equal universal comprehension,
By which he had compos'd a pedlar's jargon,
For all the world to learn, and use in bargain,

73. *By which he had compos'd a pedlar's jargon, &c.*] Butler imputes the same invention to his Sidrophel, or Sir Paul Neal, where Hudibras, threatening to have him and his man Whachum seized by the constable for robbing him, says,

*They're guilty by their own confessions
 Of felony, and at the sessions
 Upon the bench I will so handle 'em,
 That the vibration of this pendulum
 Shall make all taylor's yards of one
 Unanimous opinion :
 A thing he long has vapour'd of,
 But now shall make it out by proof.*

Hudib. P. II. C. 2. l. 1021, &c.

The note upon this passage in *Hudibras* may with great propriety be inserted here, and is as follows :

“ The device of the vibration of a pendulum, was intended to settle a certain
 “ measure of ells and yards, &c. (that should have its foundation in nature) all

An universal canting idiom,
To understand the swinging pendulum,
And to communicate, in all designs,
With th' Eastern virtuoso-mandarines,
 Apply'd an optick nerve, and half a nose,
 To th' end and centre of the engine, close : 80
 For he had, very lately, undertook
 To vindicate, and publish in a book,

“ the world over : for by swinging a weight at the end of a string, and calculating
 “ (by the motion of the sun, or any star) how long the vibration would last, in pro-
 “ portion to the length of the string, and weight of the pendulum ; they thought to
 “ reduce it back again, and from any part of time compute the exact length of any
 “ string that must necessarily vibrate, into so much space of time : so that if a man
 “ should ask in China for a quarter of an hour of satin or taffata, they would know
 “ perfectly what it meant ; and all mankind learn a new way to measure things no
 “ more by the yard, foot, or inch, but by the hour, quarter, or minute.”

And here let me inform the reader, that I have discovered by the Poet's manu-
 scripts, that this, as well as the other notes published in the edition of *Hudibras*
 of 1672, is the Author's own ; the ignorance of which has led succeeding com-
 mentators into several mistakes. To give one instance only—

A Saxon Duke did grow so fat
That mice, (as histories relate)
Eat grots and labyrinths to dwell in
His postique parts, without his feeling.

Hudib. P. II. C. I. l. 205.

Butler's own note upon these lines is,—“ This history of the Duke of Saxony, is
 “ not altogether so strange, as that of a Bishop his countryman, who was quite
 “ eaten up with rats and mice.” Dr. Grey's observation upon the passage is—
 “ He certainly alludes to the case of Hatto, Bishop of Mentz (who was devoured
 “ by mice) whom he mistakes for a Saxon Duke, because he is mentioned to have
 “ succeeded in that bishoprick a person who was advanced to the Dukedom of
 “ Saxony.—The above story of the Saxon Duke could not, in this circumstance of
 “ the mice, suit any of them : though amongst them were some that were very fat,
 “ namely, Henry surnamed Crassus, who lived in the 12th century.”

Had the Doctor been aware, that the first observation was Butler's, he would
 certainly have spared his own ; since it is plain from thence, that the Poet must
 allude either to a real or imaginary Duke of Saxony, whom he distinguishes from
 the Bishop.—(THYER.)

That men, whose native eyes are blind, or out,
 May by more admirable art, be brought
 To see with empty holes as well and plain, 85
 As if their eyes had been put in again.

This great man, therefore, having fix'd his sight
 T' observe the bloody formidable fight,
 Consider'd carefully, and then cry'd out,
 'Tis true, the battle's desperately fought ; 90
 The gallant Subvolvans begin to rally,
 And from their trenches valiantly sally,
 To fall upon their stubborn enemy,
 Who fearfully begin to rout and fly.

These paltry domineering Privolvans 95
 Have, every summer-season, their campaigns ;
 And muster, like the military sons
 Of Raw-head, and victorious Bloody-bones,
 As great and numerous as Soland-geese
 I' th' Summer-Islands of the Orcades, 100
 Courageously to make a dreadful stand,
 And boldly face their neighbours hand to hand.
 Until the peaceful, long'd-for winter's come ;
 And then disband, and march in triumph home ;
 And spend the rest of all the year in lies, 105
 And vap'ring of their unknown victories.

From th' old Arcadians they have been believ'd
 To be, before the Moon herself, deriv'd ;

100. *I' th' Summer-Islands of the Orcades.*] It may seem odd, that Butler should term the Orcades *Summer-Islands* ; but it is only a figurative and poetic way of saying *in the Orcades in the summer-season*—at which time they are haunted by infinite numbers of all kinds of water-fowl.—(TYLER.)

And, when her orb was first of all created,
 To be from thence, to people her, translated. 110
 For as those people had been long reputed,
 Of all the Peloponnesians, the most stupid,
 Whom nothing in the world could ever bring
 T' endure the civil life, but fiddleing ;
 They ever since retain the antique course, 115
 And native frenzy of their ancestors ;
 And always use to sing, and fiddle to
 Things of the most important weight they do.

While thus the Virtuoso entertains
 The whole assembly with the Privolvans, 120
Another sophist, but of less renown,
Though longer observation of the Moon ;
 That understood the difference of her soils,
 And which produc'd the fairest gennet-moyles ;
But for an unpaid weekly shilling's pension, 125
Had fin'd for wit, and judgement, and invention ;
 Who, after poring tedious and hard
 In th' optick-engine, gave a start, and star'd,

121, 122. *Another sophist, but of less renown,—Though longer observation of the Moon.* In the shorter verse it stands thus :

*Another of as great renown
 And solid judgement in the Moon.*

And though the variation in words is but small, it makes a considerable difference in the character.—(TRYER.)

125, 126. *But for an unpaid weekly shilling's pension—Had fin'd for wit, and judgement, and invention.* These two verses are inserted instead of the following in the other copy in short measure :

*And in the register of fame
 Had entered his long-living name.*

The *weekly shilling's pension* is, if I am rightly informed, the customary contribu-

And thus began—A stranger sight appears,
 Than ever yet was seen in all the spheres ; 130
 A greater wonder, more unparallel'd
 Than ever mortal tube, or eye beheld ;
 A mighty elephant from one of those
 Two fighting armies is at length broke loose,
 And with the desp'rate horror of the fight 135
 Appears amaz'd, and in a dreadful fright :
 Look quickly, lest the only sight of us
 Should cause the startled creature to imboss.
 It is a large one, and appears more great
 Than ever was produc'd in Africk yet ; 140
 From which we confidently may infer,
 The Moon appears to be the fruitfuller.
 And since, of old, the mighty Pyrrhus brought
 Those living castles first of all, 'tis thought,
 Against the Roman army in the field ; 145
 It may a valid argument be held,
 (The same Arcadia being but a piece,
 As his dominions were, of antique Greece)
 To vindicate, what this illustrious person
 Has made so learn'd and noble a discourse on ;
 And giv'n us ample satisfaction all 151
 Of th' ancient Privolvans' original.

tion of each member of the Royal Society toward the expences attending it. The
 Poet had added the two following lines in this character, but afterwards crossed
 them out.

And first found out the building Paul's
And paving London with Sea-coals.

I transcribe them to gratify the curiosity of such as are desirous to investigate who
 the particular persons are, that are designed by these characters.—(THYER.)

That elephants are really in the Moon,
 Although our fortune had discover'd none,
 Is easily made plain, and manifest, 155
 Since from the greatest orbs, down to the least,
 All other globes of stars and constellations
 Have cattle in 'em of all sorts and nations ;
 And Heav'n, like a northern Tartar's horde,
 With numerous and mighty droves is stor'd. 160
 And if the Moon can but produce by nature
 A people of so large and vast a stature,
 'Tis more than probable, she should bring forth
 A greater breed of beasts too, than the Earth ;
 As by the best accounts we have, appears 165
 Of all our crediblest discoverers ;
 And, that those vast and monstrous creatures there
 Are not such far-fet rarities, as here.

Meanwhile th' assembly now had had a sight
 Of all distinct particulars o' th' fight ; 170
 And every man with diligence and care
 Perus'd, and view'd of th' elephant his share,
 Proud of his equal int'rest in the glory
 Of so stupendous and renown'd a story,
 When one, who for his fame and excellence 175
 In heightening of words, and shadowing sense,
 And magnifying all, he ever writ,
 With delicate and microscopick wit,
 Had long been magnify'd himself no less
 In foreign and domestick colleges, 180
 Began at last (transported with the twang
 Of his own elocution) thus t' harangue.

Most virtuous, and incomparable friends,
 This great discov'ry fully makes amends
 For all our former unsuccessful pains, 185
 And lost expences of our time and brains :
 For, by this admirable phænomenon,
 We now have gotten ground upon the Moon ;
 And gain'd a pass t' engage, and hold dispute
 With all the other planets, that stand out ; 190
 And carry on this brave and virtuous war
 Home to the door of th' obstinatest star ;
 And plant th' artillery of our optick tubes
 Against the proudest of their magnitudes ;
 To stretch our future victories beyond 195
 The uttermost of planetary ground ;
 And plant our warlike engines, and our ensigns
 Upon the fix'd Stars' spacious dimensions,
 To prove, if they are other suns, or not,
 As some philosophers have wisely thought, 200
 Or only windows in the empyreum,
 Through which those bright effluvias use to
 come ;
 Which Archimede, so many years ago,
 Durst never venture, but to wish to know.
 Nor is this all, that we have now atchiev'd, 205
 But greater things !—Henceforth to be believ'd,

203, 204. *Which Archimede, so many years ago—Durst never venture, but to wish to know.* These two lines are here inserted in a different and better place than they were in the shorter verse, where they made a sort of parenthesis, and the two following lines are also omitted :

*Like flames of fire, as others guess,
 That shine i' th' mouths of furnaces.—(TRYER.)*

And have no more our best, or worst designs,
 Because th' are ours, suspected for ill signs.
 T' out-throw, and magnify, and to enlarge,
 Shall, henceforth, be no more laid to our charge ;
 Nor shall our best and ablest virtuosos 211
 Prove arguments again for coffee-houses ;
Nor little stories gain belief among
Our criticlest judges right or wrong :
 Nor shall our new-invented chariots draw 215
 The boys to course us in 'em, without law :
Make chips of elms produce the largest trees,
Or sowing saw-dust furnish nurseries :
No more our heading darts (a swinging one !)
With butter only harden'd in the sun ; 220
Or men that use to whistle loud enough
To be heard by others plainly five miles off,
Cause all the rest, we own, and have avow'd
To be believ'd as desperately loud.

213. *Nor little stories gain belief among.*] In this latter part of the speech Better makes a considerable variation, by adding, omitting, and altering, which it would be both tedious and unnecessary minutely to point out, as the reader may so easily compare the two poems.—(THYER.)

217. *Make chips of elms produce the largest trees,—Or sowing saw-dust furnish nurseries.*] There wants here a grammatical connection, a fault not very uncommon in *Hudibras*, and which cannot have escaped the notice of critical readers. The Poet alludes to Sprat's account of the *Relations of Things of Art and Nature* communicated to the Royal Society, amongst which is that of *elms growing from chips*.—See Sprat's *History*, p. 197. The other circumstance of *sowing saw-dust*, &c. is added to heighten the burlesque.—(THYER.)

219, 220, 221, 222. *No more our heading darts (a swinging one !)—With butter only harden'd in the sun ;—Or men that use to whistle loud enough—To be heard by others plainly five miles off.*] These two ludicrous particulars refer to Sprat's *History*, or rather to a small tract inserted in it, called—*A Relation of the Pico Teneriffe*, received from some considerable Merchants, and Men worthy of

Nor shall our future speculations, whether 225
 An elder-stick will render all the leather
 Of school-boys' breeches proof against the rod,
 Make all we undertake appear as odd.
 This one discovery will prove enough
 To take all past and future scandals off: 230
 But since the world is so incredulous
 Of all our future scrutinies and us,
 And with a constant prejudice prevents
 Our best, as well as worst experiments,
 As if they were all destin'd to miscarry, 235
 As well in concert try'd, as solitary;
 And that th' assembly is uncertain, when
 Such great discoveries will occur again,
 'Tis reas'nable, we should, at least, contrive
 To draw up as exact a narrative 240
 Of that which every man of us can swear,
 Our eyes themselves have plainly seen appear;
 That, when 'tis fit to publish the account,
 We all may take our several oaths upon't.
 This said, the whole assembly gave consent
 To drawing up th' authentick instrument, 246

Credit, who went to the Top of it—in which these two wonderful stories are related. The first is, indeed, a little strained by the Poet, to make it fit his satire the better. —The latter is literally told by the relator, where, speaking of the information he received from one of the inhabitants, he says—“ He told also (and the same was “ seriously confirmed by a Spaniard, and another Canary merchant then in the com-
 “ pany) that they whistle so loud as to be heard five miles off. And that to be in
 “ the same room with them when they whistle, were enough to endanger breaking
 “ the tympanum of the ear; and added, that he (being in company of one that
 “ whistled his loudest) could not hear perfectly for fifteen days after, the noise was
 “ so great.” See *Sprat's Hist. &c.* p. 212 and 213.—(THYER.)

And, for the nation's gen'ral satisfaction,
 To print, and own it in the next *Transaction*.
 But whilst their ablest men were drawing up 250
 The wonderful memoir o' th' telescope,
 A member peeping in the tube, by chance,
 Beheld the elephant begin t' advance,
 That from the west-by-north side of the Moon
 To th' east-by-south was in a moment gone. 255
 This, being related, gave a sudden stop
 To all their grandees had been drawing up ;
 And every person was amaz'd a-new,
 How such a strange surprizal should be true ;
 Or any beast perform so great a race, 260
 So swift and rapid, in so short a space,
 Resolv'd, as suddenly, to make it good,
 Or render all as fairly as they could ;
 And rather choose their own eyes to condemn,
 Than question, what they had beheld with them.

While every one was thus resolv'd, a man 266
 Of great esteem, and credit, thus began ;
 'Tis strange, I grant ! but who, alas ! can say,
 What cannot be, or justly can, and may,
 Especially at so hugely wide and vast 270
 A distance, as this miracle is plac'd,
 Where the least error of the glass, or sight,
 May render things amiss, but never right ?
 Nor can we try them, when th' are so far off,
 By any equal sublunary proof : 275
 For who can justify, that nature there
 Is ty'd to the same laws, she acts by here ?

Nor is it probable, she has infus'd
 Int' every species, in the Moon produc'd,
 The same efforts, she uses to confer 280
 Upon the very same productions here :
 Since those upon the earth, of several nations,
 Are found t' have such prodigious variations ;
 And she affects so constantly to use
 Variety in every thing she does. 285

From hence may be inferr'd, that, though I grant,
 We have beheld i' th' Moon an elephant,
 That elephant may chance to differ so
 From those with us, upon the earth below,
 Both in his bulk, as well as force and speed, 290
 As b'ing of a different kind and breed,
 That, tho' 'tis true, our own are but slow-pac'd,
 Their's there, perhaps, may fly, or run as fast,
 And yet be very elephants, no less
 Than those deriv'd from Indian families. 295
 This said, another member of great worth,
 Fam'd for the learned works he had put forth,
In which the mannerly, and modest author
Quotes the Right Worshipful, his elder brother,
 Look'd wise a while, then said—All this is true,
 And very learnedly observ'd by you ; 301
 But there's another nobler reason for't,
 That rightly 'bserv'd, will fall, but little, short
 Of solid mathematick demonstration,
 Upon a full and perfect calculation ; 305
 And that is only this—As th' Earth and Moon
 Do constantly move contrary upon

Their several axes, the rapidity
 Of both their motions cannot fail to be
 So violent, and naturally fast,
 That larger distances may well be past, 310
 In less time than the elephant has gone,
 Altho' he had no motion of his own,
 Which we on earth can take no measure of ;
 As you have made it evident by proof.
 This granted, we may confidently hence 315
 Claim title to another inference ;
 And make this wonderful phænomenon
 (Were there no other) serve our turn alone,
 To vindicate the grand hypothesis,
 And prove the motion of the Earth from this. 320
 This said, th' assembly now was satisfy'd,
 As men are soon upon the biast side ;
 With great applause receiv'd th' admir'd dispute,
 And grew more gay, and brisk, and resolute,
 By having (right or wrong) remov'd all doubt, 325
 Than if th' occasion never had fall'n out ;
 Resolving to compleat their narrative,
 And punctually insert this strange retrieve.
 But, while their grandees were diverted all
 With nicely wording the memorial, 330
 The footboys for their own diversion too,
 As having nothing, now, at all to do,
 And when they saw the telescope at leisure,
 Turn'd virtuosos, only for their pleasure ;
 With drills and monkey's ingenuity, 335
 That take delight to practise all they see,

Began to stare and gaze upon the Moon,
As those they waited on, before had done.
When one, whose turn it was, by chance to peep,
Saw something in the lofty engine creep; 340
And, viewing carefully, discover'd more
Than all their masters hit upon before.
Quoth he,—O strange! a little thing is slunk
On th' inside of the long star-gazing trunk;
And now is gotten down so low and nigh, 345
I have him here directly 'gainst mine eye.

 This chancing to be overheard by one,
Who was not, yet, so hugely overgrown
In any philosophic observation,
As to conclude with mere imagination; 350
And yet he made immediately a guess
At fully salving all appearances,
A plainer way, and more significant,
Than all their hints had prov'd o' th' elephant;
And quickly found upon a second view, 355
His own conjecture, probably, most true:
For he no sooner had apply'd his eye
To th' optick engine, but immediately
He found a small field-mouse was gotten in
The hollow telescope, and shut between 360
The two glass-windows, closely in restraint,
Was magnify'd into an elephant;
And prov'd the happy virtuous occasion
Of all this deep and learned dissertation.
And as a mighty mountain heretofore, 365
Is said t' have been begot with child, and bore

BUTLER'S REMAINS.



*When one, whose turn it was, by chance to peep,
Saw something in the lofty engine creep ;
And, viewing carefully, discover'd more
Than all their masters hit upon before.*



A silly mouse, this captive mouse, as strange,
 Produc'd another mountain in exchange.

Mean while the grandees, long in consultation,
 Had finish'd the miraculous narration, 370
 And set their hands, and seals, and sense, and wit
 T' attest and vouch the truth of all th' had writ;
 When this unfortunate phænomenon
 Confounded all they had declar'd and done.

For 'twas no sooner told, and hinted at, 375
 But all the rest were in a tumult straight,
 More hot and furiously enrag'd, by far,
 Than both the hosts, that in the moon made
 war,

To find so rare and admirable a hint,
 When they had all agreed, and sworn t' have
 seen't, 380

And had engag'd themselves to make it out,
 Obstructed with a wretched paltry doubt.

When one, whose only task was to determin,
 And solve the worst appearances of vermin;
 Who oft' had made profound discoveries 385

In frogs and toads, as well as rats and mice
 (Though not so curious and exact, 'tis true
 As many an exquisite rat-catcher knew)

After he had a while with signs made way
 For something pertinent, he had to say, 390

At last prevail'd—Quoth he—This disquisition
 Is, the one half of it, in my discission:
 For tho', 'tis true, the elephant, as beast,
 Belongs, of nat'ral right, to all the rest;

The mouse, that's but a paltry vermin, none 395
 Can claim a title to, but I alone ;
 And therefore humbly hope, I may be heard
 In my own province freely, with regard.

It is no wonder, that we are cry'd down,
 And made the table-talk of all the town, 400
 That rants and vapours still, for all our great
 Designs and projects, we've done nothing yet,
 If every one have liberty to doubt,
 When some great secret's more than half made out,
 Because, perhaps, it will not hold out true, 405
 And put a stop to all w' attempt to do.

As no great action ever has been done,
 Nor ever's like to be by truth alone,
 If nothing else but only truth w' allow
 'Tis no great matter what w' intend to do ; 410

For truth is always too reserv'd and chaste,

T' endure to be by all the Town embrac'd,

A solitary anchorite that dwells,

Retir'd from all the world in obscure cells,

Disdains all great assemblies, and defies 415

The press and crowd of mix'd societies,

That use to deal in novelty and change,

Not of things true, but great, and rare, and
 strange ;

To entertain the world with what is fit

And proper for its genius, and its wit ; 420

The world, that's never found to set esteem

On what things are, but what th' appear, and
 seem ;

And, if they are not wonderful and new,
 Th' are ne're the better for their being true.
For what is truth, or knowledge, but a kind 425
Of wantonness and luxury o' th' mind,
A greediness and gluttony o' the brain,
That longs to eat forbidden fruit again,
And grows more desp'rate, like the worst diseases,
Upon the nobler part (the mind) it seizes? 430
 And what has mankind ever gain'd by knowing
 His little truths, unless his own undoing,
 That prudently by nature had been hidden,
 And, only for his greater good, forbidden?
 And therefore with as great discretion does 435
 The world endeavour still to keep it close:
 For if the secrets of all truths were known,
 Who would not, once more, be as much undone?
 For truth is never without danger in't,
 As here it has depriv'd us of a hint 440
 The whole assembly had agreed upon,
 And utterly defeated all w' had done,
By giving foot-boys leave to interpose
And disappoint, whatever we propose,
 For nothing but to cut out work for STUBS, 445
 And all the busy academick clubs,
For which they have deserv'd to run the risks
Of elder-sticks, and penitential frisks.
 How much then ought we have a special care,
 That none presume to know above his share, 450
 Nor take upon him t' understand, henceforth,
 More than his weekly contribution's worth:

That all those, that have purchas'd of the college
 A half, or but a quarter share of knowledge,
 And brought none in themselves, but spent
 repute, 455

Should never be admitted to dispute ;
 Nor any member undertake to know
 More than his equal dividend comes to ?
 For partners have perpetually been known,
 T'impose upon their publick int'rest, prone ; 460
 And, if we have not greater care of ours,
 It will be sure to run the self-same course.

This said, the whole society allow'd
 The doctrine to be orthodox, and good ;
 And from th' apparent truth of what th' had
 heard, 465

Resolv'd, henceforth, to give truth no regard,
 But what was for their interests to vouch,
 And either find it out, or make it such :
 That 'twas more admirable to create
 Inventions like truth out of strong conceit, 470
 Than with vexatious study, pains, and doubt,
 To find, or but suppose t'have found it out.

This b'ing resolv'd, th' assembly, one by one,
 Review'd the tube, the elephant, and moon ;
 But still the more, and curiouser they pry'd, 475
 They but became the more unsatisfy'd,
 In no one thing, they gaz'd upon, agreeing,
 As if th' had different principles of seeing.
 Some boldly swore, upon a second view,
 That all they had beheld before, was true, 480

And damn'd themselves, they never would recant

One syllable th' had seen, of th' elephant ;
Avow'd his shape and snout could be no mouse's,
But a true nat'ral elephant's proboscis.

Others began to doubt as much, and waver, 485

Uncertain which to disallow, or favour ;

Until they had as many cross resolves,

As Irishmen that have been turn'd to wolves ;

And grew distracted, whether to espouse

The party of the elephant, or mouse. 490

Some held, there was no way so orthodox,

As to refer it to the ballot-box ;

And, like some other nation's Patriots,

To find it out, or make the truth, by votes.

Others were of opinion, 'twas more fit 495

T' unmount the telescope, and open it,

And for their own and all men's satisfaction,

To search, and re-examine the *Transaction* ;

And afterward to explicate the rest,

As they should see occasion for the best. 500

To this, at length, as th' only expedient,

The whole assembly freely gave consent :

But, 'ere the optic tube was half let down,

Their own eyes clear'd the first phænomenon :

487, 488. *Until they had as many cross resolves—As Irishmen, that have been turn'd to wolves.*] To what particular story Butler alludes in these two additional verses, I cannot discover, nor whether it be to one founded upon the Pythagorean transmigration, taught by the Druids to the old Irish, or to the French superstition about the *loupe-garoux* or man-wolves, adopted by the Moderns.—(THEYER.)

For, at the upper end, prodigious swarms 505
 Of busy flies and gnats, like men in arms,
 Had all past muster in the glass by chance,
 For both the Peri- and the Sub-volvans.

This b'ing discover'd, once more put them all
 Into a worse, and desperater brawl, 510
 Surpriz'd with shame, that men so grave and wise
 Should be trepann'd by paltry gnats and flies ;
 And to mistake the feeble insects' swarms
 For squadrons, and reserves of men in arms :
 As politick as those, who, when the Moon 515
 As bright and glorious in a river shone,
 Threw casting-nets, with equal cunning at her
 To catch her with, and pull her out o' th' water.

But when at last, they had unscrew'd the glass,
 To find out where the sly impostor was, 520
 And saw 'twas but a mouse, that by mishap
 Had catch'd himself, *and them*, in th' optic trap,

521, 522. *And saw 'twas but a mouse, that by mishap—Had catch'd himself, and them, in th' optic trap.*] It is worth the reader's observation, how great an addition is made to the wit by a very small variation in these two lines from the shorter ones.—(THYER.)

Butler, to compliment his mouse for affording him an opportunity of indulging his satirical turn, and displaying his wit upon this occasion, has to the end of this poem subjoined the following epigrammatical note.

*A Mouse, whose martial valour has so long—
 Ago been try'd, and by old Homer sung,
 And purchas'd him more everlasting glory
 Than all his Grecian, and his Trojan story ;
 Though he appears unequal matcht, I grant,
 In bulk and stature by the elephant,
 Yet frequently has been observ'd in battle
 To have reduc'd the proud and haughty cattle,*

Amaz'd, with shame confounded, and afflicted
 To find themselves so openly convicted,
 Immediately made haste to get them gone, 525
 With none, but this discovery alone :

That learned men, who greedily pursue
 Things, that are rather wonderful than true,
 And, in their nicest speculations, choose
 To make their own discoveries strange news, 530
 And nat'ral hist'ry rather a gazette
 Of rarities stupendous, and far-fet ;
 Believe no truths are worthy to be known,
 That are not strongly vast, and overgrown ;
 And strive to explicate appearances, 535
 Not as they're probable, but as they please,

In vain endeavour nature to suborn,
 And, for their pains, are justly paid with scorn.

*When having boldly entered the redoubt,
 And storm'd the dreadful outwork of his snout,
 The little vermin, like an errant-knight,
 Has slain the huge gigantick beast in fight.*

Butler formed a design of writing another satire upon the Royal Society, part of which I find amongst his papers fairly and correctly transcribed. Whether he ever finished it, or the remainder of it be lost, is uncertain : the fragment, however, that is preserved, may not improperly be added in this place, as in some sort explanatory of the preceding poem.

*A learned man, whom once a week
 A hundred virtuosos seek,
 And like an oracle apply to,
 To ask questions, and admire, and lye to,
 Who entertain'd them all of course
 (As men take wives for better or worse)
 And past them all for men of parts,
 Though some but sceptics in their hearts :*

*For when they're cast into a lump,
 Their talents equally must jump ;
 As metals mixt, the rich and base
 Do both at equal values pass.*

*With these the ord'nary debate
 Was after news, and things of state,
 Which way the dreadful comet went
 In Sixty-Four, and what it meant ?
 What nations yet are to bewail
 The operation of its tail ;
 Or whether France, or Holland yet,
 Or Germany, be in its debt ?
 What wars and plagues in Christendom
 Have happened since, and what to come ?
 What kings are dead, how many queens
 And princesses are poison'd since ;
 And who shall next of all by turn
 Make courts wear black, and tradesmen mourn ?
 What parties next of foot, or horse,
 Will rout, or routed be of course ?
 What German marches and retreats
 Will furnish the next month's gazettes ?
 What pestilent contagion next,
 And what part of the world infects ?
 What dreadful meteor, and where
 Shall in the heavens next appear ;
 And when again shall lay embargo
 Upon the Admiral, the good ship Argo ?*

*Why currents turn in seas of ice
 Some thrice a day, and some but twice ;
 And why the tides at night and noon
 Court, like Caligula, the moon ?
 What is the natural cause why fish,
 That always drink, do never piss ;
 Or whether in their home, the deep,
 By night or day they ever sleep ?
 If grass be green, or snow be white,
 But only as they take the light ?
 Whether possessions of the devil,
 Or mere temptations, do most evil ?
 What is't, that makes all fountains still
 Within the earth to run up hill ;
 But on the outside down again,
 As if th' attempt had been in vain ?*

Or what's the strange magnetic cause,
 The steel or loadstone's drawn, or draws,
 The star, the needle, which the stone
 Has only been but touch'd upon ?
 Whether the north-star's influence
 With both does hold intelligence ;
 (For red-hot it's n, held tow'nds the pole,
 Turns of itself to't, when 'tis cool)
 Or whether male and female screws
 In th' it's n and stone th' effect produce ?
 What makes the body of the sun,
 That such a rapid course does run,
 To draw no tail behind through th' air,
 As comets do, when they appear,
 Which other planets cannot do,
 Because they do not burn, but glow ?
 Whether the moon be sea, or land,
 Or charcoal, or a quenck'd firebrand ;
 Or if the dark holes that appear,
 Are only pores, not cities there ?
 Whether the atmosphere turn round,
 And keep a just pace with the ground ;
 Or loiter lasily behind,
 And clog the air with gusts of wind ?
 Or whether crescents in the wane
 (For so an author has it plain)
 Do burn quite out, or wear away
 Their snuffs upon the edge of day ?
 Whether the sea increase, or waste,
 And if it do, how long 'twill last ;
 Or if the sun approaches near
 The earth, how soon it will be there ?
 These were their learned speculations
 And all their constant occupations ;
 To measure wind, and weigh the air,
 And turn a circle to a square ;
 To make a powder of the sun,
 By which all doctors should b' undone ;
 To find the North-west passage out,
 Although the furthest way about ;
 If chymists from a rose's ashes
 Can raise the rose itself in glasses ;
 Whether the line of incidence
 Rise from the object, or the sense ?

*To stew th' Elixir in a bath
Of hope, credulity, and faith ;
To explicate by subtle hints
The grain of diamonds and flints,
And in the braying of an ass
Find out the treble and the bass ;
If mares neigh alto, and a cow
A double diapason low.*

The rest of this performance is wanting, but I am persuaded, that those, who have a taste for Butler's turn and humour, will think this too curious a fragment to be lost, though perhaps too imperfect to be formally published. How just this satirical representation is, and to what particular men and treatises the Poet alludes, the reader may best judge by consulting the *Philosophical Transactions* of that age, but more particularly Sprat's Account of the enquiries and speculations in which the members of the Royal Society at first employed themselves.—(THYER.)

SATIRE

UPON THE

WEAKNESS AND MISERY OF MAN.

Who would believe, that wicked earth,
Where nature only brings us forth,
To be found guilty, and forgiven,
Should be a nursery for heaven ;
When all, we can expect to do, 5
Will not pay half the debt we owe,
And yet more desperately dare,
As if that wretched trifle were
Too much for the eternal pow'rs,
Our great and mighty creditors, 10
Not only slight what they enjoin,
But pay it in adulterate coin ?

In this composition, the reader will have the pleasure of viewing Butler in a light in which he has not hitherto appeared. Every thing almost, that he has wrote, is indeed satirical, but in an arch and droll manner ; and he may be said rather to have laughed at the vices and follies of mankind, than to have railed at them. In this he is serious and severe, exchanges the *ridiculum* for the *acri*, and writes with the spirited indignation of a Juvenal or a Persius. Good-natured readers may perhaps think the invective too bitter ; but the same good-nature will excuse the Poet, when 'tis considered, what an edge must be given to his satirical wit by the age in which he lived, distinguished by the two extremes of hypocrisy and enthusiasm on the one part, and irreligion and immorality on the other.—(THYER.)

We only in their mercy trust,
 To be more wicked and unjust :
 All our devotions, vows, and pray'rs, 15
 Are our own interest, not theirs :
 Our off'rings, when we come t' adore,
 But begging presents, to get more :
 The purest business of our zeal
 Is but to err, by meaning well, 20
 And make that meaning do more harm,
 Than our worst deeds, that are less warm :
 For the most wretched and perverse
 Does not believe himself, he errs.
 Our holiest actions have been 25
 Th' effects of wickedness and sin ;
 Religious houses made compounders
 For th' horrid actions of the founders ;
 Steeples, that totter'd in the air,
 By letchers sin'd into repair ; 30
 As if we had retain'd no sign,
 Nor character of the divine
 And heav'nly part of human nature,
 But only the coarse earthy matter.

21, 22. *And make that meaning do more harm—Than our worst deeds, that are less warm.*] This was but too plainly exemplified in the preceding times of civil combustion, when the mistaken zeal of a set of mad enthusiasts did more mischief in these kingdoms, than the vices of all our kings put together.—(THYER.)

27, 28. *Religious houses made compounders—For th' horrid actions of the founders.*] It is almost too obvious to observe, that it was very usual, especially in the times of popery, for the greatest debauchees to flatter themselves, that they atoned for the dissoluteness of their past lives by pious donations at their death ; as if they were to be exoner'd for not serving God themselves, by furnishing others with an opportunity of doing it.—(THYER.)

WEAKNESS AND MISERY OF MAN. 69

Our universal inclination 35
Tends to the worst of our creation,
As if the stars conspir'd t' imprint
In our whole species, by instinct,
A fatal brand, and signature
Of nothing else, but the impure. 40
The best of all our actions tend
To the preposterousest end,
And, like to mungrels, we're inclin'd
To take most to th' ignobler kind ;
Or monsters, that have always least 45
Of th' human parent, not the beast.
Hence 'tis we've no regard at all
Of our best half original ;
But, when they differ, still assert
The interest of th' ignobler part ; 50
Spend all the time we have upon
The vain caprices of the one,
But grudge to spare one hour, to know
What to the better part we owe.
As in all compound substances 55
The greater still devours the less ;
So, being born and bred up near
Our earthy gross relations here,
Far from the ancient nobler place
Of all our high paternal race, 60
We now degenerate, and grow
As barbarous, and mean, and low,

62. *As barbarous, and mean, and low.*] The terms *barbarous* and *barbarousness*.

As modern Grecians are, and worse,
 To their brave nobler ancestors.
 Yet, as no barbarousness beside 65
 Is half so barbarous as pride,
 Nor any prouder insolence
 Than that, which has the least pretence,
 We are so wretched, to profess
 A glory in our wretchedness ; 70
 To vapour sillily, and rant
 Of our own misery, and want,
 And grow vain-glorious on a score,
 We ought much rather to deplore,
 Who, the first moment of our lives, 75
 Are but condemn'd, and giv'n reprieves ;
 And our great'st grace is not to know,
 When we shall pay 'em back, nor how,
 Begotten with a vain caprich,
 And live as vainly to that pitch. 80
 Our pains are real things, and all
 Our pleasures but fantastical ;
 Diseases of their own accord,
 But cures come difficult and hard ;
 Our noblest piles, and stateliest rooms, 85
 Are but out-houses to our tombs ;
 Cities, though e'er so great and brave,
 But mere ware-houses to the grave ;

in this, and the lines following, are to be understood in their old sense, as opposed
 to *rude* and *uncultivated*.—(THYER.)

Our bravery's but a vain disguise,
 To hide us from the world's dull eyes, 90
 The remedy of a defect,
 With which our nakedness is deckt;
 Yet makes us swell with pride, and boast,
 As if w' had gain'd by being lost.

All this is nothing to the evils, 95
 Which men, and their confed'rate devils
 Inflict, to aggravate the curse
 On their own hated kind, much worse;
 As if by nature th' had been serv'd
 More gently, than their fate deserv'd, 100
 Take pains (in justice) to invent,
 And study their own punishment;
 That, as their crimes should greater grow,
 So might their own infliction too.
 Hence bloody wars at first began, 105
 The artificial plague of man,
 That from his own invention rise,
 To scourge his own iniquities;
 That if the heav'ns should chance to spare
 Supplies of constant poison'd air, 110
 They might not, with unfit delay,
 For lingering destruction stay;

89. *Our bravery's but a vain disguise.*] In the times in which our author wrote, what we now call finery in dress was generally expressed by the word *bravery*. This observation upon the vanity and folly of being proud of dress, which is only a consequence of our fall, is not peculiar to Butler; but he has made it his own by the manner of expressing it.—(THYER.)

Nor seek recruits of death so far,
 But plague themselves with blood and war.
 And if these fail, there is no good, 115
 Kind nature e'er on man bestow'd,
 But he can easily divert
 To his own misery and hurt;
 Make that, which heaven meant to bless
 Th' ungrateful world with, gentle peace 120
 With luxury and excess, as fast
 As war and desolation, waste;
 Promote mortality, and kill,
 As fast as arms, by sitting still;
 Like earthquakes slay without a blow, 125
 And only moving overthrow;
 Make law and equity as dear,
 As plunder and free-quarter were,
 And fierce encounters at the bar
 Undo as fast, as those in war; 130
 Enrich bawds, whores, and usurers,
 Pimps, scriv'ners, silenc'd ministers,
 That get estates by being undone
 For tender conscience, and have none;

131. *Enrich bawds, whores, &c.*] The reign of Charles the Second, which is the scene of this satire, does but too much justify this severe censure.—(TAYLOR.)

132, 133, 134. ————— *silenc'd ministers—That get estates by being undone—For tender conscience, and have none.*] A passage in his *Hudibras* will best explain the Poet's meaning here.

*Be sure to keep up congregations,
 In spite of laws and proclamations:
 For Charlatans can do no good,
 Until they're mounted in a crowd;*

Like those, that with their credit drive. 135
 A trade without a stock, and thrive ;
 Advance men in the church and state
 For being of the meanest rate,
 Rais'd for their double-guil'd deserts,
 Before integrity and parts ; 140
 Produce more grievous complaints
 For plenty, than before for wants,
 And make a rich and fruitful year
 A greater grievance than a dear ;
 Make jests of greater dangers far, 145
 Than those they trembled at in war ;
 Till, unawares, they've laid a train
 To blow the public up again ;
 Rally with horror, and in sport
 Rebellion and destruction court, 150

*And when they're punished, all the hurt
 Is but to fure the better for't ;
 As long as confessors are sure
 Of double pay for all th' endure,
 And what they earn in persecution,
 Are paid ' a groat in contribution.
 Whence some tub-holders-forth have made
 In powdering-tube their richest trade :
 And while they kept their shops in prison,
 Have found their prices strangely risen.*

HUMPH. P. III. C. 2. ver. 900.

One cannot but admire the Satyrist's impartiality, in sparing neither the wanton and licentious excesses of Charles's court, nor the cant and roguery of those who hypocritically railed at him.—(THYER.)

130. *Rais'd for their double-guil'd deserts—Before integrity and parts.*] Alluding, I suppose, to that narrow-spirited policy so commonly imputed to Charles II. of courting his enemies, instead of rewarding his friends. And perhaps the Poet might think himself included in the injustice, which he censures. The pun upon *double-guil'd* for *double-gilt* is rather low, but is one of those excrescences, which naturally grow out of geniuses of Butler's cast.—(THYER.)

And make fanatics, in despight
 Of all their madness, reason right,
 And vouch to all they have foreshown,
 As other monsters oft have done.
 Although from truth and sense as far, 155
 As all their other maggots are :
 For things said false, and never meant,
 Do oft prove true by accident.

That wealth, that bounteous fortune sends
 As presents to her dearest friends, 160
 Is oft laid out upon'a purchase
 Of two yards long in parish churches ;
 And those too happy men that bought it,
 Had liv'd, and happier too, without it.
 For what does vast wealth bring, but cheat,
 Law, luxury, disease, and debt, 166
 Pain, pleasure, discontent, and sport
 An easy-troubled life, and short ?

161, 162. *And make fanatics, in despight—Of all their madness, reason right.*] The writings and preachments of the enthusiasts and fanatics of this, and indeed of all ages, are full of denunciations of particular judgements, which the Poet wittily observes, though vented at random, might be seriously verified, without a reformation of manners.—(THYER.)

168. *An easy-troubled life, and short.*] Though this satire seems fairly transcribed for the press ; yet on a vacancy in the sheet opposite to this line, I find the following verses, which probably were intended to be added, but as they are not regularly inserted, I chuse rather to give them by way of note.

*For men ne'er digg'd so deep into
 The bowels of the earth below,
 For metals that are found to dwell
 Near neighbour to the pit of hell,
 And have a magic pow'r to sway
 The greedy souls of men that way ;*

But all these plagues are nothing near
 Those far more cruel and severe, 170
 Unhappy man takes pains to find,
 T' inflict himself upon his mind ;
 And out of his own bowels spins
 A rack and torture for his sins :
 Torments himself, in vain, to know 175
 That most, which he can never do ;
 And the more strictly 'tis denied,
 The more he is unsatisfied :
 Is busy in finding scruples out,
 To languish in eternal doubt, 180
 Sees spectres in the dark, and ghosts,
 And starts, as horses do at posts ;
 And, when his eyes assist him least,
 Discerns such subtle objects best :

*But with their bodies have been fain
 To fill those trenches up again ;
 When bloody battles have been fought
 For sharing that, which they took out.
 For wealth is all things, that conduce
 To man's destruction, or his use ;
 A standard both to buy and sell
 All things from heaven down to hell.—(THYER.)*

169, 170. *But all these plagues are nothing near—Those far more cruel, &c.]*
 Our Satyrist, after enumerating the various infelicities of man arising from the outward circumstances of human nature, descends to that which takes its rise within his own distempered mind, the insatiable thirst of knowing those things, which he has neither ability to investigate, nor necessity to enquire into. He was a profest enemy to all chimerical, precarious, uncertain speculations, either in philosophy or divinity, as every attentive reader of his *Hudibras* must have observed, and with a view to this he drew the characters of *Hudibras*, and the virtuoso philosopher *Sidrophel*. This is a favorite topic of our poet's ; and the reader will accordingly find the verses glow with a peculiar warmth and spirit.—(THYER.)

On hypothetic dreams and visions 185
 Grounds everlasting disquisitions,
 And raises endless controversies
 On vulgar theorems and hearsays :
 Grows positive and confident
 In things so far beyond th' extent 190
 Of human sense, he does not know
 Whether they be at all, or no ;
 And doubts as much in things, that are
 As plainly evident, and clear :
 Disdains all useful sense, and plain, 195
 T' apply to th' intricate and vain ;
 And cracks his brains in plodding on
 That, which is never to be known ;
 To pose himself with subtleties,
 And hold no other knowledge wise ; 200
 Although, the subtler all things are,
 They're but to nothing the more near :
 And the less weight they can sustain,
 The more he still lays on in vain ;

193, 194. *And doubts as much in things, that are—As plainly evident and clear :* Strange and bold as this assertion seems, we see it too often verified by learned men, who are dogmatical and confident in the most refined hypothetical theories, and sceptical in the plainest truths. It is not unlikely, but he had Descartes in his eye, who boldly entered into an explication of the whole system of the Universe, and yet came at last to frame a doubt about his own existence.—(THYER.)

201, 202. *Although, the subtler all things are,—They're but to nothing the more near :* This is a thought of Seneca's, and quoted as such by Butler in a note of his own upon the two following verses in his *Hudibras*.

*He could reduce all things to acts,
 And know their natures by abstracts.*

See GRAY'S *HUD.* P. I. C. I. l. 143.—(THYER.)

And hangs his soul upon as nice 205
 And subtle curiosities,
 As one of that vast multitude,
 That on a needle's point have stood :
 Weighs *right* and *wrong*, and *true* and *false*,
 Upon as nice and subtle scales, 210
 As those that turn upon a plane
 With th' hundredth part of half a grain ;
 And still the subtiler they move,
 The sooner false and useless prove.
 So man, that thinks to force and strain 215
 Beyond its natural sphere his brain,
 In vain torments it on the rack,
 And, for improving, sets it back ;
 Is ign'rant of his own extent,
 And that to which his aims are bent, 220
 Is lost in both, and breaks his blade
 Upon the anvil, where 'twas made :
 For as abortions cost more pain
 Than vig'rous births ; so all the vain
 And weak productions of man's wit, 225
 That aim at purposes unfit,
 Require more drudgery, and worse
 Than those of strong and lively force.

207, 208. *As one of that vast multitude :—That on a needle's point have stood :*
 This alludes to the whimsical notions of the Rosicrucians about their ærial spirits.
 (THYEL.)

SATIRE

ON THE

LICENTIOUSNESS OF THE AGE.

'Tis a strange age we've liv'd in, and a lewd
As 'ere the Sun in all his travels view'd ;
An age as vile, as ever justice urg'd,
Like a fantastic lecher, to be scourg'd :
Nor has it scap'd, and yet has only learn'd, 5
The more 'tis plagu'd to be the less concern'd.
Twice have we seen two dreadful judgments rage,
Enough to fright the stubborn'st-hearted age ;
The one to mow vast crowds of people down,
The other (as then needless) half the town ; 10

As the preceding satire was upon mankind in general, with some allusion to that age in which it was wrote, this is particularly levelled at the licentious and debauched times of Charles II. humourously contrasted with the puritanical ones which went before ; and is a fresh proof of the author's impartiality, and that he was not, as is generally but falsely imagined, a bigot to the Cavalier party.—(THYER.)

7. *Twice have we seen two dreadful judgments, &c.*] The Poet, one may venture to affirm, without the hazard of a conjecture, alludes here to the Plague and Fire of London in the years 1665 and 1666 ; but what *the two mighty miracles* were which succeeded, is not with so much preciseness to be ascertained. It is however very probable, that he means the prodigious expedition, with which the city was rebuilt, and the very healthy season which followed. The following passage from Hume's *History of Great Britain*, confirms the observation. " The Fire of London

And two as mighty miracles restore,
 What both had ruin'd and destroy'd before :
 In all as unconcern'd, as if th' had been
 But pastimes for diversion to be seen.
 Or, like the plagues of Egypt, meant a curse, 15
 Not to reclaim us, but to make us worse.

Twice have men turn'd the world (that silly
 blockhead !)

The wrong side outward, like a juggler's pocket,
 Shook out hypocrisy, as fast and loose,
 As e'er the dev'l could teach, or sinners use, 20
 And on the other side at once put in
 As impotent iniquity, and sin.
 As skulls, that have been crack'd, are often found,
 Upon the wrong side to receive the wound,
 And, like tobacco-pipes at one end hit, 25
 To break at th' other still that's opposite :
 So men, who one extravagance would shun,
 Into the contrary extreme have run ;

" though at that time a great calamity, has proved in the issue beneficial both to
 " the city and the kingdom. The city was rebuilt in a very little time ; and care
 " was taken to make the streets wider and more regular than before.—London be-
 " came much more healthy after the fire. The plague, which used to break out with
 " great fury twice or thrice every century, and indeed was always lurking in some
 " corner of the city, has not once discovered itself since that calamity."—
 (THYER.)

22. *As impotent iniquity.*] The term *impotent* is here used in the Latin
 sense of it, for ungovernable or unrestrained.—So Horace says, *Aquila impotens*.
 —(THYER.)

23. *As skulls, that have been crack'd.*] It is a common observation, whether true
 or false is sufficient for a poetical allusion, that when a skull is broke, the crack is
 not in the part which receives the blow, but on the opposite side, and is occasioned
 by the violence of the concussion.—(THYER.)

And all the difference is, that as the first
 Provokes the other freak to prove the worst ; 30
 So, in return, that strives to render less
 The last delusion, with its own excess ;
 And, like two unskill'd gamesters, use one way
 With bungling t' help out one another's play.
 For those, who heretofore sought private holes, 35
 Securely in the dark to damn their souls,
 Wore vizards of hypocrisy, to steal
 And slink away, in masquerade, to Hell,
 Now bring their crimes into the open Sun,
 For all mankind to gaze their worst upon, 40
 As eagles try their young against his rays,
 To prove, if they're of generous breed, or base ;
 Call heav'n and earth to witness, how they've
 aim'd.
 With all their utmost vigour to be damn'd,
 And by their own examples, in the view 45
 Of all the world, striv'd to damn others too ;
 On all occasions sought to be as civil,
 As possible they cou'd, t'his Grace the Devil,
 To give him no unnecessary trouble,
 Nor in small matters use a friend so noble, 50
 But with their constant practice done their best
 T' improve, and propagate his interest.
 For men have now made vice so great an art,
 The matter of fact's become the slightest part ;

30. *Provokes the other freak to prove the worst.*] The word *freak*, though it now always signifies some extravagance of the gay and frolicksome sort, is frequently used by Butler, for one of any kind.—(THAYER.)

And the debauched'st actions they can do, 55
 Mere trifles, to the circumstance and show.
 For 'tis not what they do, that's now the sin,
 But what they lewdly affect, and glory in ;
 As if prepost'rously they would profess
 A forc'd hypocrisy of wickedness : 60
 And affectation, that makes good things bad,
 Must make affected shame accurst, and mad ;
 For vices for themselves may find excuse,
 But never for their complement, and shews.
 That, if there ever were a mystery 65
 Of moral secular iniquity,
 And that the churches may not lose their due
 By being encroach'd upon, 'tis now, and new.
 For men are now as scrupulous, and nice,
 And tender-conscienc'd of low paltry vice, 70
 Disdain as proudly to be thought to have
 To do in any mischief, but the brave,
 As the most scrup'lous zealot of late times
 T' appear in any, but the horrid'st crimes ;
 Have as preoise and strict punctilios 75
 Now to appear, as then to make no shows ;

53, 54, &c. *For men have now made vice so great an art,—The matter of fact's become the slightest part.—&c.*] This is bitter and severe, but very applicable to the times he is describing, and to the characters of Buckingham, Rochester, and other wicked and abandoned wits of that age, who studied not only to be, but also to appear, as vicious and debauched as possible.—(THYER.)

67, 68. *And that the churches may not lose their due—By being encroach'd upon.*] The Poet's meaning seems to be, either that the phrase *mystery of iniquity* was appropriated to divinity ; or archly and satirically to insinuate, that the real and great mystery of iniquity was to be found in the churches of that age.—(THYER.)

And steer the world by disagreeing force
 Of diff'rent customs 'gainst her nat'ral course.
 So pow'rful 's ill example to incroach,
 And nature, spite of all her laws, debauch ; 80
 Example, that imperious dictator
 Of all that's good, or bad, to human nature ;
 By which the world's corrupted, and reclaim'd,
 Hopes to be sav'd, and studies to be damn'd ;
 That reconciles all contrarieties, 85
 Makes wisdom foolishness, and folly wise,
 Imposes on divinity, and sets
 Her seal alike on truths, and counterfeits ;
 Alters all characters of virtue and vice,
 And passes one for th' other in disguise, 90
 Makes all things, as it pleases, understood,
 The good receiv'd for bad, and bad for good ;
 That silyly counter-changes wrong and right,
 Like white in fields of black, and black in white,
 As if the laws of nature had been made 95
 Of purpose, only to be disobey'd ;
 Or man had lost his mighty interest,
 By having been distinguish'd from a beast ;
 And had no other way but sin and vice,
 To be restor'd again to Paradise. 100

93, 94. *That silyly counter-changes wrong and right,—Like white in fields of black, and black in white.*] *Counter-chang'd* in heraldry is, when there is a mutual changing of the colours of the field and charge in an escutcheon, by means of one or more lines of partition. Thus in the coat of the famous Chaucer : He beareth party per pale argent and gules, a bend *counter-changed* ; that is, that part of the bend, which is in that side of the escutcheon which is argent, is gules ; and that part of it which is on the other, is argent. See *Chambers's Dictionary*.—(THYER.)

How copious is our language lately grown,
 To make blaspheming wit, and a jargon ?
 And yet how expressive and significant,
 In *damme* at once to curse, and swear, and rant ?
 As if no way exprest men's souls so well, 105
 As damning of them to the pit of hell ;
 Nor any asseveration were so civil,
 As mortgaging salvation to the Devil ;
 Or that his name did add a charming grace,
 And blasphemy a purity to our phrase. 110
 For what can any language more enrich,
 Than to pay souls for vitiating speech ;
 When the great'st Tyrant in the world made those
 But lick their words out, that abus'd his prose ?
 What trivial punishments did then protect 115
 To public censure a profound respect,
 When the most shameful penance and severe,
 That could b' inflicted on a cavalier

113, 114. *When the great'st Tyrant in the world made those—But lick their words out, that abus'd his prose ?*] This Tyrant was Caligula; and the fact alluded to is recorded by Suetonius in the life of him.—“*Edidit et peregre spectacula in Sicilia: Syracusis astyces ludos, et in Gallia Lugduni miscellos. Sed et certamen quoque Græcæ, Latinæque facundia. Quo certamine ferunt victoribus præmia victos contulisse, eorundem et laudes componere coactus. Eos autem, qui maxime displicissent, scripta sua, spongiâ lingvæ delere jussos, nisi ferulis objurgari, aut flumine proximo mergi maluissent.*” *SUET. CAL. c. 21.*

One cannot but observe from this passage, that the Poet has either mistaken the meaning of it, or has expressed himself very ambiguously: since to make his wit consistent with the historian's relation, or indeed apposite to the purpose for which he introduces it, one must by the *Tyrant's prose* understand, not any composition of his own, which is the sense it naturally bears, but the language of the country, of which he was tyrant or emperor.—(THYER.)

117, 118. *When the most shameful penance and severe,—That could b' inflicted on a cavalier.*] The times and discipline here described were those of the Romans

For infamous debauch'ry, was no worse,
 Than but to be degraded from his horse, 120
 And have his livery of oats and hay,
 Instead of cutting spurs off, ta'en away ?
 They held no torture then so great as shame,
 And, that to slay was less than to defame ;
 For just so much regard, as men express 125
 To th' censure of the public, more or less,
 The same will be return'd to them again,
 In shame or reputation, to a grain :
 And, how perverse soe'er the world appears,
 'Tis just to all the bad it sees, and hears. 130
 And, for that virtue, strives to be allow'd
 For all the injuries, it does the good.

How silly were their sages heretofore
 To fright their heroes with a syren-whore ?
 Make 'em believe a water-witch with charms 135
 Could sink their men of war, as easy as storms,
 And turn their mariners, that heard them sing,
 Into land-porpuesses, and cod, and ling ;

before they degenerated ; and amongst them one of the punishments inflicted upon a knight or cavalier was—*equo publico spoliari*—to be obliged to maintain his horse at his own private expense.—Thus Livy, l. 27. c. 13.—“ *Illis omnibus adempti equi, qui Cannensium legionum equites in Sicilia erant. Addiderunt acerbitati etiam tempus, ne praterita stipendia procederent eis, qui equo publico meruerant, sed densa stipendia equis privatis facerent.*”—(THEYER.)

133, 134. *How silly were their sages heretofore—To fright their heroes with a syren-whore.*] The story of Circe and the Syrens is too well known to need repeating ; I shall only remark, that our author seems to confound the one with the other, by imputing the power of transformation to the songs of the Syrens, which is related only of the enchanted cup of Circe. This is a sort of poetic licence, which he makes use of.—(THEYER.)

To terrify those mighty champions,
As we do children now with Bloody-bones ; 140
Until the subtlest of their conjurors
Seal'd up the labels to his soul, his ears,
And ty'd his deafen'd sailors (while he pass'd
The dreadful lady's lodgings) to the mast,
And rather venture drowning, than to wrong 145
The sea-pugs' chaste ears with a bawdy song :
To b' out of countenance, and like an ass,
Not pledge the Lady Circe one beer-glass ;
Unmannerly refuse her treat and wine,
For fear of being turn'd into a swine ; 150
When one of our heroic advent'ers now
Would drink her down, and turn her int' a sow.

So simple were those times, when a grave
sage
Could with an oldwife's-tale instruct the age ;
Teach virtue, more fantastic ways and nice, 155
Than ours will now endure t' improve in vice ;
Made a dull sentence, and a moral fable
Do more, than all our holdings-forth are able ;
A forc'd obscure mythology convince,
Beyond our worst inflictions upon sins. 160
When an old proverb, or an end of verse
Could more, than all our penal laws, coerce ;
And keep men honestest than all our furies
Of jailors, judges, constables, and juries ;
Who were converted then with an old saying, 165
Better than all our preaching now, and pray-
ing.

What fops had these been, had they liv'd with us,
 Where the best reason's made ridiculous ;
 And all the plain and sober things we say,
 By raillery are put beside their play ? 170
 For men are grown above all knowledge now,
 And, what they're ignorant of, disdain to know ;
 Engross truth (like fanatics) underhand,
 And boldly judge, before they understand,
 The self-same courses equally advance 175
 In spiritual, and carnal ignorance ;
 And, by the same degrees of confidence,
 Become impregnable against all sense ;
 For, as they outgrew *ordinances* then,
 So would they now morality again. 180
 Tho' drudgery and knowledge are of kin,
 And both descended from one parent sin ;
 And therefore seldom have been known to part,
 In tracing out the ways of truth, and art ;
 Yet they have *North-west* passages to steer 185
 A short way to it, without pains or care.
 For, as implicit faith is far more stiff,
 Than that which understands its own belief ;

167, 168. *What fops had these been, had they liv'd with us,—Where the best reason's made ridiculous.*] One of the principal characteristics of this wild and wanton reign, was a spirit of rallying and bantering every thing that was serious and sober ; and was in a great measure owing to the other extreme of an hypocritical gravity, which distinguished the age before.—(THYER.)

181, 182. *Tho' drudgery and knowledge are of kin—And both descended from one parent sin ;*] Butler here alludes to the sin of our first parents, which he supposes not only introduc'd drudgery and labour into the world, the curse of eating our bread, &c. but the thorny and difficult way of arriving at knowledge ; and therefore justly satirizes those, who would obtain it without any pains at all.—(THYER.)

So those, that think, and do but think, they
 know,
 Are far more obstinate, than those that do, 190
 And more averse, than if they'd ne'er been taught
 A wrong way, to a right one to be brought;
 Take boldness upon credit beforehand,
 And grow too positive to understand;
 Believe themselves as knowing, and as famous, 195
 As if their gifts had gotten a mandamus,
 A bill of store to take up a degree,
 With all the learning to it, custom-free;
 And look as big, for what they bought at court,
 As if they'd done their exercises for't. 200

188. We find pretty much the same thought in his *Hudibras*.

*For fools are stubborn in their way
 As coins are harden'd by th' alloy,
 And obstinacy's ne'er so stiff
 As when 'tis in a wrong belief.—(THYER.)*

Hudib. P. III. C. 2. l. 481.

197, 198. *A bill of store to take up a degree—With all the learning to it, custom-free.*] A *bill of store* is a licence, that the merchant obtains at the custom-house, of taking up such stores and provisions, as are necessary for his voyage, custom-free. The application is too just and obvious to need pointing out.—(THYER.)

S A T I R E

UPON

GAMING.

WHAT fool would trouble fortune more,
When she has been too kind before ;
Or tempt her to take back again,
What she had thrown away in vain ;
By idly vent'ring her good graces 5
To be dispos'd of by alms-aces ;
Or settling it in trust to uses,
Out of his pow'r, on treys and deuces :
To put it to the chance, and try,
I' th' ballot of a box and dye, 10
Whether his money be his own,
And lose it, if he be o'erthrown ;
As if he were betray'd, and set
By his own stars to every cheat,
Or wretchedly condemn'd by fate 15
To throw dice for his own estate ;
As mutineers, by fatal doom,
Do for their lives upon a drum ?
For what less influence can produce,
So great a monster as a chowse ; 20

Or any two-legg'd thing possess
 With such a brutish sottishness ?
 Unless those tutelary stars,
 Intrusted by astrologers
 To have the charge of man, combin'd 25
 To use him in the self-same kind,
 As those, that help'd them to the trust,
 Are wont to deal with others just.
 For to become so sadly dull
 And stupid, as *to fine* for gull, 30
 (Not, as in cities, to b' excus'd,
 But to be judg'd fit to be us'd)
 That, whosoe'er can draw it in
 Is sure inevitably t' win ;
 And, with a curs'd half-witted fate, 35
 To grow more dully desperate,
 The more 'tis made a common prey,
 And cheated foppishly at play,
 Is their condition : fate betrays
 To folly first, and then destroys. 40
 For what, but miracles, can serve
 So great a madness to preserve,
 As his, that ventures goods and chattels
 (Where there's no quarter giv'n) in battles,

28. *Are wont to deal with others just.*] In the preceding lines the poet seems a little obscure, but when attended to, we shall find his meaning, that nothing could produce such a brutish sottishness, except the stars themselves had combined by their influence, to make men as great fools as their masters, the astrologers, had done.—(THYER.)

And fights with money-bags as bold, 45
 As men with sand-bags did of old :
 Puts lands, and tenements, and stocks
 Into a paltry juggler's box ;
 And, like an alderman of Gotham,
 Embarketh in so vile a bottom : 50
 Engages blind and senseless hap
 'Gainst *high*, and *low*, and *slur* and *knap*,
 (As Tartars with a man of straw
 Encounter lions, hand to paw)
 With those, that never venture more, 55
 Than they had safely 'nsur'd before ;
 Who, when they knock the box and shake,
 Do, like the Indian rattle-snake,
 But strive to ruin, and destroy
 Those that mistake it for fair play : 60
 That have their *fulhams* at command,
 Brought up to do their feats at hand ;
 That understand their calls and knocks,
 And how to place themselves i' th' box ;
 Can tell the oddses of all games, 65
 And when to answer to their names ;
 And, when he conjures them t' appear,
 Like imps are ready every where ;
 When to play foul, and when run fair
 (Out of design) upon the square ; 70

46. *As men with sand-bags did of old.*] The same thought and the same lines in *Hudibras*, P. III. Canto 2. l. 79, upon which, in Dr. Grey's edition, there is a note to which the reader may have recourse.—(THYER.)

61. *That have their fulhams at command.*] *Fulhams* was, in those days, a cant term for false dice, which ran high or low according as they were loaded.—(THYER.)

And let the greedy cully win,
 Only to draw him further in :
 While those, with which he idly plays,
 Have no regard to what he says;
 Although he *jernie* and blaspheme, 75
 When they miscarry, heav'n and them ;
 And damn his soul, and swear, and curse,
 And crucify his saviour worse
 Than those Jew-troopers, that threw out,
 When they were raffling for his coat ; 80
 Denounce revenge, as if they heard,
 And rightly understood, and fear'd,
 And would take heed another time,
 How to commit so bold a crime ;
 When the poor bones are innocent 85
 Of all he did, or said or meant,
 And have as little sense almost,
 As he that damns them, when h' has lost :
 As if he had rely'd upon
 Their judgement, rather than his own ; 90
 And that it were their fault, not his,
 That manag'd them himself amiss :
 And gave them ill instructions, how
 To run, as he would have them do,
 And then condemns them sillily 95
 For having no more wit than he.

75. *Although they jernie and blaspheme.*] *Jernie*, a French oath. *Je renie*.

(THYER.)

SATIRE

ON

RHYME.

*GREAT famous wit, whose rich and easy vein,
Free, and unus'd to drudgery and pain,
Has all Apollo's treasure at command,
And, how good verse is coin'd, dost understand ;
In all wit's combats, master of defence, 5
Tell me, how dost thou pass on rhyme and sense ?
'Tis said th' apply to thee, and in thy verse
Do freely range themselves as volunteers ;
And without pain, or pumping for a word,
Place themselves fitly of their own accord. 10

* This piece is a close imitation of Boileau's second satire addressed to Moliere, some of the passages in which are here rendered with singular accuracy. To whom Butler meant to address it I am not aware. The last line requires a name of three syllables to fill up the blank.—(EDITOR.)

1. *Great famous wit, whose rich and easy vein, &c.*]

*Rare et fameux Esprit, dont la fertile veine
Ignore en écrivant le travail et la peine ;
Pour qui tient Appollon tous ses trésors ouverts,
Et qui sait à quel coin se marquent les bons vers ;
Dans les combats d'esprit savant Maître d'écriture,
Enseigne-moi, Molière, où tu trouves la rime.—BOILEAU.*

(EDITOR.)

I, whom a lewd caprich (for some great crime
 I have committed) has condemn'd to rhyme,
 With slavish obstinacy vex my brain
 To reconcile 'em, but, alas! in vain.
 Sometimes I set my wits upon the rack, 15
 And, when I would say *white*, the verse says
 black.

When I would draw a brave man to the life,
 It names some slave, that pimps to his own
 wife;
 Or base poltroon, that would have sold his
 daughter,
 If he had met with any to have bought her. 20
 When I would praise an author, the untoward
 Damn'd sense, says *Virgil*, but the rhyme ——
 In fine, whate'er I strive to bring about,
 The contrary (spight of my heart) comes out.
 Sometimes, enrag'd for time and pains mis-
 spent, 25
 I give it over, tir'd and discontent;
 And, damning the dull fiend a thousand times,
 By whom I was possest, forswear all rhymes;

22. *Damn'd sense, says Virgil, but the rhyme ——*] This blank, and another at the close of the poem, the author evidently chose should be supplied by the reader. It is not my business, therefore, to deprive him of that satisfaction.—(THYER.)

The rhyme indicates, that this blank ought to be supplied with the name of Howard [Edward], whose poem of the British Princess is the subject of two other satirical pieces, and on whom I find several fragments in Butler's MSS.—(EDITOR.)

But having curst the muses, they appear,
To be reveng'd for't, ere I am aware. 30
Spight of myself, I strait take fire again,
Fall to my task with paper, ink, and pen,
And breaking all the oaths I made, in vain
From verse to verse, expect their aid again.
But if my muse or I were so discreet, 35
T' endure, for rhyme's sake, one dull epithet,
I might, like others, easily command
Words without study, ready and at hand.
In praising Chloris, moons, and stars, and skies,
Are quickly made to match her face, and
eyes;— 40
And gold, and rubies, with as little care,
To fit the colour of her lips, and hair :
And mixing suns, and flow'rs, and pearl, and
stones,
Make 'em serve all complexions at once.
With these fine fancies, at hap-hazard writ, 45
I could make verses without art or wit,
And, shifting forty times the verb and noun,
With stol'n impertinence patch up mine own.
But, in the choice of words, my scrup'lous
wit
Is fearful to pass one, that is unfit ; 50
Nor can endure to fill up a void place,
At a line's end, with one insipid phrase :
And, therefore, when I scribble twenty times,
When I have written four, I blot two rhymes.

May he be damn'd, who first found out that
curse, 55

T' imprison, and confine his thoughts in verse ;

To hang so dull a clog upon his wit,

And make his reason to his rhyme submit.

Without this plague, I freely might have spent

My happy days with leisure and content ; 60

Had nothing in the world to do, or think,

Like a fat priest, but whore, and eat, and drink ;

Had past my time as pleasantly away,

Slept all the night, and loiter'd all the day.

My soul, that's free from care, and fear, and
hope, 65

Knows how to make her own ambition stoop,

T' avoid uneasy greatness and resort,

Or for preferment following the court.

How happy had I been, if, for a curse,

The fates had never sentenc'd me to verse ! 70

But, ever since this peremptory vein

With restless frenzy first possess'd my brain,

And that the devil tempted me, in spite

Of my own happiness, to judge, and write,

Shut up against my will, I waste my age 75

In mending this, and blotting out that page ;

55. *May he be damn'd, who first found out that curse.*] A translation of these four admired lines of Boileau.

Maudit soit le premier, dont la verve insensée

Dans les bornes d' un vers renferma la pensée,

Et donnant à ses mots une étroite prison,

Voulut avec la rime enchaîner la raison. (EDITOR.)

And grow so weary of the slavish trade,
 I envy their condition, that write bad.
 O happy Scudery! whose easy quill
 Can, once a month, a mighty volume fill. 80
 For, though thy works are written in despite
 Of all good sense, impertinent, and slight,
 They never have been known to stand in need
 Of stationer to sell, or sot to read.
 For, so the rhyme be at the verse's end, 85
 No matter whither all the rest does tend.
 Unhappy is that man, who, spite of 's heart,
 Is forc'd to be tied up to rules of art.
 A fop that scribbles, does it with delight,
 Takes no pains to consider what to write; 90
 But, fond of all the nonsense he brings forth,
 Is ravish'd with his own great wit and worth.
 While brave and noble writers vainly strive
 To such a height of glory to arrive :

79. *O happy Scudery! &c.]*

*Bienheureux Scuderi, dont la fertile plume
 Peut tous les mois sans peine enfanter un volume.
 Tes écrits, il est vrai, sans art et languissans,
 Semblent être formés en dépit de bon sens :
 Mais il trouve pourtant, quoi qu'on en puisse dire,
 Un marchand pour les vendre, et des sots pour les lire.*

BOILEAU, Satire II.

George Scudery (born 1605) the author of a variety of works in prose and verse. He also assisted his sister Magdeleine in the composition of her ponderous romances. Some of the earliest of them, indeed, were published under her brother's name. She exceeded him in talent and reputation, as well as in the number of her works, having, as Menage states, composed eighty volumes.—(EDITOR.)

But still, with all they do unsatisfied, 95
Ne'er please themselves, though all the world
beside.

And those, whom all mankind admire for wit,
Wish for their own sakes, they had never writ.
Thou then, that see'st how ill I spend my time,
Teach me for pity, how to make a rhyme ; 100
And, if th' instructions chance to prove in vain,
Teach ——— how ne'er to write again.

REPARTEES

BETWEEN CAT AND PUSS AT A CATERWAULING,

IN THE MODERN HEROIC WAY.

It was about the middle age of night,
When half the earth stood in the other's light ;
And sleep, death's brother, yet a friend to life,
Gave wearied nature a restorative :
When puss, wrapt warm in his own native
furs, 5
Dreamt soundly of as soft and warm amours,
Of making gallantry in gutter-tiles,
And sporting on delightful faggot-piles ;
Of bolting out of bushes in the dark,
As ladies use at midnight in the park ; 10
Or seeking in tall garrets an alcove,
For assignations in th' affairs of love.

Repartees between Cat and Puss, &c.] This poem is a satirical banter upon those *heroic plays* which were so much in vogue at the time our author lived. The dialogues of which, having what they called *heroic love* for their subject, are carried on exactly in this strain, as any one may perceive, that will consult the dramatic pieces of Dryden, Settle, and others.—(THYER.)

BUTLER'S REMAINS.



*Repartees between Cat and Puss at a caterwauling,
in the modern heroic way.*



At once his passion was both false and true,
 And the more false, the more in earnest grew.
 He fancied, that he heard those amorous
 charms, 15

That us'd to summon him to soft alarms,
 To which he always brought an equal flame,
 To fight a rival, or to court a dame :
 And, as in dreams love's raptures are more
 taking,

Than all their actual enjoyments waking, 20
 His amorous passion grew to that extreme,
 His dream itself awak'd him from his dream.
 Thought he, what place is this ! or whither
 art

Thou vanish'd from me, mistress of my heart ?
 But now, I had her in this very place, 25
 Here, fast imprison'd in my glad embrace,
 And, while my joys beyond themselves were
 rapt,

I know not how, nor whither thou 'rt escap'd :
 Stay, and I'll follow thee—With that he leap'd
 Up from the lazy couch on which he slept ; 30
 And, wing'd with passion, through his known
 purlieu,

Swift as an arrow from a bow, he flew,
 Nor stopp'd, until his fire had him convey'd,
 Where many assignation h' had enjoy'd ;
 Where finding, what he sought, a mutual
 flame, 35

That long had stay'd and call'd, before he came,

Impatient of delay, without one word,
To lose no further time, he fell aboard ;
But grip'd so hard, he wounded what he lov'd ;
While she, in anger, thus his heat reprov'd. 40

C. Forbear, foul ravisher, this rude address,
Canst thou at once both injure and caress ?

P. Thou hast bewitch'd me with thy pow'ful
 charms,
And I, by drawing blood, would cure my harms.

C. He, that does love, would set his heart a-
 tilt, 45
Ere one drop of his lady's should be spilt.

P. Your wounds are but without, and mine
 within ;
You wound my heart, and I but prick your skin :
And while your eyes pierce deeper than my
 claws,
You blame th' effect, of which you are the
 cause. 50

C. How could my guiltless eyes your heart
 invade,
Had it not first been by your own betray'd ?
Hence 'tis, my greatest crime has only been
(Not in mine eyes, but yours) in being seen.

P. I hurt to love, but do not love to hurt. 55

C. That's worse than making cruelty a sport.

P. Pain is the foil of pleasure, and delight,
That sets it off to a more noble height.

C. He buys his pleasure at a rate too vain,
That takes it up beforehand of his pain. 60

P. Pain is more dear than pleasure, when 'tis past.

C. But grows intolerable, if it last.

P. Love is too full of honour, to regard
What it enjoys, but suffers, as reward.
What knight durst ever own a lover's name, 65
That had not been half murther'd by his flame ?
Or lady, that had never lain at stake,
To death, or force of rivals for his sake ?

C. When love does meet with injury and pain,
Disdain's the only med'cine for disdain. 70

P. At once I'm happy, and unhappy too,
In being pleas'd, and in displeasing you.

C. Prepost'rous way of pleasure, and of love,
That contrary to its own end would move !
'Tis rather hate, that covets to destroy ; 75
Love's business is to love, and to enjoy.

P. Enjoying and destroying are all one,
As flames destroy that which they feed upon.

C. He never lov'd at any gen'rous rate,
That in th' enjoyment found his flame abate. 80
As wine (the friend of love) is wont to make
The thirst more violent, it pretends to slake ;
So should fruition do the lover's fire,
Instead of lessening, inflame desire.

P. What greater proof, that passion does transport, 85
When, what I'd die for, I am forc'd to hurt ?

C. Death among lovers is a thing despis'd,
And far below a sullen humour priz'd.

That is more scorn'd, and rail'd at than the Gods,
When they are crost in love, or fall at odds. 90
But since you understand not what you do,
I am the judge of what I feel, not you.

P. Passion begins indifferent to prove,
When love considers any thing but love.

C. The darts of love (like lightning) wound
within, 95

And, though they pierce it, never hurt the skin ;
They leave no marks behind them, where they fly,
Though through the tend'rest part of all, the eye ;
But your sharp claws have left enough to shew,
How tender I have been, how cruel you. 100

P. Pleasure is pain, for when it is enjoy'd,
All it could wish for was but to b' allay'd.

C. Force is a rugged way of making love.

P. What you like best, you always disap-
prove.

C. He, that will wrong his love, will not be
nice, 105

T' excuse the wrong he does, to wrong her twice.

P. Nothing is wrong, but that which is ill
meant.

C. Wounds are ill cured with a good intent.

P. When you mistake that for an injury,
I never meant, you do the wrong, not I. 110

C. You do not feel yourself the pain you give ;
But 'tis not that alone, for which I grieve ;
But 'tis your want of passion that I blame,
That can be cruel, where you own a flame.

P. 'Tis you are guilty of that cruelty, 115
Which you at once outdo, and blame in me :
For while you stifle, and inflame desire,
You burn, and starve me in the self-same fire.

C. It is not I, but you, that do the hurt,
Who wound yourself, and then accuse me for't :
As thieves, that rob themselves 'twixt sun and
sun, 121
Make others pay for what themselves have done.

SATIRE

ON OUR

RIDICULOUS IMITATION OF THE FRENCH.

Who would not rather get him gone
Beyond th' intolerablest zone ;
Or steer his passage through those seas,
That burn in flames, or those that freeze,
Than see one nation go to school, 5
And learn of another, like a fool ?
To study all its tricks and fashions
With epidemic affectations ;
And dare to wear no mode or dress,
But what they, in their wisdom, please ; 10
As monkies are, by being taught
To put on gloves and stockings, caught :

1. *Who would not rather get him gone.*] The object of this satire was that extravagant and ridiculous imitation of the French, which prevailed in Charles the Second's reign, partly owing to the connection and intercourse, which the politics of those times obliged us to have with that nation, and partly to our eager desire of avoiding the formal and precise gravity of the hypocritical age that preceded.

It has been observed already, that our poet is not a servile and exact adherer to grammatical niceties, and it appears no where more plainly, than in this composition ; in which the spirit and warmth with which he writes, hurries him into a neglect of that connection, which a severe critic might possibly require, but every reader of taste will easily excuse, if not approve.—(THYER.)

Submit to all that they devise,
 As if it wore their liveries ;
 Make ready and dress th' imagination, 15
 Not with the cloaths, but with the fashion ;
 And change it, to fulfil the curse
 Of Adam's fall, for new, though worse :
 To make their breeches fall and rise
 From middle legs to middle thighs, 20
 The tropics between which the hose
 Move always as the fashion goes :
 Sometimes wear hats like pyramids,
 And sometimes flat like pipkin's lids,
 With broad brims sometimes like umbrellas,
 And sometimes narrow as Punchinello's : 26
 In coldest weather go unbrac'd,
 And close in hot, as if th' were lac'd :
 Sometimes with sleeves and bodies wide,
 And sometimes straiter than a hide : 30
 Wear peruques, and with false grey hairs
 Disguise the true ones, and their years ;
 That, when they're modish, with the young
 The old may seem so in the throng :
 And as some pupils have been known, 35
 In time to put their tutors down ;
 So ours are often found t' have got
 More tricks, than ever they were taught :

11. *As monkeys are, by being taught.*] Alluding to what travellers relate of the method of catching monkeys, by dropping gloves, stockings, &c. under the trees ; which, these silly animals putting on, prevent them from making their escape.—(TYLER.)

With sly intrigues and artifices
 Usurp their poxes and their vices ; 40
 With garnitures upon their shoes,
 Make good their claim to gouty toes ;
 By sudden starts, and shrugs, and groans
 Pretend to aches in their bones,
 To scabs and botches, and lay trains 45
 To prove their running of the reins ;
 And, lest they should seem destitute
 Of any mange, that's in repute,
 And be behind hand with the mode,
 Will swear to *chrystalline* and *node* ; 50
 And, that they may not lose their right,
 Make it appear how they came by 't :
 Disdain the country, where th' were born,
 As bastards their own mothers scorn ;
 And that which brought them forth contemn,
 As it deserves, for bearing them : 56
 Admire whate'er they find abroad,
 But nothing here, though e'er so good.
 Be natives wheresoe'er they come,
 And only foreigners at home ; 60
 To which th' appear so far estrang'd,
 As if th' had been i' th' cradle chang'd ;
 Or from beyond the seas convey'd
 By witches—not born here, but laid ;
 Or by outlandish fathers were 65
 Begotten on their mothers here,
 And therefore justly slight that nation,
 Where th' have so mungrel a relation ;

And seek out other climates, where
 They may degenerate less than here ; 70
 As woodcocks, when their plumes are grown,
 Borne on the winds' wings and their own,
 Forsake the countries where th' are hatch'd,
 And seek out others, to be catch'd :
 So they more nat'rally may please 75
 And humour their own geniuses,
 Apply to all things, which they see
 With their own fancies best agree ;
 No matter how ridiculous,
 'Tis all one, if it be in use ; 80
 For nothing can be bad or good,
 But as 'tis in or out of mode ;
 And as the nations are that use it,
 All ought to practise, or refuse it :
 T' observe their postures, move, and stand
 As they give out the word o' command ; 86
 To learn the dullest of their whims
 And how to wear their very limbs ;
 To turn and manage every part,
 Like puppets, by their rules of art ; 90
 To shrug discreetly, act, and tread,
 And politicly shake the head,
 Until the ignorant (that guess
 At all things by th' appearances)
 To see how art and nature strive, 95
 Believe them really alive,
 And that th' are very men, not things
 That move by puppet-work and springs ;

EDWARD HOWARD, ESQ.

HIS INCOMPARABLE POEM OF THE BRITISH PRINCES.

To the Honourable Edward Howard, Esq. &c.] Most of the celebrated wits in Charles the Second's reign, addressed this gentleman, in a bantering way, upon his poem called *The British Princes*, and, among the rest, Butler. What he wrote upon this occasion was inserted in *Dryden's Miscellanies*, under the name of Mr. Waller, and upon that authority, Mr. Fenton has introduced it into his edition of Waller's works. That this piece is not Waller's must be evident to every distinguishing reader; and that it is Butler's is no less clear, not only from the manner, but also by its being found among his other manuscripts accompanied by the *Palinodie* which follows it; but to make the matter still more demonstrable, I must add, that I find several of the lines and thoughts in his common-place collection.

16.] This piece still continues to be erroneously printed as one of Waller's productions. The wretched and incomprehensible fragment which it satirises, was

For 'twill be doubted, whether you do write,
 Or they have acted at a nobler height. 10
 You of their ancient Princes have retriev'd
 More than the ages knew, in which they liv'd ;
 Describ'd their customs, and their rites anew,
 Better than all their Druids ever knew :
 Unriddled their dark oracles, as well 15
 As those themselves, that made them, could fore-
 tell.

For as the Britons long have hop'd in vain,
 Arthur would come to govern them again ;
 You have fulfill'd that prophecy alone,
 And in this poem plac'd him on his throne. 20
 Such magic pow'r has your prodigious pen
 To raise the dead, and give new life to men.
 Make rival Princes meet in arms, and love,
 Whom distant ages did so far remove :
 For as eternity has neither past, 25
 Nor future, (authors say) nor first, nor last,

published in 1660, and happily only extends to two books. It abounds with ana-
 chronisms, incongruities, and false grammar. The origin of the well-known lines,

*A painted vest Prince Vortigern had on,
 Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won,*

is to be ascribed to the following couplet in the *British Princes* :

*A vest as admir'd Vortigern had on,
 Which from this island's foes his grandsire won.*

In alluding to which, Butler says, in his common-place collection, that Howard had
 attained

*Such height as no wit ever could have nick'd,
 But only he that stripp'd a naked Pict.—BUTLER'S MSS.*

This person was also the author of four plays, the value of which may be estimated
 by this heroic standard.—(EDITOR.)

But is all instant ; your eternal Muse
All ages can to any one reduce.
Then why should you, whose miracle of art
Can life at pleasure to the dead impart, 30
Trouble in vain your better busied head
T' observe what time they liv'd in, or were dead ?
For since you have such arbitrary power,
It were defect in judgment to go lower,
Or stoop to things so pitifully lewd, 35
As use to take the vulgar latitude.
There's no man fit to read what you have writ,
That holds not some proportion with your wit :
As light can no way but by light appear,
He must bring *sense*, that understands it here. 40

A PALINODIE

TO

THE HON. EDWARD HOWARD, ESQ.

UPON

HIS INCOMPARABLE BRITISH PRINCES.

It is your pardon, sir, for which my muse
Thrice humbly thus, in form of paper, sues ;
For having felt the dead weight of your wit,
She comes to ask forgiveness, and submit,
Is sorry for her faults, and, while I write, 5
Mourns in the black, does penance in the
white :

But such is her belief in your just candour,
She hopes you will not so misunderstand her,
To wrest her harmless meaning to the sense
Of silly emulation, or offence. 10
No ; your sufficient wit does still declare
Itself too amply, they are mad that dare
So vain and senseless a presumption own,
To yoke your vast parts in comparison.

And yet, you might have thought upon a way 15
T' instruct us, how you'd have us to obey,
And not command our praises, and then blame
All that's too great, or little for your fame.
For who could choose `but err, without some
trick

To take your elevation to a nick ? 20
As he, that was desir'd, upon occasion,
To make the Mayor of London an oration,
Desir'd his lordship's favour, that he might
Take measure of his mouth, to fit it right ;
So, had you sent a scantling of your wit, 25
You might have blam'd us, if it did not fit ;
But 'tis not just t' impose, and then cry down
All that's unequal to your huge renown ;
For he, that writes below your vast desert,
Betrays his own, and not your want of art. 30
Praise, like a robe of state, should not sit
close

To th' person 'tis made for, but wide and loose,
Derives its comeliness from being unfit,
And such have been our praises of your wit,
Which is so extraordinary, no height 35
Of fancy but your own can do it right ;
Witness those glorious poems you have writ
With equal judgment, learning, art, and wit,
And those stupendious discoveries,
You've lately made of wonders in the skies. 40

For who but from yourself did ever hear,
 The *sphere of atoms* was the *atmosphere*?
 Who ever shut those stragglers in a room,
 Or put a circle about vacuum,
 What should confine those undetermin'd crowds, 45
 And yet extend no further than the clouds?
 Who ever could have thought, but you alone,
 A *sign* and an *ascendant* were all one?
 Or how 'tis possible the Moon should shroud
 Her face, to peep at Mars, behind a cloud; 50

41. *For who but from yourself did ever hear—The sphere of atoms was the atmosphere, &c.*] These lines are in ridicule of the following passage which occurs in the *British Princes*. After describing Merlin, who is represented as occupying the highest station amongst the British bards in the Temple of Praise, he proceeds.

*And here he dedicates a wond'rous sphere,
 That Archymedes fam'd could not compare,
 In which the sun, his lov'd ectiptick shines,
 With every planet's orb, and various lines.
 And these roll within a starry sky,
 A space transparent entertains the eye;
 The sphere of atoms call'd, nature's first seed,
 Which scatter'd hence, some think the world did breed.—B. 2. C. 1.*

(EDITOR.)

47. *Who ever could have thought, but you alone—A sign and an ascendant were all one?*] Alluding to one of the signs in the Zodiac being called an ascendant, an astrological term, signifying the point in the heavens rising above the Eastern part of the horizon at a time when a prediction is to be made of a future event. In a council of the stars, Mars is represented as concluding an address to Venus, with this complement:

*To Gemini my orb shall wander now,
 Thy lov'd ascendant and this island's too.—B. 1. C. 5.*

(EDITOR.)

48. *Or how 'tis possible the Moon should shroud—Her face, to peep at Mars, behind a cloud.*] Referring to two lines in the same edifying council.

*While Cynthia did (as now) her visage shroud,
 And, but by peeps, beheld thee from a cloud.—B. 1. C. 5.*

(EDITOR.)

Since clouds below are so far distant plac'd,
 They cannot hinder her from being barefac'd ?
 Who ever did a language so enrich,
 To scorn all little particles of speech ?
 For though they make the sense clear, yet th'
 are found 55

To be a scurvy hindrance to the sound ;
 Therefore you wisely scorn your style to humble,
 Or for the sense's sake to wave the rumble.
 Had Homer known this art, h' had ne'er been
 fain

To use so many particles in vain, 60
 That to no purpose serve, but (as he haps
 To want a syllable) to fill up gaps.
 You justly coin new verbs to pay for those,
 Which in construction you o'ersee, and lose :
 And by this art do Priscian no wrong 65
 When you break's head, for 'tis as broad as long.
 These are your own discoveries, which none
 But such a muse as yours could hit upon,
 That can, in spite of laws of art or rules,
 Make things more intricate than all the schools : 70
 For what have laws of art to do with you,
 More than the laws with honest men and true ?
 He that's a prince in poetry should strive
 To cry 'em down, by his prerogative,

6th. *And by this art do Priscian no wrong—When you break's head, for 'tis as broad as long.*] Priscianus, an eminent grammarian, whose reputation was so high, that a violation of grammar was proverbially termed “breaking Priscian's head.”—(EDITOR.)

And not submit to that, which has no force 75
But o'er delinquents, and inferiors.

Your poems will indure to be try'd
I' th' fire like gold, and come forth purify'd,

Can only to eternity pretend,

For they were never writ to any end. 80

All other books bear an uncertain rate,

But those you write are always sold by
weight,

Each word and syllable brought to the scale,
And valu'd to a scruple in the sale.

For, when the paper's charg'd with your rich
wit, 85

'Tis for all purposes and uses fit,

Has an abstersive virtue to make clean

Whatever nature made in man obscene.

Boys find b' experiment, no paper-kite,

Without your verse, can make a noble flight. 90

It keeps our spice, and aromatics sweet;

In Paris they perfume their rooms with it;

For burning but one leaf of yours, they say,

Drives all their stinks and nastiness away.

Cooks keep their pyes from burning with your
wit, 95

Their pigs and geese from scorching on the
spit:

And vintners find their wines are ne'er the
worse,

When ars'nick's only wrapt up in the verse.

These are the great performances, that raise
Your mighty parts above all reach of praise, 100
And give us only leave t' admire your worth,
For no man, but yourself, can set it forth,
 Whose wond'rous pow'r's so generally known,
 Fame is the echo, and her voice your own.

SATIRE

UPON

DRUNKENNESS.

'Tis pity WINE, which nature meant
To man in kindness to present;
And gave him kindly to caress,
And cherish his frail happiness,
Of equal virtue to renew 5
His wearied mind, and body too,
Should (like the cyder-tree in Eden,
Which only grew, to be forbidden)
No sooner come to be enjoy'd,
But th' owner's fatally destroy'd; 10
And that, which she for good design'd,
Becomes the ruin of mankind,
That for a little vain excess
Runs out of all its happiness,
And makes the friend of truth and love 15
Their greatest adversary prove;
T' abuse a blessing she bestow'd
So truly essential to his good;

To countervail his pensive cares,
 And slavish drudgery of affairs ; 20
 To teach him judgment, wit, and sense,
 And, more than all these, confidence ;
 To pass his times of recreation
 In choice and noble conversation,
 Catch truth and reason unawares, 25
 As men do health in wholesome airs ;
 (While fools their conversants possess
 As unawares with sottishness)
 To gain access a private way
 To man's best sense, by its own key, 30
 Which painful judgers strive in vain
 By any other course t' obtain ;
 To pull off all disguise, and view
 Things as th' are natural, and true ;
 Discover fools and knaves, allow'd 35
 For wise and honest in the crowd ;
 With innocent and virtuous sport
 Make short days long, and long nights short,
 And mirth the only antidote
 Against diseases, ere th' are got ; 40
 To save health harmless from th' access
 Both of the med'cine, and disease ;
 Or make it help itself, secure
 Against the desperat'st fit, the cure.
 All these sublime prerogatives 45
 Of happiness to human lives
 He vainly throws away, and slights
 For madness, noise, and bloody fights ;

When nothing can decide, but swords
And pots, the right or wrong of words, 50
Like princes' titles ; and he's outed
The justice of his cause, that's routed.

No sooner has a charge been sounded,
With—*Son of a Whore*, and—*damn'd con-*
founded—

And the bold signal giv'n, the *lie*, 55

But instantly the bottles fly ;

Where cups and glasses are small shot,

And cannon-ball a pewter-pot.

That blood that's hardly in the vein,

Is now remanded back again ; 60

Tho' sprung from wine of the same piece,

And near a-kin, within degreès,

Strives to commit assassinations

On its own natural relations ;

And those twin-spirits so kind-hearted, 65

That from their friends so lately parted,

No sooner several ways are gone,

But by themselves are set upon,

Surpriz'd like brother against brother,

And put to th' sword by one another : 70

So much more fierce are civil wars,

Than those between mere foreigners ;

And man himself with wine possest

More savage than the wildest beast.

For serpents, when they meet to water, 75

Lay by their poison and their nature :

And fiercest creatures, that repair,
 In thirsty desarts, to their rare
 And distant river's banks to drink,
 In love and close alliance link, 80
 And from their mixture of strange seeds
 Produce new, never heard of breeds,
 To whom the fiercer unicorn
 Begins a large health with his horn ;
 As cuckolds put their antidotes, 85
 When they drink coffee, into th' pots.
 While man, with raging drink inflam'd,
 Is far more savage and untam'd ;
 Supplies his loss of wit and sense
 With barbarousness and insolence ; 90
 Believes himself, the less he's able
 The more heroic and formidable ;
 Lays by his reason in his bowls,
 As Turks are said to do their souls,

83, 84, 85. *To whom the fiercer unicorn—Begins a large health with his horn,—As cuckolds, &c.*] The Poet's wit is, in these lines, a little obscure, but refers to the common received opinion—that the unicorn's horn is an antidote against poison ; and according to the description given of this animal, if there be such a one, he must necessarily dip his horn into the water, when he stoops down to drink—This, he archly supposes, the cuckold must also do, when he bends down to sup his coffee.—I find a joke of the same kind upon the cuckold on a scrap among his loose papers.—(THYER.)

Ibid. It was believed, that this animal used to dip its horn in the water to purify it, before it would drink, and that, for the same reason, other beasts waited to see it drink before them. This opinion more fully explains the above allusion.—(EDITOR.)

84. *As Turks are said to do their souls.*] This will be best explained by some lines of the Poet's own, in *A Pindaric Ode on an hypocritical Nonconformist*.

*For as a Turk, that is to act some crime
 Against his prophets' holy law,
 Is wont to bid his soul withdraw,
 And leave his body for a time :*

SATIRE UPON DRUNKENNESS. 117

Until it has so often been 95
 Shut out of its lodging, and let in,
 At length it never can attain
 To find the right way back again;
 Drinks all his time away, and prunes
 The end of's life, as vignérons 100
 Cut short the branches of a vine,
 To make it bear more plenty o' wine;
 And that, which nature did intend
 T' enlarge his life, perverts t' its end.
 So Noah, when he anchor'd safe on 105
 The mountain's top, his lofty haven,
 And all the passengers he bore,
 Were on the new world set ashore,
 He made it next his chief design
 To plant, and propagate a vine, 110
 Which since has overwhelm'd and drown'd
 Far greater numbers, on dry ground,
 Of wretched mankind, one by one,
 Than all the flood before had done.

*So, when some horrid action's to be done,
 Our Turkish proselyte puts on
 Another spirit, and lays by his own.—(THYER.)*

100. *Vignérons.*] Vine-dressers.—(EDITOR.)

SATIRE

UPON

MARRIAGE.

SURE marriages were never so well fitted,
As when to matrimony men were committed,
Like thieves, by justices ; and to a wife
Bound, like to good behaviour, during life :
For then 'twas but a civil contract made, 5
Between two partners, that set up a trade ;
And if both fail'd, there was no conscience,
Nor faith invaded, in the strictest sense ;
No canon of the church, nor vow was broke,
When men did free their gall'd necks from the
yoke ; 10

But when they tir'd, like other horned beasts,
Might have it taken off, and take their rests,
Without b'ing bound in duty to shew cause,
Or reckon with divine, or human laws.

For since, what use of matrimony has been, 15
But to make gallantry a greater sin ?
As if there were no appetite, nor gust,
Below adultery, in modish lust ;

Or no debauchery were exquisite,
Until it has attain'd its perfect height. 20
For men do now take wives to nobler ends,
Not to bear children, but to bear 'em friends,
Whom nothing can oblige at such a rate,
As these endearing offices of late.
For men are now grown wise, and understand 25
How to improve their crimes, as well as land ;
And if th' have issue, make the infants pay
Down for their own begetting on the day,
The charges of the gossiping disburse,
And pay beforehand (ere they're born) the
nurse ; 30
As he that got a monster on a cow,
Out of design of setting up a show.
For why should not the brats for all account,
As well as for the christ'ning at the fount,
When those that stand for them, lay down the
rate 35
O'th' banquet and the priest, in spoons and plate.
The antient Romans made the state allow,
For getting all men's children above two :
Then married men to propagate the breed,
Had great rewards for what they never did, 40
Were privileg'd, and highly honour'd too,
For owning what their friends were fain to do ;
For, so th' had children, they regarded not
By whom (good men) or how they were begot.
To borrow wives (like money) or to lend, 45
Was then the civil office of a friend,

And he, that made a scruple in the case,
Was held a miserable wretch, and base ;
For when th' had children by 'em, th' honest men
Return'd 'em to their husbands back agen. 50
Then for th' encouragement and propagation
Of such a great concernment to the nation,
All people were so full of complacence,
And civil duty to the public sense,
They had no name t' express a cuckold then, 55
But that which signify'd all married men ;
Nor was the thing accounted a disgrace,
Unless among the dirty populace,
And no man understands on what account
Less civil nations after hit upon't : 60
For to be known a cuckold can be no
Dishonour, but to him that thinks it so ;
For, if he feel no chagrin, or remorse,
His forehead's shot-free, and he's ne'er the worse.
For horns (like horny calluses) are found 65
To grow on skulls, that have receiv'd a wound,
Are crack'd, and broken ; not at all on those
That are invulnerable, and free from blows.
What a brave time had cuckold-makers then,
When they were held the worthiest of men, 70
The real fathers of the commonwealth,
That planted colonies in Rome itself ?
When he, that help'd his neighbours, and begot
Most Romans, was the noblest patriot.
For, if a brave man, that preserv'd from death 75
One citizen, was honour'd with a wreath ;

He, that more gallantly got three or four,
 In reason must deserve a great deal more.
 Then, if those glorious worthies of old Rome,
 That civiliz'd the world th' had overcome, 80
 And taught it laws and learning, found this
 way
 The best to save their empire from decay;
 Why should not these, that borrow all the
 worth
 They have from them, not take this lesson
 forth,
 Get children, friends, and honour too, and
 money 85
 By prudent manag'ing of matrimony?
 For, if 'tis honourable by all confest,
 Adultery must be worshipful at least;
 And these times great, when private men are
 come
 Up to the height and politic of Rome. 90
 All by-blows were not only free-born then,
 But, like John Lilburne, free-begotten men;
 Had equal right and privilege with these,
 That claim by title of the four seas.

92. *John Lilburne.*] See his character, *HUDIBRAS*, vol. iii. p. 49. Edition, 1819.
 (EDITOR.)

93. *Had equal right and privilege with these—That claim by title of the four seas.*] By the ancient law of England, if a child was born whilst the husband was within the four seas, *intra quatuor maria*, it was considered legitimate. The four seas are the four parts into which the seas encompassing Great Britain are, with reference to the points of the compass, divided. The circumstance of the husband being within the four seas is not now, however, conclusive evidence of the legitimacy of a child.—1 Inst. 107. a. Note 6, and 244. a.—(EDITOR.)

For being in marriage born, it matters not, 95
 After what liturgy they were begot ;
 And if there be a difference, they have
 Th' advantage of the chance in proving brave,
 By b'ing engender'd with more life and force,
 Than those begotten in the dull way of course. 100

The Chinese place all piety and zeal,
 In serving with their wives the commonweal,
 Fix all their hopes of merit, and salvation,
 Upon their women's supererogation,
 With solemn vows their wives and daughters
 bind, 105

Like Eve in paradise, to all mankind ;
 And those that can produce the most gallants,
 Are held the pretiourest of all their saints,
 Wear rosaries about their necks to con
 Their exercises of devotion on ; 110
 That serve them for certificates to show,
 With what vast numbers they have had to do :
 Before th' are married, make a conscience
 T' omit no duty of incontinence ;
 And she, that has been oftenest prostituted, 115
 Is worthy of the greatest match reputed.
 But, when the conqu'ring Tartar went about
 To root this orthodox religion out,
 They stood for conscience, and resolv'd to
 die,

Rather than change the antient purity 120
 Of that religion, which their ancestors,
 And they, had prosper'd in so many years ;

Vow'd to their gods to sacrifice their lives ;
And die their daughters' martyrs, and their
wives',

Before they would commit so great a sin 125
Against the faith they had been bred up in.

UPON AN
HYPOCRITICAL NONCONFORMIST.

A PINDARIC ODE.*

I.

THERE's nothing so absurd, or vain,
Or barbarous, or inhumane,
But if it lay the least pretence
To piety and godliness,
Or tender-hearted conscience;
And zeal for gospel-truths profess,
Does sacred instantly commence;
And all, that dare but question it, are strait
Pronounc'd th' uncircumcis'd, and reprobate:
As malefactors, that escape, and fly
Into a sanctuary for defence,

* This and the two following compositions are the only ones that our author wrote in this measure, which some readers may perhaps think too grave and solemn for the subject, and the turn of Butler's wit. It must however be allowed, that he falls no way short of his usual depth and reach of thought, keenness of satire, and acuteness of expression.—(THYER.)

Must not be brought to justice thence,
 Although their crimes be ne'er so great and high;
 And he, that dares presume to do't,
 Is sentenc'd and deliver'd up
 To Satan, that engag'd him to't,
 For vent'ring wickedly to put a stop
 To his immunities, and free affairs,
 Or meddle saucily with theirs,
 That are employ'd by him; while he and they
 Proceed in a religious and a holy way.

II.

And as the Pagans heretofore
 Did their own handyworks adore,
 And made their stone and timber deities,
 Their temples, and their altars of one piece,
 The same *out-goings* seem t' inspire
 Our modern self-will'd edifier,
 That out of things as far from sense, and more,
 Contrives new light and revelation,
 The creatures of th' imagination,
 To worship and fall down before;
 Of which his crack'd delusions draw
 As monstrous images and rude,
 As ever Pagan, to believe in, hew'd;
 Or madman in a vision saw;
 Mistakes the feeble impotence,
 And vain delusions of his mind,
 For spiritual gifts and offerings,
 Which Heaven, to present him, brings;

And still, the further 'tis from sense,
 Believes it is the more refin'd,
 And ought to be receiv'd with greater reverence.

III.

But as all tricks, whose principles
 Are false, prove false in all things else,
 The dull and heavy hypocrite
 Is but in pension with his conscience,
 That pays him for maintaining it
 With zealous rage and impudence,
 And as the one grows obstinate,
 So does the other rich and fat ;
 Disposes of his gifts and dispensations,
 Like spiritual foundations
 Endow'd to pious uses, and design'd
 To entertain the weak, the lame, and blind,
 But still diverts them to as bad, or worse,
 Than others are by unjust governors :*

For, like our modern Publicans,
 He still puts out all dues,
 He owes to Heaven, to the Devil to use,
 And makes his godly interest great gains ;
 Takes all, the brethren (to recruit
 The spirit in him) contribute

* *Disposes of his gifts and dispensation—Like spiritual foundations, &c.* The Poet's wit, though just, is in these lines a little involved and obscure, as it sometimes is. His meaning is, that the Nonconformist perverts to as bad a purpose his gifts and dispensations, as he calls them, as the governors of public gifts and charitable foundations do their trusts, and like them applies that to private interest, which was designed for public good.—(TAYLOR.)

And, to repair and edify his spent
 And broken-winded outward man, present
 For painful holding forth against the government.

IV.

The subtle spider never spins,
 But on dark days, his slimy gins;*
 Nor does our engineer much care to plant
 His spiritual machines,
 Unless among the weak and ignorant,
 Th' inconstant, credulous, and light,
 The vain, the factious, and the slight,
 That in their zeal are most extravagant:
 For trouts are tickled best in muddy water;
 And still the muddier he finds their brains,
 The more he's sought, and follow'd after;
 And greater *ministrations* gains;
 For talking idly is admir'd,
 And speaking nonsense held inspir'd;
 And still, the flatter and more dull
 His gifts appear, is held more powerful:
 For blocks are better cleft with wedges,
 Than tools of sharp and subtle edges;
 And dullest nonsense has been found
 By some to be the solid'st, and the most profound.

* *The subtle spider never spins,—But on dark days, his slimy gins.*] Moufet, in his *Theatrum Insectorum*, speaking of the spider's sagacity, says—"Prudentie exemplum in eo apparet, quod sereno, quando volitent muscæ, non taxant, ut aucupio vacent."—And though it does not fully come up to the sense, in which the Poet has introduced it, yet it very probably suggested to him the allusion.

(TYLER.)

V.

A great Apostle once was said
With too much learning to be mad;
But our great saint becomes distract,
And only with too little crack'd;
Cries moral truths and human learning down,*
And will endure no reason, but his own.

For 'tis a drudgery and task,
Not for a Saint, but Pagan oracle,
To answer all men can object, or ask;
But to be found impregnable,
And with a sturdy forehead to hold out,
In spite of shame or reason, resolute,
Is braver than to argue and confute.

As he, that can draw blood, they say,
From witches, takes their magic pow'r away:
So he, that draws blood int' a brother's face,
Takes all his gifts away, and light, and
grace.

For while he holds, that nothing is so damn'd
And shameful, as to be asham'd,

He never can b' attack'd,
But will come off; for confidence well back'd,

Among the weak and prepossest,
Has often Truth, with all her kingly pow'r,
opprest.

* *Cries moral truths and human learning down.*] It is usual with most religious enthusiasts, to exclaim against morality and learning; and indeed in this they do wisely, since the one condemns their practices, and the other their writings and preaching.—(THYER.)

VI.

It is the nature of late zeal,
 'Twill not be subject, nor rebel,
 Nor left at large, nor be restrain'd,
 But where there's something to be gain'd;
 And that b'ing once reveal'd defies
 The law with all its penalties;
 And is convinc'd, no pale
 O' th' Church can be so sacred as a jail.*
 For as the Indians' prisons are their mines;
 So he has found are all restraints
 To thriving and free-conscienc'd saints;
 For the same thing enriches that confines;
 And, like to Lully, when he was in hold,
 He turns his baser metals into gold;†

* *And is convinc'd no pale—O' th' Church can be so sacred as a jail, &c.]* To the same purpose Butler, in his burning of the Rump, introduces his Presbyterian chief addressing himself to his associates.—*HUDIN.* P. III. C. 2. ver. 966.

*Be sure to keep up congregations
 In spite of laws and proclamations:
 For charlatans can do no good,
 Unless th' are mounted in a crowd;
 And when th' are punished, all the hurt
 Is but to fare the better for't;
 As long as confessors are sure
 Of double pay for all th' endure;
 And what they earn in persecution,
 Are paid t' a great in contribution.
 Whence some tub-holders-furth have made
 In pow'd'ring tubs their richest trade:
 And while they kept their shops in prison,
 Have found their prices strangely risen.—(THYER.)*

† *And like to Lully, when he was in hold,—He turns his baser metals into gold.]* Lully was a famous chymist in the thirteenth century; but this circumstance which Butler mentions, is not to be met with in the accounts given of him. It is very probable, that he mistook him for Paracelsus, a philosopher of no less note, who in one

Receives returning and retiring fees
 For holding-forth, and holding of his peace,
 And takes a pension to be advocate,
 And standing counsel 'gainst the Church and State
 For gall'd and tender consciences ;
 Commits himself to prison, to trepan,
 Draw in, and spirit all he can ;
 For birds in cages have a call,
 To draw the wildest into nets,
 More prevalent and natural,
 Than all our artificial pipes and counterfeits.

VII.

His slipp'ry conscience has more tricks
 Than all the juggling empirics,
 And ev'ry one another contradicts ;
 All laws of Heav'n and Earth can break,
 And swallow oaths, and blood, and rapine easy ;
 And yet is so infirm and weak,
 'Twill not endure the gentlest check,
 But at the slightest nicety grows queasy ;
 Disdains controul, and yet can be
 No where, but in a prison, free ;
 Can force itself, in spight of God,
 Who makes it free as thought at home,
 A slave and villain to become,
 To serve its interests abroad.

of his excursions after natural knowledge into Russia, was taken prisoner by the
 Tartars, and sent to Constantinople, where he first learned, as it is said, the secret
 of making gold. See *Boerhaave's Elem. Chem.* Vol. I. p. 21.—(THYER.)

It.] It appears certain, that Lully undertook a course of travels into Africa and

And though no Pharisee was ere so cunning
 At tithing *mint* and *cummin* ;
 No dull idolater was ere so flat
 In things of deep and solid weight ;
 Pretends to charity and holiness,
 But is implacable to peace,
 And out of tenderness grows obstinate.
 And though the zeal of God's house eat a prince
 And Prophet up (he says) long since,
 His cross-grain'd peremptory zeal
 Would eat up God's house, and devour it at a
 meal.

VIII.

He does not pray, but prosecute,
 As if he went to law, his suit ;*
Summons his Maker to appear,
 And *answer* what he shall *prefer* ;
 Returns him back his gift of prayer,
 Not to *petition*, but *declare* ;
 Exhibits cross Complaints
 Against him for the breach of covenants,
 And all the charters of the Saints ;

the East for the purpose of converting the Mahometans to the Christian faith, and that having returned to that country, after having been permitted to depart on condition that he would not return, he was thrown into prison, where he suffered much torture, but was at length liberated through the interest of some Genoese merchants. Moreri says, that he was actually stoned to death in Mauritania, in 1315, at the age of 80 years.—(EDITOR.)

* *He does not pray, but prosecute,—As if he went to law, his suit, &c.* Our Author lived some time, we are told, with a justice of peace, as his clerk, and by that means necessarily became acquainted with the forms and terms of law, to which he has very frequent and humorous allusions ; but no where makes a wittier or juster use of them than in this description of the *Noncon*'s method of praying. 'Tis need-

Pleads guilty to the action, and yet stands
 Upon high terms, and bold demands ;
Excepts against him and his laws,
 And will be judge himself in his own cause ;
 And grows more saucy and severe*
 Than th' Heathen Emp'ror was to Jupiter,
 That us'd to wrangle with him, and dispute ;
 And sometimes would speak softly in his
 ear,
 And sometimes loud, and rant, and tear,
 And threaten, if he did not grant his suit.

IX.

But when his painful gifts h' employs
 In holding-forth, the virtue lies
 Not in the letter of the sense,
 But in the spiritual vehemence,
 The pow'r, and dispensation of the voice,
 The zealous pangs and agonies,
 And heav'nly turnings of the eyes ;
 The groans, with which he piously destroys,
 And drowns the nonsense in the noise ;
 And grows so loud, as if he meant to force
 And take in Heav'n by violence ;

less to give any flowers of the Presbyterian pulpit eloquence in those times, as Dr. Grey has already given so many specimens of it in his learned notes upon *Hudibras*.

(THYER.)

* *And grows more saucy and severe,—Than th' Heathen Emperor was to Jupiter, &c.*] This Emperor was Caligula, of whom Suetonius relates what the Poet has here introduced and applied.—“*Noctibus quidem plenam fulgentemque Ianam invitabat assidue in amplexus atque concubitum : interdum vero cum Capitolino Jove secreto fabulabatur, modo insenserrans, ac præbens invicem aures, modo clarius, nec sine jurgio, &c.*—*Vid. Sueton. Calig. C. 22.*—(THYER.)

To fright the saints into salvation,
 Or scare the Devil from temptation ;
 Until he falls so low and hoarse,
 No kind of carnal sense
 Can be made out of what he means :
 But as the ancient Pagans were precise*
 To use no short-tail'd beast in sacrifice,
 He still conforms to them, and has a care,
 T' allow the largest measure to his paltry ware.

X.

The ancient Churches, and the best,
 By their own martyrs' blood increas'd ;
 But he has found out a new way,
 To do it with the blood of those,
 That dare his Church's growth oppose,
 Or her imperious canons disobey ;
 And strives to carry on the work,
 Like a true primitive reforming Turk,
 With holy rage, and edifying war,
 More safe and pow'rful ways by far :
 For the Turk's patriarch, Mahomet,
 Was the first great reformer, and the chief
 Of th' ancient Christian belief,
 That mix'd it with new light, and cheat,
 With revelations, dreams, and visions,
 And apostolic superstitions,
 To be held forth, and carry'd on by war ;

* *But as the ancient Pagans were precise,—To use no short-tail'd beast in sacrifice.*] This, I suppose, refers to nothing more than the common rule in all religions, of which sacrifice made a part, to admit no beast to be offered in sacrifice that was not entirely perfect.—(THYER.)

And his successor was a Presbyter*
 With greater right, than Haly or Abubeker.

XI.

For as a Turk, that is to act some crime
 Against his Prophet's holy law,
 Is wont to bid his soul withdraw,
 And leave his body for a time :
 So, when some horrid action's to be done,
 Our Turkish Proselite puts on
 Another spirit, and lays by his own ;
 And when his over-heated brain†
 Turns giddy, like his brother Mussulman,
 He's judg'd inspir'd, and all his frenzies hold
 To be prophetic, and reveal'd.
 The one believes all madmen to be saints,‡
 Which th' other cries him down for, and abhors,

* *And his successor was a Presbyter,—With greater right, than Haly or Abubeker.* Haly and Abubeker were sons-in-law to Mahomet, and his immediate successors, the one in Arabia, and the other at Bagdat ; and from these sprung the two different sects of the Turkish and Persian Mahometans. Butler, in his *Hudibras*, introduces the Independent calling Mahomet the chief of the Presbyterians.

*As Mahomet (your chief) began,
 To mix them in the Alchoran.—P. III. C. 2. V. 1101.*

(THYER.)

Id.] Abubeker was the father-in-law, and not the son-in-law, of Mahomet, and his immediate successor, having supplanted Haly or Ali, to whom the empire was designed by the will of the prophets.—*Heylin's Cosmog. Moreri.*—(EDITOR.)

† *And when his over-heated brain,—Turns giddy, like his brother Mussulman.* This alludes to the Turkish Dervis, who at his devotions keeps turning round till he grows giddy, and then fancies his wild incoherent whimsies to be the effects of inspiration.—(THYER.)

‡ *The one believes all madmen to be saints.* Besides their implicit faith in the deliriums of the crack-brained Dervis, the Turks also looked upon all ideots to be a sort of saints.—(THYER.)

And yet in madness all devotion plants,
 And where he differs most concurs ;
 Both equally exact and just
 In perjury, and breach of trust ;
 So like in all things, that one brother
 Is but a counterpart of th' other ;
 And both unanimously damn,
 And hate (like two that play one game)
 Each other for it, while they strive to do the same.

XII.

Both equally design to raise
 Their Churches by the self-same ways ;
 With war and ruin to assert*
 Their doctrine, and with sword and fire convert ;
 To preach the gospel with a drum,
 And for convincing overcome ;
 And, though in worshipping of God all blood
 Was by his own laws disallow'd,
 Both hold no holy rites to be so good :
 And both to propagate the breed
 Of their own saints one way proceed ;

* *With war and ruin to assert—Their doctrine, and with sword and fire convert.]*
 This exactly coincides with what is said of the same set of people, in *Hudibras*.

*Such as do build their faith upon
 The holy text of pike and gun ;
 Decide all controversies by
 Infallible artillery ;
 And prove their doctrine orthodox
 By apostolic blows and knocks ;
 Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
 A godly, thorough reformation.—P. I. C. 2. l. 195.*

(THYER.)

136 UPON AN HYPOCRITICAL NONCONFORMIST.

For lust and rapes in war repair as fast,
 As fury and destruction waste ;
 Both equally allow all crimes
As lawful means to propagate a sect ;
For laws in war can be of no effect,
And licence does more good in gospel-times.
Hence 'tis, that holy wars have ever been
 The horrid'st scenes of blood and sin ;
 For when religion does recede
From her own nature, nothing but a breed
Of prodigies and hideous monsters can succeed.

UPON
MODERN CRITICS.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I.

'Tis well, that equal Heav'n has plac'd
Those joys above, that, to reward
The just and virtuous, are prepar'd,
Beyond their reach, until their pains are past;
Else men would rather venture to possess
By force, than earn their happiness;
And only take the Dev'l's advice,
As Adam did, how soonest to be wise,
Though at th' expense of Paradise.
For, as some say, to fight is but a base
Mechanic handy-work, and far below
A gen'rous spirit t' undergo:
So 'tis to take the pains to know,
Which some, with only confidence and face
More easily and ably do;

For daring nonsense seldom fails to hit,
 Like scatter'd shot, and pass with some for wit.
 Who would not rather make himself a judge,
 And boldly usurp the chair,
 Than with dull industry and care
 Endure to study, think, and drudge
 For that, which he much sooner may ad-
 vance
 With obstinate, and pertinacious ignorance?

II.

For all men challenge, tho' in spite
 Of nature and their stars, a right
 To censure, judge, and know;
 Tho' she can only order who
 Shall be, and who shall ne'er be wise:
 Then why should those, whom she denies
 Her favour and good graces to,
 Not strive to take opinion by surprize,
 And ravish, what it were in vain to woo?
 For he, that desp'rately assumes
 The censure of all wits and arts,
 Tho' without judgment, skill, and parts,
 Only to startle and amuse,
 And mask his ignorance (as Indians use
 With gaudy colour'd plumes
 Their homely nether parts t' adorn)
 Can never fail to captive some,
 That will submit to his oraculous doom,
 And rev'rence what they ought to scorn;

Admire his sturdy confidence
 For solid judgment, and deep sense ;
 And credit purchas'd without pains or wit,
 Like stolen pleasures, ought to be most sweet.

III.

Two self-admirers, that combine
 Against the world, may *pass a fine**
 Upon all judgment, sense, and wit,
 And settle it, as they think fit,
 On one another, like the choice†
 Of Persian princes by one horse's voice.
 For those fine pageants, which some raise,‡
 Of false and disproportion'd praise,
 T' enable whom they please t' appear,
 And pass for what they never were,
 In private only b'ing but nam'd,
 Their modesty, must be asham'd,
 And not endure to hear ;

* *Pass a fine.*] To pass or levy a fine is a legal phrase, signifying a mode of changing or alienating real property. It is most usually adopted when a person has a limited interest in an estate, and wishes to divest another of a reversionary interest in it, and settle the whole on himself absolutely. And this is the sense in which Butler here uses it.—(EDITOR.)

† *Like the choice*—*Of Persian Princes by one horse's voice.*] Darius was so chosen, as is related by Herodotus : see Dr. Grey's note to a similar allusion in *Hudibras*, vol. I. p. 118.—(EDITOR.)

‡ *For those fine pageants, which some raise*,—*Of false and disproportion'd praise,* &c.] This alludes to the foolish custom, which prevailed in those times, of ushering books of poetry to the public with recommendatory verses from their *learned Friends* to the *ingenious Authors* ; which were generally stuff with such vain and fulsome compliments, as, according to our Poet's words, must have put their modesty to the blush, if they had been presented to them in private only.—(THYER.)

And yet may be divulg'd and fam'd,
 And own'd in public every where :
 So vain some authors are to boast
 Their want of ingenuity, and club
 Their affidavit wits, to dub
 Each other but a *knight o' th' Post*,
 As false as suborn'd perjurers,
 That vouch away all right, they have to their own
 ears.

IV.

But when all other courses fail,
 There is one easy artifice,
 That seldom has been known to miss,
 To cry all mankind down, and rail :
 For he, whom all men do contemn,
 May be allow'd to rail again at them,
 And in his own defence
 To outface reason, wit, and sense,
 And all, that makes against himself, condemn ;
 To snarl at all things right or wrong,
 Like a mad dog, that has a worm in's tongue ;
 Reduce all knowledge back of good and evil,
 T' its first original the Devil ;
 And, like a fierce Inquisitor of wit,
 To spare no flesh, that ever spoke, or writ ;
 Though to perform his task as dull,
 As if he had a toad-stone in his skull,

* *As if he had a toad-stone in his skull.*] What was called the *toad-stone*, was supposed or pretended to be a stony concretion found in the heads of toads, and was

And could produce a greater stock
Of maggots than a pastoral poet's flock.

V.

The feeblest vermin can destroy,
As sure as stoutest beasts of prey ;
And only with their eyes and breath
Infect, and poison men to death :
But that more impotent buffoon,
That makes it both his bus'ness, and his sport
To rail at all, is but a drone,
That spends his sting on what he cannot hurt,
Enjoys a kind of letchery in spite,
Like o'ergrown sinners, that in whipping take de-
light ;
Invades the reputation of all those,
That have, or have it not to lose :
And if he chance to make a difference,
'Tis always in the wrongest sense ;
As rooking gamesters never lay
Upon those hands, that use fair play ;
But venture all their bets
Upon the slurs, and cunning tricks of ablest cheats.
Nor does he vex himself much less
Than all the world beside,
Falls sick of other men's excess,
Is humbled only at their pride,

recommended by quacks and empirics as of great medicinal use.—See *Brown's Vulgar Errors*. Butler only adopts the whim, to hint that his Critic's brains were become petrified.—(THYER.)

And wretched at their happiness ;
Revenge on himself the wrong,
Which his vain malice and loose tongue
To those, that feel it not, have done ;
And whips and spurs himself, because he is out-
gone ;
Makes idle characters and tales,
As counterfeit, unlike, and false,
As Witches' pictures are of wax and clay,
To those, whom they would in effigie slay.
And as the Devil, that has no shape of 's own,
Affects to put the ugliest on,
And leaves a stink behind him, when he's gone :
So he, that's worse than nothing, strives t'appear
I' th' likeness of a wolf or bear,
To fright the weak ; but, when men dare
Encounter with him, stinks, and vanishes to air.

TO THE HAPPY MEMORY OF THE MOST RENOWNED

DU-VAL.

A PINDARIC ODE.*

I.

'Tis true, to compliment the dead
Is as impertinent and vain,
As 'twas of old to call them back again,
Or, like the Tartars, give them wives
With settlements, for after-lives :
For all that can be done, or said,

* This ode, which is the only genuine poem of Butler's, among the many spurious ones fathered upon him in what is called his *Remains*, was published by the Author himself, under his own name, in the year 1671, in three sheets 4to ; and agreeable to this I find it in his own hand-writing among his manuscripts, with some little addition, and a few verbal alterations, as the reader may observe, in comparing it with the copy already printed. That pains-taking critic, Mr. Antony Wood, has however, in his *Athenæ*, acquainted us—"that though it is said in the title to have been "written by the author of *Hudibras*, yet some curious persons, at that time, thought "otherwise."—And upon this hypothetical nameless authority ventures to rob our poet of his property, and bestows it upon Dr. Walter Pope, Astronomy-professor of Gresham College, who happened, it seems, to be a wit as well as an Astronomer. What led to the suspicion of its being Dr. Pope's, was a pamphlet published by him the year before upon the same occasion, called—*The Memoire of Mr. Du-Val, with his last Speech and Epitaph*.

A passage from Wood's *Athenæ*, in his account of Dr. Pope, will inform the

Tho' ere so noble, great, and good,
 By them is neither heard, nor understood,
 All our fine slights, and tricks of art,
 First to create, and then adore desert,
 And those romances, which we frame,
 To raise ourselves, not them, a name,
 In vain are stuff with ranting flatteries,
 And such as, if they knew, they would de-
 spise,
 For as those times the golden age we call,
 In which there was no gold in use at all,
 So we plant glory and renown,
 Where it was ne'er deserv'd, nor known,
 But to worse purpose many times,
 To flourish o'er nefarious crimes,
 And cheat the World, that never seems to mind,
 How good or bad men die, but what they leave
 behind.

reader of the occasion of Du-Val's being the subject of these two poets' wit—"The
 "reader may be pleased to note, that the said Mr. Du-Val, whose Christian name was
 "Claude, and his birth in Normandy, had been a notorious highwayman in England;
 "and having been a brisk, smart, gay, and handsome fellow, and of about twenty-
 "seven years of age, when he was hanged at Tyburn (which was on the 21st of
 "January, 1669) did draw the loves of many females in London towards him, among
 "which was the Miss of our author Pope, who taking it in great indignation, that his
 "person, doctorship, and merits, should be so slighted for the sake of an ignorant
 "rogue, he did therefore write the said Memoirs, wherein are many satyrical girls
 "against the females."—Ward, in the account he gives of Pope, in his *History of the*
Greatam Professors, further adds—"The Doctor's view in writing this Pamphlet
 "(the Memoirs, &c.) was to rally in a facetious way the humour, which at that time
 "prevailed among the English ladies, of admiring Frenchmen; and particularly the
 "great concern that many of them had shewn for the death of this Du-Val."—The

II.

And yet the brave Du-val, whose name
 Can never be worn out by fame,
 That liv'd, and died, to leave behind
 A great example to mankind;
 That fell a public sacrifice,
 From ruin to preserve those few,
 Who, tho' born false, may be made true,
 And teach the world to be more just, and wise,
 Ought not, like vulgar ashes, rest
 Unmention'd in his silent chest,
 Not for his own, but public interest.
 He, like a pious man, some years before
 Th' arrival of his fatal hour,
 Made ev'ry day he had to live,
 To his last minute a preparative;
 Taught the wild Arabs on the road
 To act in a more genteel mode,
 Take prizes more obligingly than those
 Who never had been bred *filous* :*

present age can match this French adventurer with an Irish one of equal name, the celebrated Mr. Maclean, who came to the same ignoble end, by being a hero in the same way, and was, it is said, no less regretted by the fair sex.

To readers of taste and discernment, a stronger evidence, than what arises from the mere historical conjecture of a heavy-headed critic, will appear from the manner, which is peculiar to Butler, though the subject did not lead him to any considerable similarity of expression to that which he has made use of in his other works upon more interesting topics.

Candour and good-nature will suppose that this composition, like other occasional ones of the same nature, must now lose many of the beauties, which appeared when the thing was well known, and much talked of.—(THYER.)

* *Filous*.] A French word, signifying a thief or a pickpocket.—(EDITOR.)

And how to hang in a more graceful fashion,
Than e'er was known before to the dull English
nation.

III.

In France the staple of new modes,*
Where garbs and miens are current goods,
That serves the ruder northern nations
With methods of address and treat;
Prescribes new garnitures and fashions,
And how to drink, and how to eat
No out-of-fashion wine or meat;
To understand cravats and plumes,
And the most modish from the old perfumes;
To know the age and pedigrees
Of points of Flandres or Venise;
Cast their nativities, and to a day
Foretell how long they'll hold, and when decay;

* *In France the staple of new modes—Where garbs, &c.]* Whoever will take the pains to compare this stanza with the satire upon our imitations of the French, will be convinced, that they are the production of the same muse. However, to give an undeniable proof of it, I shall add a few lines scribbled by Butler in the margin of that satire; a thing very usual with him.

*To make a scruple when they dine
On out-of-fashion meat and wine;
Conform their palates to the mode,
And relish that, and not the food;
And rather than transgress the rule,
Eat kitchen-stuff, and stinking fowl;
For that, which we call stinking here,
Is but piquant and haut-gout there;
And still the more th' are gull'd and cheated,
Believe they are the better treated.—(THYER.)*

T' affect the purest negligences
 In gestures, gaits, and miens,
 And speak by repartee-rotines
 Out of the most authentic of romances ;
 And to demonstrate with substantial reason,
 What ribbands all the year are in, or out of season.

IV.

In this great academy of mankind
 He had his birth, and education ;
 Where all men are s' ingeniously inclin'd,
 They understand by imitation,
 Improve untaught, before they are aware,
 As if they suck'd their breeding from the air,
 That naturally does dispense
 To all a deep and solid confidence,
 A virtue of that precious use,
 That he, whom bounteous heav'n endues
 But with a mod'rate share of it,
 Can want no worth, abilities, or wit,
 In all the deep *hermetic* arts,
 (For so of late the learned call
 All tricks, if strange and mystical.)
 He had improv'd his nat'ral parts,
 And with his magic rod could sound
 Where hidden treasure might be found.*

* *And with his magic rod could sound, — Where hidden treasure might be found.*
 By the assistance of divining, or Mosaical rods, adepts in the *black art* pretended to
 discover buried treasure. William Lilly gives the following account of a nocturnal
 search for treasure in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, in which these intelligent

He, like a lord o'th' manor, seiz'd upon
 What ever happen'd in his way,
 As lawful weft and stray,*
 And after by the custom kept it as his own.

V.

From these first rudiments he grew
 To nobler feats, and try'd his force
 Upon whole troops of foot and horse,
 Whom he as bravely did subdue;
 Declar'd all caravans, that go
 Upon the king's highway, the foe;
 Made many desperate attacks
 Upon itinerant brigades

twigs were made use of. "We played the hazel-rods round about the cloysters;
 "upon the west side of the cloysters the rods turned one over another, an argument
 "that the treasure was there. The labourers digged about six foot deep, and then
 "we met with a coffin; but in regard it was not heavy, we did not open it, which
 "we afterwards much repented. From the cloysters we went into the Abbey-Church,
 "where, upon a sudden, (there being no wind when we began) so fierce, so high, so
 "blustering and loud a wind did rise, that we verily believed the west end of the
 "church would have fallen upon us; our rods would not move at all; the candles
 "and torches, all but one, were extinguished, or burned very dimly. John Scott,
 "my partner, was amazed, looked pale, knew not what to think or do, until I gave
 "directions and command to dismiss the dæmons; which when done all was quiet
 "again, and each man returned to his lodging." It seems one of the party was so
 "assured of their success, that he provided himself with a sack to put the treasure in.
Lilly's Life and Times, p. 80, ed. 1822.—(EDITOR.)

* *As lawful weft and stray.*] Wefts, or waifs, are such stolen goods as are
 abandoned or cast away by the thief on his being pursued, which are forfeited to the
 king, or, by grant from him, to the lord of the manor where they are found, unless
 the true owner, within a year and a day, sue an appeal of robbery, or give evidence
 against him, and he is convicted thereof, in which case he is entitled to restitution of
 the goods. An estray is any valuable beast, the owner whereof is not known, and
 which belongs to the king, or the lord of the manor, by grant from the crown, if not
 claimed within a year and a day.—(EDITOR.)

Of all professions, ranks, and trades,
On carriers' loads, and pedlars' packs,
Made 'em lay down their arms, and yield,
And to the smallest piece restore
All, that by cheating they had gain'd before ;
And after plunder'd all the baggage of the
field.

In every bold affair of war
He had the chief command, and led them on ;
For no man is judg'd fit to have the care
Of others' lives, until h' has made it known,
How much he does despise, and scorn his own.

VI.

Whole provinces 'twixt sun and sun,
Have by his conqu'ring sword been won ;
And mighty sums of money laid,
For ransom upon every man,
And hostages deliver'd till 'twas paid.
Th'excise and chimney-publican,
The jew-forestaller and enhancer,
To him for all their crimes did answer.
He vanquish'd the most fierce and fell
Of all his foes, the constable ;
And oft had beat his quarters up,
And routed him, and all his troop.
He took the dreadful lawyer's fees,
That in his own allowed highway
Does feats of arms as great as his,
And, when th'encounter in it, wins the day :

Safe in his garrison, the court,
Where meaner criminals are sentenc'd for't,
To this stern foe he oft gave quarter.
But as the Scotchman did t' a Tartar,
That he, in time to come,
Might in return from him receive his fatal doom.

VII.

He would have starv'd this mighty town,
And brought its haughty spirit down,
Have cut it off from all relief,
And, like a wise and valiant chief,
Made many a fierce assault
Upon all ammunition carts,
And those that bring up cheese, or malt,
Or bacon, from remoter parts ;
No convoy e'er so strong with food
Durst venture on the desp'rate road :
He made th' undaunted waggoner obey,
And the fierce higgler contribution pay,
The savage butcher and stout drover,
Durst not to him their feeble troops discover :
And if he had but kept the field,
In time had made the city yield ;
For great towns, like to crocodiles, are found,
I' th' belly aptest to receive a mortal wound.

VIII.

But when the fatal hour arriv'd,
In which his stars began to frown,



BUTLER'S REMAINS.



*Thither came ladies from all parts,
To offer up close prisoners their hearts,
Which he receiv'd as tribute due—*

And had in close cabals contrived
To pull him from his height of glory down ;
And he, by numerous foes opprest,
Was in th' enchanted dungeon cast,
Secur'd with mighty guards,
Lest he by force or stratagem
Might prove too cunning for their chains and
them,
And break thro' all their locks, and bolts, and
wards,
Had both his legs by charms committed
To one another's charge,
That neither might be set at large,
And all their fury and revenge outwitted.
As jewels of high value are
Kept under locks with greater care,
Than those of meaner rates ;
So he was in stone walls, and chains, and iron
grates.

IX.

Thither came ladies from all parts,
To offer up close prisoners their hearts,
Which he receiv'd as tribute due,
And made them yield up love and honour
too ;
But in more brave heroic ways,
Than e'er were practis'd yet in plays :
For those two spightful foes, who never meet
But full of hot contests, and piques

About punctilios, and mere tricks,
Did all their quarrels to his doom submit ;
And far more generous and free,
In contemplation only of him did agree,
Both fully satisfy'd ; the one
With those fresh laurels he had won,
And all the brave renowned feats,
He had perform'd in arms ;
∴ The other with his person and his charms :
For just as larks are catch'd in nets ;
By gazing on a piece of glass ;
So while the ladies view'd his brighter eyes,
And smoother polish'd face,
Their gentle hearts, alas ! were taken by surprise.

X.

Never did bold knight, to relieve
Distressed dames, such dreadful feats atchieve,
As feeble damsels, for his sake,
Would have been proud to undertake ;
And bravely ambitious to redeem
The world's loss and their own,
Strove who should have the honour to lay
down,
And change a life with him :
But finding all their hopes in vain
To move his fix'd determined fate,
Their life itself began to hate,
As if it were an infamy
To live, when he was doomed to die

Made loud appeals and moans,
To less hard-hearted grates and stones ;
Came 'swell'd with sighs, and drown'd in
tears,
To yield themselves his fellow sufferers ;
And followed him, like prisoners of war,
Chain'd to the lofty wheels of his triumphant car.

A

PANEGYRIC

UPON

SIR JOHN DENHAM'S RECOVERY FROM HIS
MADNESS.*

SIR, you've outliv'd so desperate a fit,
As none could do, but an immortal wit;
Had your's been less, all helps had been in vain,
And thrown away, tho' on a less sick brain.
But you were so far from receiving hurt, 5
You grew improv'd, and much the better for't.

* It must surprise the reader to find a writer of Butler's judgement attacking, in so severe and contemptuous a manner, the character of a poet so much esteemed as Sir John Denham was. If what he charges him with be true, there is, indeed, some room for satire; but still there is such a spirit of bitterness runs through the whole, besides the cruelty of ridiculing an infirmity of this nature, as can be accounted for by nothing but some personal quarrel or disgust. How far this weakness may carry the greatest geniuses, we have a proof in what Pope has wrote of Addison.

Wood, in his *Athenæ*, informs us, that Sir John Denham, in the year 1661, was made Knight of the Bath, and was esteemed by the King for his ingenuity; but upon some discontent arising from a second match, became crazed for a time.

(THYER.)

Denham, at an advanced age, married his second wife, Miss Brook, then only

As when th' Arabian bird does sacrifice,
 And burn himself in his own country's spice ;
 A maggot first breeds in her pregnant urn,
 Which after does to a young Phoenix turn : 10
 So your hot brain, burnt in its native fire,
 Did life renew'd, and vig'rous youth acquire ;
 And with so much advantage, some have
 guest,
 Your after-wit is like to be your best ;
 And now expect far greater matters of ye, 15
 Than the bought Cooper's Hill, or borrow'd
 Sophy :

eighteen. The lady was exceedingly ambitious to be one of the ladies of the bed-chamber to the Dutchess of York, and by the secret intelligence which was supposed to exist between her and the Duke, was on the point of gaining the place which she had so eagerly solicited, when, says an amusing writer, "Old Denham, naturally jealous, became more and more suspicious, and found that he had sufficient ground for such conduct ; his wife was young and handsome, he old and disagreeable : what reason then had he to flatter himself, that heaven would exempt him from the fate of husbands in the like circumstances ? This he was continually saying to himself ; but when compliments were poured in upon him from all sides, upon the place his lady was going to have near the Dutchess's person, he formed ideas of what was sufficient to make him hang himself, if he had possessed the resolution. The traitor chose rather to exercise his courage against another. He wanted precedents for putting in practice his resentments in a privileged country : that of Lord Chesterfield was not sufficiently bitter for the revenge he meditated : besides, he had no country-house to which he could carry his unfortunate wife. This being the case, the old villain made her travel a much longer journey, without stirring out of London. Merciless fate robbed her of life, and of her dearest hopes, in the bloom of youth. As no person entertained any doubt of his having poisoned her, the populace of his neighbourhood had a design of tearing him in pieces, as soon as he should come abroad ; but he shut himself up, to bewail her death until their fury was appeased by a magnificent funeral, at which he distributed four times more burnt wine than had ever been drank at any burial in England."—*Memoirs of Count Grammont*, vol. 2.—(EDITOR.)

15, 16, *And now expect far greater matters of ye.*—*Than the bought Cooper's Hill, or borrow'd Sophy.*] Butler is not singular in the heaviest part of this charge, the buy-

Nor were your morals less improv'd ; all pride
And native insolence quite laid aside ;
And that ungovern'd outrage, that was wont
All, that you durst with safety, to affront ;

*But Apollo advis'd him to write something more,
To clear a suspicion, which possessed the court,
That Cooper's Hill, so much bragg'd on before,
Was writ by a vicar, who had forty pound for't.*

19. *And Seneca's dry sand unmix'd with lime.*] This alludes to what *Catigula* is recorded by Suetonius to have said of Seneca—"Lenius comptiusque scribendi genus adeo contemnens, ut *Senecam* tum maxime placentem, commissiones meras componere, et arnam sine calce esse diceret." Vid. *Suetonii Calig.*—(THYER.)

No China cupboard rudely overthrown ; 25
 Nor lady tip'd, by being accosted, down ;
 No poet jeer'd, for scribbling amiss,
 With verses forty times more lewd than his :
 Nor did your crutch give battle to your duns,
 And hold it out, where you had built, a sconce ; 30
 Nor furiously laid orange-wench aboard,
 For asking what in fruit and love you'd scor'd ;
 But all civility and complacence,
 More than you ever us'd, before or since.
 Beside, you never over-reach'd the King 35
 One farthing, all the while, in reckoning,
 Nor brought in false accompt, with little tricks
 Of passing broken rubbish for whole bricks :
 False mustering of workmen by the day,
 Deduction out of wages, and dead pay 40
 For those that never liv'd ; all which did come,
 By thrifty management, to no small sum.
 You pull'd no lodgings down, to build them
 worse ;
 Nor repair'd others, to repair your purse,
 As you were wont ; till all you built appear'd 45
 Like that, Amphion with his fiddle rear'd :

35, 36. *Beside, you never over-reach'd the King—One farthing, all the while in reckoning, &c.*] To enter into the meaning of this, the reader must be informed from our historian, Wood—"That King Charles I. granted to Sir John the reversion of "the place of surveyor of his buildings, after the death of Inigo Jones, which place "he entered upon at the Restoration, and held to his death, and got by it seven "thousand pounds."—(THYER.)

43. *You pull'd no lodgings down, to build them worse.*] The office which Sir John lived in near Whitehall, was of his own building, whilst he was the King's surveyor. See Wood's *Athenæ*.—(THYER.)

For had the stones (like his) charm'd by your
verse

Built up themselves, they could not have done
worse :

And, sure, when first you ventur'd to survey,
You did design to do't no other way. 50

All this was done before those days began,
In which you were a wise and happy man,
For who e'er lived in such a Paradise,
Until fresh straw and darkness op'd your eyes ?
Who ever greater treasure could command, 55
Had nobler palaces, and richer land,
Than you had then, who could raise sums as vast,
As all the cheats of a Dutch war could waste,
Or all those practis'd upon public money ?
For nothing, but your cure, could have undone
ye. 60

For ever are you bound to curse those quacks,
That undertook to cure your happy cracks ;
For, tho' no art can ever make them sound,
The tamp'ring cost you threescore thousand
pound.

How high might you have liv'd, and play'd, and
lost, 65
Yet been no more undone by being chowst,

65, 66. *How high might you have liv'd, and play'd and lost—Yet been no more undone by being chowst, &c.*] To justify our satirist in this particular, we must have recourse again to Wood's *Athenæ*, where it is said of Sir John—"From Trinity College, where he continued about three years, he went to Lincoln's Inn, where, though he followed his study close, yet he would game much, and frequent the

Nor forc'd upon the King's accompt to lay
 All, that in serving him, you lost at play ?
 For nothing, but your brain, was ever found
 To suffer sequestration, and compound. 70
 Yet you've an imposition laid on brick,
 For all you then laid out, at beast, or gleek :
 And, when you've rais'd a sum, strait let it fly,
 By understanding low, and vent'ring high ;
 Until you have reduc'd it down to tick, 75
 And then recruit again from lime and brick.

" company of the unsanctified crew of gamesters, who rooked him sometimes of all
 " he could wrap or get," &c. &c.—(THYER.)

71. *Yet you've an imposition laid on brick—For all you then laid out, at beast, or
 gleek.*] *Beast* (French, *Bête*) is a game at cards, like *loo*. *Gleek* is also a game at
 cards.—(EDITOR.)

UPON

CRITICS

WHO JUDGE OF MODERN PLAYS PRECISELY BY
THE RULES OF THE ANTIENTS.*

Who ever will regard poetic fury,
When it is once found idiot by a jury;
And every pert and arbitrary fool
Can all poetic licence over-rule;
Assume a barbarous tyranny to handle 5
The Muses worse than Ostrogoth and Vandal;
Make 'em submit to verdict and report,
And stand or fall to th' orders of a court?

* This warm invective was very probably occasioned by Mr. Rymer, Historiographer to Charles II. who censured three tragedies of Beaumont and Fletcher's, viz. *Rollo, Duke of Normandy, The King and no King*, and *the Maid's Tragedy*, in a piece entitled—*The tragedies of the last age considered and examined by the practice of the ancients and by the common consent of all ages: in a letter to Fleetwood Shepherd, Esq.*

The cold severe critic may perhaps find some few inaccuracies to censure in this composition; but the reader of taste will either overlook or pardon them, for the sake of the spirit that runs through it.—(THYER.)

2. *When it is once found idiot by a jury.*] The Poet here very wittily considers the muse, under the tyrannous direction of critics, as a person found idiot or lunatick by a jury, who is not at liberty to act for himself, but as his guardians shall order.—

(THYER.)

Much less be sentenc'd by the arbitrary
 Proceedings of a witless plagiary ; 10
 That forges old records and ordinances
 Against the right and property of fancies,
 More false and nice than weighing of the weather
 To th' hundredth atom of the lightest feather,
 Or measuring of air upon Parnassus 15
 With cylinders of Torricellian glasses ;
 Reduce all Tragedy by rules of art
 Back to its antique theatre, a cart ;
 And make them henceforth keep the beaten
 roads
 Of reverend choruses, and episodes ; 20
 Reform and regulate a puppet-play,
 According to the true and ancient way ;
 That not an actor shall presume to squeak,
 Unless he have a licence for't in Greek ;
 Nor Whittington henceforward sell his cat in 25
 Plain vulgar English, without mewing Latin :
 No Pudding shall be suffer'd to be witty,
 Unless it be in order to raise pity ;
 Nor Devil in the puppet-play b' allow'd
 To roar and spit fire, but to fright the crowd, 30

15. *Or measuring of air upon Parnassus—With cylinders of Torricellian glasses.*] Torricelli, an Italian mathematician and philosopher, (b. 1608) was the first who discovered the method of ascertaining the weight of the atmosphere by quicksilver.—(EDITOR.)

27, 28. *No Pudding shall be suffer'd to be witty—Unless it be in order to raise pity.*] Butler, in these and the following lines, sneeringly alludes to Aristotle, who, in his *Art of Poetry*, asserts, that the grand and principal object of tragedy is to excite terror and pity : and it is upon this authority, that Rymer forms his most considerable objection to Beaumont and Fletcher.—(THYER.)

Unless some God or Dæmon chance t' have
piques

Against an ancient family of Greeks ;
That other men may tremble, and take warning,
How such a fatal progeny th' are born in.
For none but such for Tragedy are fitted, 35
That have been ruin'd only to be pity'd ;
And only those held proper to deter,
Who've had th' ill luck against their wills to
err.

Whence only such as are of middling sizes,
Between morality and venial vices, 40
Are qualify'd to be destroy'd by fate,
For other mortals to take warning at.

As if the antique laws of Tragedy
Did with our own municipal agree ;
And serv'd, like cobwebs, but t' ensnare the
weak, 45

And give diversion to the great to break ;
To make a less delinquent to be brought
To answer for a greater person's fault,

31, 32. *Unless some God or Dæmon chance t' have piques—Against an ancient family of Greeks.*] Those who are versed in the Greek story need not to be informed, that many of the tragical events, which are related by their poets and historians to have happened amongst them, are imputed to the resentment of some touchy offended deity. So Euripides's *Hyppolitus* is to be destroyed; because *Venus* took pet at his being too chaste.—(THYER.)

37, 38. *And only those held proper to deter—Who've had th' ill luck against their wills to err.*] Our Author might fairly infer this from its being made essential to tragedy to excite pity; but it is very probable, that he had in his eye *Sophocles's* famous tragedy of *Edipus*, whose banishment and misery was owing entirely to his having unknowingly and accidentally killed his father *Laius* in a tumult, and afterwards married his mother *Jocasta*.—(THYER.)

And suffer all the worst, the worst approver
Can, to excuse and save himself, discover. 50

No longer shall Dramatics be confin'd
To draw true images of all mankind ;
To punish in effigy criminals,
Reprieve the innocent, and hang the false ;
But a club-law to execute and kill, 55
For nothing, whomsoe'er they please, at will,
To terrify spectators from committing
The crimes they did, and suffer'd for, unwitting.

These are the reformations of the Stage,
Like other reformations of the age, 60
On purpose to destroy all wit and sense,
As th' other did all law and conscience ;
No better than the laws of British plays,
Confirm'd in th' ancient good King Howel's days,
Who made a general council regulate 65
Mens catching women by the — you know
what ;

63, 64. *No better than the laws of British plays—Confirm'd in th' ancient good King Howel's days, &c.*] In Spelman's *Concilia*, B. I. p. 383, there is mention made of one Howel, King of Glevissicq; in Wales, who lived in the ninth century ; and to his name Butler probably alludes ; but as to his general council, and the regulation, which, it must be owned, he rather too waggishly describes, they are mere inventions of his own, to give an archer and more ludicrous turn to his banter. What he grounds this joking fiction upon, was an old superstitious custom of marriages being looked upon as allowable at certain times, and not allowable at others, or coming in, or going out, as it is usually expressed ; and though it was founded upon the authority of no canon, yet it is mentioned by ecclesiastical writers as a thing practised—Thus Lyndwood, in his *Gloss*, speaking of matrimony—"Solemnizatio
" non potest fieri a prima dominica adventus usque ad octavas epiphaniæ exclusive,
" et a dominica septuagesimæ usque ad primam dominicam post pascham inclusive ;
" et a prima die rogationis. usque ad septimum diem pentecostes inclusive."—

And set down in the Rubric, at what time
 It should be counted legal, when a crime,
 Declare when 'twas, and when 'twas not a sin,
 And on what days it went out, or came in. 70

An English poet should be try'd b' his peers,
 And not by pedants, and philosophers,
 Incompetent to judge poetic fury,
 As butchers are forbid to b' of a jury;
 Besides the most intolerable wrong 75
 To try their matters in a foreign tongue,
 By foreign jurymen, like Sophocles,
 Or *Tales* falser than Euripides;
 When not an English native dares appear,
 To be a witness for the prisoner; 80
 When all the laws, they use t' arraign and try
 The innocent and wrong'd delinquent by,
 Were made b' a foreign lawyer, and his pupils,
 To put an end to all poetic scruples,
 And, by th' advice of *Virtuosi-Tuscans*, 85
 Determin'd all the doubts of socks and buskins;
 Gave judgement on all past and future plays,
 As is apparent by Speroni's case,

78. *Or Tales falser than Euripides.*] Those jurymen are called *Tales*, who are chosen in court from amongst the by-standers, to supply the places of such as do not appear, or are challenged.—(THYER.)

83. *Were made b' a foreign lawyer and his pupils.*] This foreign lawyer is Aristotle; and as Butler supposes in this poem the critics sitting in a court of judicature, the term is very proper and consistent.—(THYER.)

85. *And by th' advice of Virtuosi-Tuscans.*] This refers to that innumerable tribe of commentators upon Aristotle's poeasie, which appeared in Italy upon the revival of learning, in the sixteenth century.—(THYER.)

88. *As is apparent by Speroni's case, &c.*] As I have not the opportunity of

Which Lope Vega first began to steal,
 And after him the French *Filou* Corneille ; 90
 And since our English plagiaries nim,
 And steal their far-fet criticisms from him ;
 And, by an action falsly laid of *Trover*,
 The lumber for their proper goods recover ;
 Enough to furnish all the lewd impeachers 95
 Of witty Beaumont's poetry, and Fletcher's,
 Who, for a few *Misprisions* of wit,
 Are charg'd by those, who ten times worse
 commit ;
 And, for misjudging some unhappy scenes,
 Are censur'd for't with more unlucky sense ; 100
 When all their worst miscarriages delight,
 And please more, than the best that pedants
 write.

consulting these authors, I can only in general observe, that Speroni, an Italian writer of the sixteenth century, wrote a tragedy called *La Canace*, which was criticised and defended ; that Lope de Vega, the prince of dramatic poets among the Spaniards in the beginning of the next century, wrote a method of poessie which he named *El arte nuevo* ; and that P. Corneille, the celebrated French poet, wrote three treatises upon the art of poetry ; one upon dramatic poetry, another upon tragedy, and a third upon the three unities, of time, place, and action.—(THYER.)

Ib.] Speroni was a most eloquent as well as learned man. His tragedy of *Canace and Macareus* was, during the process of composition, read in the academy *degli Infiammati* at Padua, and was received with so much applause, that the academicians themselves formed the design of performing it, a design, however, which was abandoned, in consequence of the death of one of the intended actors. It was framed with a rigid adherence to the Greek models, and gave rise to a great deal of critical controversy. Speroni, although he had stoutly vindicated his tragedy from the objections brought against it, thought it worth while to make considerable alterations in it, and in a subsequent edition it appeared in its corrected form.—*Tiraboschi, tom. 7. Par. 3.*

Lope de Vega wrote the *Arte nuevo de hacer comedias* at the request of the Madrid academy, whose members, it appears, were scandalized by the extravagancies

introduced upon the Spanish stage. To the reigning taste of his nation, indeed, Lope de Vega had contributed more than any other author. He confesses, that out of four hundred and eighty-three plays, he had sinned against the laws of the drama in all except six. But he declares, that he has sinned against his better judgement, for that ever since he had seen ten suns, the classical dramatists had been familiar to him. If I have done wrong, says he,

*" 'Tis but the women and the mob to please,—
I lock my classics up with triple keys,
Banish my Terence and my Plautus too,
Lest they should say, 'beware of what you do.'
For Truth, who sits enshrined in silent books,
Finds there a speaking tongue and frowning looks.
In fashion's list I then enrol my name,
And rather seek for fortune than for fame.
The vulgar pay us—and 'tis meet that they
Should guide our pens while we receive their pay."*

The tragedies of Corneille were also formed after the rules of the classical drama ; the poetical idolatry paid to which, notwithstanding the difference of climate, customs, and manners, Butler intended to satirize in this poem.—(EDITOR.)

SATIRE

UPON

PLAGIARIES.*

WHY should the world be so averse
To plagiary privateers,
That all men's sense and fancy seize,
And make free prize of what they please ?
As if, because they huff and swell, 5
Like pilferers full of what they steal,
Others might equal pow'r assume,
To pay 'em with as hard a doom ;

* It is not improbable but that Butler, in this satire, or sneering apology for the plagiary, obliquely hints at Sir John Denham, whom he has directly attacked in a preceding poem—The charge of plagiarism in borrowing the *Sophy*, and buying the *Cooper's Hill*, coincides with, and confirms this supposition ; and I am the rather inclined to think so by many satirical flings of the same nature against this gentleman, which I find in our poet's poetical common-place.

Butler was not pleased with the two first lines of this composition, as appears by his altering them in the margin, thus :

*Why should the world be so severe
To every small-will privateer ?*

And indeed the alteration is much for the better ; but as it would not connect grammatically with what follows, I did not think proper to adopt it.—(THYER.)

To shut them up, like beasts in pounds,
 For breaking into others grounds ; 10
 Mark 'em with characters and brands,
 Like other forgers of men's hands ;
 And in effigie hang and draw
 The poor delinquents by Club-Law ;
 When no inditement justly lies, 15
 But where the theft will bear a price.

For though wit never can be learn'd
 It may be assum'd and own'd, and
 earn'd ;

And, like our noblest fruits, improv'd,
 By b'ing transplanted and remov'd : 20
 And as it bears no certain rate,
 Nor pays one penny to the state,
 With which it turns no more t' account
 Than virtue, faith, and merit's wont ;
 Is neither moveable, nor rent, 25
 Nor chattel, goods, nor tenement ;
 Nor was it ever pass'd b' entail,
 Nor settled upon heirs male ;
 Or if it were, like ill-got land,
 Did never fall t' a second hand : 30
 So 'tis no more to be engross'd,
 Than sun-shine, or the air inclos'd ;
 Or to propriety confin'd,
 Than th' uncontrol'd and scatter'd wind.

For why should that which nature
 meant 35
 To owe its being to its vent ;

That has no value of its own,
 But as it is divulg'd and known;
 Is perishable and destroy'd,
 As long as it lies unenjoy'd, 40
 Be scant'd of that lib'ral use,
 Which all mankind is free to choose,
 And idly hoarded, where 'twas bred,
 Instead of being dispers'd and spread?
 And the more lavish and profuse, 45
 'Tis of the nobler general use;
 As riots, though supply'd by stealth,
 Are wholesome to the commonwealth;
 And men spend freelier what they win,
 Than what th' have freely coming in. 50
 The world's as full of curious wit,
 Which those, that father, never writ,
 As 'tis of bastards, which the sot
 And cuckold owns, that ne'er begot;
 Yet pass as well, as if the one 55
 And th' other by-blow were their own.
 For why should he that's impotent
 To judge, and fancy, and invent,
 For that impediment be stopt
 To own, and challenge, and adopt, 60
 At least th' expos'd, and fatherless
 Poor orphans of the pen, and press,
 Whose parents are obscure, or dead,
 Or in far countries born and bred.
 As none but kings have pow'r to raise 65
 A levy, which the subject pays,

And, though they call that tax a loan,
 Yet, when 'tis gather'd, 'tis their own :
 So he, that's able to impose
 A wit-excise on verse or prose ; 70
 And, still the abler authors are,
 Can make them pay the greater share,
 Is prince of poets of his time,
 And they his vassals, that supply him ;
 Can judge more justly of what he takes 75
 Than any of the best he makes ;
 And more impartially conceive
 What's fit to chuse, and what to leave.
 For men reflect more strictly upon
 The sense of others, than their own ; 80
 And wit, that's made of wit and slight,
 Is richer than the plain downright :
 As salt, that's made of salt's more fine,
 Than when it first came from the brine ;
 And spirit's of a nobler nature, 85
 Drawn from the dull ingredient matter.
 Hence mighty Virgil's said of old,
 From dung to have extracted gold ;
 (As many a lout and silly clown,
 By his instructions since has done) 90
 And grew more lofty by that means,
 Than by his livery oats and beans ;
 When from his carts and country farms
 He rose a mighty man at arms ;
 To whom th' heroics ever since 95
 Have sworn allegiance as their prince,

And faithfully have in all times
 Observ'd his customs in their rhimes.
 'Twas counted learning once and wit
 To void but what some author writ ; 100
 And what men understood by rote
 By as implicit sense to quote.
 Then many a magisterial clerk
 Was taught, like singing birds i' th' dark ;
 And understood as much of things, 105
 As th' ablest blackbird what it sings ;
 And yet was honour'd and renown'd,
 For grave, and solid, and profound,
 Then why should those, who pick and
 choose
 The best of all the best compose, 110
 And join it by Mosaic art,
 In graceful order, part to part,
 To make the whole in beauty suit,
 Not merit as compleat repute

99, 100. *'Twas counted learning once and wit—To void but what some author writ, &c.*] Our Author here lashes the vanity of those writers, who affected to lard their works with a variety of learned quotations, and prefaced their books with a pompous *Syllabus authorum*. He has explained his meaning by a few lines scribbled in the margin, which, though not correct enough to be admitted into the text, may yet be allowed as a sort of comment.

*When no man writ so small a book,
 But nam'd where this or that he took ;
 Run through the alphabet of names,
 From whom he made his chiefest claims ;
 And wheresoever he begun,
 He ended still with Zenophon.*

Ending with Zenophon alludes to their alphabetical catalogues of authors, which must of course end with Z.—(THYER.)

As those, who with less art and pains 115
 Can do it with their native brains,
 And make the home-spun business fit
 As freely with their mother wit ?
 Since what by nature was deny'd
 By art and industry's supply'd, 120
 Both which are more our own, and brave
 Than all the alms that nature gave.
 For what w' acquire by pains and art
 Is only due t' our own desert ;
 While all th' endowments she confers, 125
 Are not so much our own, as hers,
 That, like good fortune, unawares
 Fall not t' our virtue, but our shares ;
 And all we can pretend to merit,
 We do not purchase, but inherit. 130
 Thus all the great'st inventions, when
 They first were found out, were so mean,
 That th' authors of them are unknown,
 As little things they scorn'd to own ;
 Until by men of nobler thought 135
 Th' were to their full perfection brought.
 This proves that wit does but rough-hew,
 Leaves art to polish, and review ;
 And that a wit at second hand
 Has greatest int'rest and command : 140
 For to improve, dispose, and judge,
 Is nobler than t' invent, and drudge.
 Invention's humorous and nice,
 And never at command applies ;

SATIRE UPON PLAGIARIES. 173

Disdains t' obey the proudest wit, 145
 Unless it chance to b' in the fit ;
 (Like prophecy, that can presage
 Successes of the latest age,
 Yet is not able to tell when
 It next shall prophecy agen) 150
 Makes all her suitors course and wait
 Like a proud minister of state,
 And, when she's serious in some freak,
 Extravagant, and vain, and weak,
 Attend her silly, lazy pleasure, 155
 Until she chance to be at leisure :
 When 'tis more easy to steal wit,
 To clip, and forge, and counterfeit,
 Is both the business and delight,
 Like hunting sports, of those that write ; 160
 For thievery is but one sort,
 The learned say, of hunting sport.

Hence 'tis, that some, who set up first
 As raw, and wretched, and unverst ;
 And open'd with a stock as poor, 165
 As a healthy beggar with one sore ;
 That never writ in prose or verse,
 But pick'd, or cut it, like a purse ;
 And at the best could but commit
 The petty-larceny of wit ; 170
 To whom to write was to purloin,
 And printing but to stamp false coin ;
 Yet after long and sturdy 'ndeavours
 Of being painful wit-receivers,

With gath'ring rags and scraps of wit, 175
As paper's made, on which 'tis writ,
Have gone forth authors, and acquir'd
The right—or wrong to be admir'd ;
And arm'd with confidence incurr'd
The fool's good luck, to be preferr'd. 180

For as a banker can dispose
Of greater sums, he only owes,
Than he, who honestly is known
To deal in nothing but his own :
So whosoe'er can take up most, 185
May greatest fame and credit boast.

BUTLER'S REMAINS.



Philip Nye's Thanksgiving Beard.

UPON

PHILIP NYE'S THANKSGIVING BEARD.*

A BEARD is but the vizard of a face,
That Nature orders for no other place ;
The fringe and tassel of a countenance,
That hides his person from another man's ;
And, like the Roman habits of their youth, 5
Is never worn until his perfect growth ;
A privilege, no other creature has,
To wear a nat'ral mask upon his face,

* This same Philip Nye, with the whimsical circumstance of his Thanksgiving Beard, is introduced in Hudibras's Heroical Epistle to his Lady.

*So women, to surprize us, spread
The borrow'd flags of white and red ;
Display them thicker on their cheeks
Than their old grandmothers the Picts ;
And raise more devils with their looks,
Than conjurers' less subtle books :
Lay trains of amorous intrigues,
In towers, and curls, and perriwigs,
With greater art and cunning rear'd,
Than Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard.*

From hence one may conclude with probability enough, that this poem was written before his *Hudibras*. Butler, in a note of his own upon this passage, observes,—“ That Philip Nye was one of the assembly of divines, and very re-

That shifts its likeness, every day he wears,
 To fit some other person's characters ; 10
 And by its own mythology implies,
 That men were born to live in some disguise.

This satisfy'd a reverend man, that clear'd
 His disagreeing conscience by his beard.
 H' had been prefer'd i'th' army, when the
 church 15
 Was taken with a Why not ? in the lurch ;

"markable for the singularity of his beard." (a) And in another place informs us, that these reverend zealots distinguished themselves much in this particular.

*Grave Synod men, that were rever'd
 For solid face, and depth of beard.*

Hud. P. II. C. 2. ver. 531.

As our Poet has thought fit to bestow so many verses upon this trumpeter of sedition, it may, perhaps, be no thankless office to give the reader some further information about him, than what merely relates to his beard.—He was educated at Oxford, first in Brasen-Nose College, and afterwards in Magdalen Hall, where, under the influence of a puritanical tutor, he received the first tincture of sedition, and disgust to our ecclesiastical establishment. After taking his degrees he went into orders, but soon left England to go and reside in Holland, where he was not very likely to lessen those prejudices, which he had already imbibed. In the year 1640 he returned home, became a furious Presbyterian, and a zealous stickler for the Parliament ; and was thought considerable enough in his way to be sent by his party into Scotland, to encourage and spirit up the cause of the covenant ; in defence of which he writ several pamphlets. However, as his zeal arose from self-interest and ambition, when the Independents began to have the ascendant, and power and profit ran in that channel, he faced about, and became a strenuous preacher on that side : and in this situation he was, when he fell under the lash of Butler's satire. See Wood's *Athenæ*.—(THYER.)

15, 16. *H' had been prefer'd i'th' army, when the church—Was taken with a Why not ? in the lurch.*] This fanciful phrase, taken with a why not ? is made use of by Ralpho, in his dispute with his master Hudibras.

*Capock'd your rabbins of the Synod,
 And snapp'd their canons with a why not ?—Hud. P. II. C. 2. ver. 523.
 (THYER.)*

(a) This note appears *not* to be Butler's own.—(EDITOR.)

When primate, metropolitan, and prelates
 Were turn'd to officers of horse, and zealots,
 From whom he held the most pluralities
 Of contributions, donatives, and salaries ; 20
 Was held the chiefest of those spiritual trumpets,
 That sounded charges to their fiercest combats,
 But in the desperatest of defeats
 Had never blown as opportune retreats ;
 Until the Synod order'd his departure 25
 To London, from his caterwalling quarter,
 To sit among 'em, as he had been chosen,
 And pass, or null things, at his own disposing ;
 Could clap up souls in Limbo with a vote,
 And for their fees discharge, and let them out ; 30
 Which made some grandees bribe him with the
 place
 Of holding-forth upon Thanksgiving-Days,
 Whither the members, two and two abreast,
 March'd to take in the spoils of all—the feast ;
 But by the way repeated the *Oh-hones* 35
 Of his wild Irish and chromatic tones,
 His frequent and pathetic *hums* and *haws*,
 He practis'd only t' animate the cause,
 With which the sisters were so prepossest,
 They cou'd remember nothing of the rest. 40

19, 30. *From whom he held the most pluralities—Of contributions, donatives, and salaries.* Our laborious biographer Wood tells us, that when Nye left the Presbyterians, he went to the army, and was held in high esteem by the grandees there, had many lucrative offices given to him, and was much consulted by them in their political affairs.—(TYLER.)

He thought upon it, and resolv'd to put
His beard into as wonderful a cut,
And, for the further service of the women,
T' abate the rigidness of his opinion ;
And, but a day before, had been to find 45
The ablest Virtuoso of the kind,
With whom he long and seriously conferr'd
On all intrigues, that might concern his beard ;
By whose advice he sat for a design
In little drawn, exactly to a line : 50
That, if the creature chance to have occasion
To undergo a thorough-reformation,
It might be born conveniently about,
And by the meanest artist copy'd out.

This done, he sent a journeyman sectary, 55
H' had brought up to retrieve, and fetch, and
carry,

To find out one, that had the greatest practice,
To prune, and bleach the beards of all fanatics,
And set their most confus'd disorders right,
Not by a new design, but newer light ; 60
Who us'd to shave the grandees of their stick-
lers,

And crop the worthies of their conventiclers ;
To whom he shew'd his new-invented draught,
And told him, how 'twas to be copy'd out.

Quoth he, 'tis but a false, and counterfeit, 65
And scandalous device of human wit,
That's absolutely forbidden in the scripture,
To make of any carnal thing the picture.

Quoth th' other saint, you must leave that to
us,

T' agree what's lawful, or what's scandalous : 70
For, till it is determin'd by our vote,
It's either lawful, scandalous, or not ;
Which, since we have not yet agreed upon,
Is left indiff'rent to avoid or own.

Quoth he, my conscience never shall agree 75
To do it, till I know what 'tis to be ;
For, though I use it in a lawful time,
What, if it after should be made a crime.

'Tis true, we fought for liberty of conscience
'Gainst human constitutions in our own sense ; 80
Which I'm resolv'd perpetually t' avow,
And make it lawful, whatsoe'er we do ;
Then do your office with your greatest skill,
And let th' event befall us, how it will.

This said, the nice barbarian took his
tools, 85

To prune the zealot's tenets, and his jowles ;
Talk'd on as pertinently, as he snipt,
A hundred times for every hair he clipt ;
Until the beard at length began t' appear,
And re-assume its antique character, 90
Grew more and more itself, that art might
strive,

And stand in competition with the life :
For some have doubted, if 'twere made of
snips
Of sables glew'd and fitted to his lips ;

And set in such an artificial frame, 95
 As if it had been wrought in filograin,
 More subtly fil'd and polisht than the gin,
 That Vulcan caught himself a cuckold in ;
 That Lachesis, that spins the threads of fate,
 Could not have drawn it out more delicate. 100
 But b'ing design'd and drawn so regular,
 T' a scrup'lous punctilio of a hair,
 Who cou'd imagine, that it shou'd be portal
 To selfish, inward-unconforming mortal ?
 And yet it was, and did abominate 105
 The least compliance in the church or state ;
 And from itself did equally dissent,
 As from religion, and the government.

I find among Butler's manuscripts several other little sketches upon the same subject, but none worth printing, except the following one may be thought *passable*, by way of note.

*This reverend brother, like a goat,
 Did wear a tail upon his throat,
 The fringe and tassel of a face,
 That gives it a becoming grace,
 But set in such a curious frame,
 As if 'twere wrought in filograin ;
 And cut so ev'n, as if 't had been
 Drawn with a pen upon his chin.
 No topiary hedge of quickset
 Was e're so neatly cut, or thick set ;
 That made beholders more admire,
 Than China-plate, that's made of wire ;
 But being wrought so regular
 In ev'ry part, and ev'ry hair,
 Who would believe, it should be portal
 To unconforming-inward mortal ?
 And yet it was, and did dissent
 No less from its own government,*

*Than from the church's, and detest
That, which it held forth, and profest;
Did equally abominate
Conformity in church and state;
And, like an hypocritic brother,
Profess'd one thing, and did another;
As all things, where th' are most profess'd,
Are found to be regarded least.*

(TYLER.)

PROLOGUE

TO THE

QUEEN OF ARRAGON,.

A TRAGI-COMEDY, BY WILLIAM HABINGTON, ACTED BEFORE THE DUKE
OF YORK, UPON HIS BIRTH-DAY.*

SIR, while so many nations strive to pay
The tribute of their glories to this day,
That gave them earnest of so great a sum
Of glory (from your future acts) to come ;

* To give the reader a sort of key to the drift and meaning of this prologue, it is necessary to inform him—That King Charles II. at his restoration, granted two patents, one to Sir William Davenant, and the other to Henry Killigrew, Esq. ; for the forming of two distinct companies of comedians. These were distinguished by the names of the king's servants and the duke's company. The former acted at the theatre-royal in Drury-Lane ; the latter at the duke's theatre in Dorset-Garden. These, as C. Cibber, in his *Apology*, informs us, “ were both in high estimation with the public, and so much the delight and concern of the court, that they were not only supported by its being frequently present at their public presentations, but by its taking cognizance even of their private government, inasmuch, that their particular differences, pretensions, or complaints, were generally ended by the king, or duke's personal command or decision.—These two excellent companies, adds the same author, were both prosperous for some few years, till their variety of plays began to be exhausted : then of course the better actors (which the king's seem to have been allowed) could not fail of drawing the greater audiences. Sir William Davenant, therefore, master of the duke's company, to make head against

PROLOGUE TO THE QUEEN OF ARRAGON. 183

And which you have discharg'd at such a rate, 5
 That all succeeding times must celebrate :
 We, that subsist by your bright influence,
 And have no life, but what we own from thence,
 Come humbly to present you, our own way,
 With all we have (beside our hearts) a play. 10
 But as devoutest men can pay no more
 To deities, than what they gave before ;
 We bring you only, what your great commands
 Did rescue for us from ingrossing hands,
 That would have taken out administration 15
 Of all departed poets' goods i'th' nation ;
 Or, like to lords of manors, seiz'd all plays,
 That come within their reach, as wefts and
 strays ;
 And claim'd a forfeiture of all past wit,
 But that your justice put a stop to it. 20
 'Twas well for us, who else must have been glad
 T' admit of all, who now write new, and bad :
 For still the wickeder some authors write,
 Others to write worse are encourag'd by't.

" their success, was forced to add spectacle and music to action ; and to introduce a
 " new species of plays, since called dramatic operas, of which kind were the *Tempest*,
 " *Psyche*, *Circe*, and others.—Of which encroachment upon wit," says the laureat,
 " several good prologues in those days frequently complained."—To these com-
 plainers, and engrossers of wit, Butler probably alludes in the satirical part of this
 prologue, as he does to the duke's patronage in the other.

It is pretty remarkable, that, amongst such a variety of performances of our poet's,
 this and the epilogue that follows should be the only ones in the complimenting
 strain ; and I dare say every reader will observe with a smile, how soon, even in this,
 he deserts the region of panegyric, to resume his natural turn of satirical drollery
 upon the critics.—(THYER.)

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And though those fierce inquisitors of wit, 25
The critics, spare no flesh, that ever writ ;
But just as tooth-draw'rs find among the rout
Their own teeth work in pulling others out ;
So they, decrying all of all that write,
Think to erect a trade of judging by't. 30
Small poetry, like other heresies,
By being persecuted multiplies :
But here th' are like to fail of all pretence ;
For hé, that writ this play, is dead long since,
And not within their pow'r : for bears are said 35
To spare those, that lie still, and seem but dead.

EPILOGUE

UPON THE SAME.

TO THE DUTCHESS.

MADAM, the joys of this great day are due,
No less than to your royal lord, to you ;
And, while three mighty kingdoms pay your
part,
You have, what's greater than them all, his
heart ;
That heart, that, when it was his country's
guard, 5
The fury of two elements out-dar'd ;
And made a stubborn haughty enemy
The terror of his dreadful conduct fly ;
And yet you conquer'd it — and made your
charms
Appear no less victorious, than his arms : 10
For which you oft' have triumph'd on this day,
And many more to come heav'n grant you may.

But, as great princes use, in solemn times
Of joy, to pardon all, but heinous crimes ;
If we have sin'd, without an ill intent, 15
And done below what really we meant,
We humbly ask your pardon for't, and pray
You would forgive, in honour of the day.

B A L L A D.*

As close as a goose
 Sat the Parliament-House ;
 To hatch the royal gull ;
 After much fiddle-faddle,
 The egg proved addle,
 And Oliver came forth Nol.

Yet old Queen Madge,
 Though things do not fadge,
 Will serve to be Queen of a May-pole ;
 Two princes of Wales,
 For Whitsun-ales,
 And her grace Maid-Marion Clay-pole.†

* This ballad refers to the Parliament, as it was called, which deliberated about making Oliver king, and petitioned him to accept the title, which he, out of fear of some republican zealots in his party, refused to accept, and contented himself with the power, under the name of Protector.—(THYER.)

† *And her grace Maid-Marion Clay-pole.*] In the rustic ceremony of a Whitsun-ale, besides a mock-king, queen, &c. there is always a Maid-Marion, which is a young woman, or a boy dressed in women's cloaths, whose business it is to dance the Morisco, or Morice-dance.—(THYER.)

In a robe of cow-hide*
 Sat yeasty Pride
 With his dagger, and his sling ;
 He was the pertinen'st peer,
 Of all, that were there,
 T' advise with such a king.

A great philosophert
 Had a goose for his lover,
 That follow'd him day and night :
 If it be a true story,
 Or but an allegory,
 It may be both ways right.

Strickland and his son,†
 Both cast into one,
 Were meant for a single baron ;
 But, when they came to sit,
 There was not wit
 Enough in them both, to serve for one.

* *In a robe of cow-hide, &c.*] This alludes to the custom of officers of the army at that time, wearing buff-coats.—The character of Colonel Pride, and the propriety of the epithet yeasty, is too well known to need explaining.—(THYER.)

† *A great philosopher—Had a goose for his lover.*] Pliay, Ælian, and other ancient recorders of wonderful stories, tell us that a goose fell in love with a young Grecian, called Amphilocheus. How Butler came to make a philosopher of him I cannot discover.—He might, perhaps, be led into the mistake by the name, which belonged also to a famous soothsayer, the son of Amphiaræus and Eriphyle.

(THYER.)

‡ *Strickland and his son, &c.*] I meet with the names of Strickland and Howy-wood among the members of that parliament ; but, for want of a more circumstantial history of the transactions of those times, must refer the investigation of this fact to future critics.—(THYER.)

Wherefore 'twas thought good
To add Honeywood ;
But, when they came to trial,
Each one prov'd a fool,
Yet three knaves in the whole,*
And that made up a pair-royal.

* *Yet three knaves in the whole—And that made up a pair-royal.*] The wit of this lies in the ambiguity of the word pair-royal, which is applicable to three knaves at the game of Brag, and signifies at the same time, in French, a peer or baron.—

(THYER.)

A
BALLAD.*

DRAW near, good people, all draw near,
And hearken to my ditty ;
A stranger thing,
Than this I sing,
Came never to this city.

Had you but seen this monster,
You wou'd not give a farthing
For the lions in the grate,
Nor the mountain-cat ;
Nor the bears in Paris-garden.

You wou'd defy the pageants,
Are borne before the Mayor,
The strangest shape,
You e'er did gape
Upon at Bart'lmy Fair !

* To this humorous ballad Butler had prefixed this title—*The Privileges of Pimping*—but afterwards crossed it out, for which reason I have not inserted it ; and only mention it, as a circumstance, which may amuse such as are curious in hunting out the explication of niceties of this sort. It does not appear to bear any sense consistent with the subject ; but some other critic may perhaps find one ; or at least please himself with thinking so.—(THYER.)

His face is round and decent,*
 As is your dish, or platter,
 On which there grows
 A thing like a nose,
 But, indeed, it is no such matter.

On both sides of th' aforesaid
 Are eyes, but th' are not matches,
 On which there are
 To be seen two fair
 And large, well-grown mustaches.

Now this with admiration
 Does all beholders strike,
 That a beard should grow
 Upon a thing's brow,
 Did ye ever see the like?

* *His face is round and decent, &c.*] From the medals, and original portraits, which are left of Oliver Cromwell, one may probably conjecture, if not positively affirm, that this droll picture was designed for him. The roundness of the face, the oddness of the nose, and the remarkable largeness of the eyebrows, are particulars which correspond exactly with them. My Lord Clarendon and other historians observe, that he had something singular and ungracious in his look and appearance; and the author of a satirical piece entitled, *Memoirs of the Year 1649, and 1650*, and falsely imputed to Butler in that collection of papers called his *Remains*, describes him in the following terms—"But Cromwell wants neither wardrobe, nor armour: his face was natural buff, and his skin may furnish him with a rusty coat of mail. You would think, he had been christened in a lime-pit, tanned alive; but his countenance still continues mangy. We cry out against superstition, and yet worship a piece of waincot, and idolize an unblanched almond. Certainly 'tis no human visage, but the emblem of a mandrake, one scarce handsome enough to have been the progeny of Hecuba, had she whelped him, when she was a bitch, &c."—Some verses follow to the same purpose; but there is no necessity to transcribe them; and, truly, they don't deserve it upon any other account. From this representation, though common candour may suppose it a little aggravated by a profane satirist, one may infer, that Cromwell's physz was a subject proper enough for a poet of our Author's turn.—(THYER.)

He has no skull, 'tis well known
To thousands of beholders ;
Nothing, but a skin,
Does keep his brains in
From running about his shoulders.

On both sides of his noddle
Are straps o'th' very same leather ;
Ears are imply'd,
But th' are mere hide,
Or morsels of tripe, chuse ye whether.

Between these two extendeth
A slit from ear to ear,
That, every hour,
Gapes to devour
The souse, that grows so near.

Beneath a tuft of bristles,
As rough as a frize-jerkin :
If it had been a beard,
'Twou'd have serv'd a herd
Of goats, that are of his near kin.

Within a set of grinders
Most sharp and keen, corroding
Your ir'n and brass,
As easy as
That you wou'd do a pudding.

But the strangest thing of all is,
Upon his rump there groweth
A great long tail,
That useth to trail
Upon the ground, as he goeth.

PART II.

THIS monster was begotten
Upon one of the witches
B' an imp, that came to her,*
Like a man, to woo her,
With black doublet, and britches.

When he was whelp'd, for certain,†
In divers several countries,
The hogs and swine
Did grunt and whine,
And the ravens croak'd upon trees.

* *B' an imp, that came to her,—Like a man, to woo her,—With black doublet, and britches.*] May not one suppose, without hazarding the imputation of being too chimerical in one's conjectures, that Butler, by the black doublet and britches, meant archly to insinuate, that a monster of Cromwell's enthusiastic cast must needs be begotten by some puritanic or fanatic preacher.—(THYER.)

† *When he was whelp'd, for certain,—In divers several countries,—The hogs and swine, &c.*] This, no doubt, was intended as a sneer upon those romantic writers, who describe the birth of their heroes as accompanied with prodigies; as well as to heighten the satirical burlesque upon his own mock-hero Cromwell. He might, perhaps, have in his eye what Shakespear puts into the mouth of Owen Glendower.

*At my nativity
The front of heav'n was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; know, that at my birth
The frame and the foundation of the earth
Shook like a coward.*

The winds did blow, the thunder
 And lightning loud did rumble ;
 The dogs did howl,*
 The hollow tree in th' owl—
 'Tis a good horse that ne'er stumbl'd.

As soon as he was brought forth,
 At th' midwife's throat he flew ;
 And threw the pap
 Down in her lap ;
 They say, 'tis very true.

And up the walls he clamber'd,
 With nails most sharp, and keen,
 The prints whereof,
 I'th' boards and roof,
 Are yet for to be seen.

*Give me leave
 To tell you once again, that at my birth
 The front of heav'n was full of fiery shapes,
 The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
 Were strangely clam'rous in the frightened fields.—HENRY IV. P. I. A. 3.
 (TYLER.)*

* *The dogs did howl,—The hollow tree in th' owl.* This whimsical liberty our Author takes, of transposing the words for the sake of a rhyme, though at the expense of the sense, is a new kind of poetic licence ; and 'tis merry enough to observe, that he literally does what he jokingly charges upon other poets in another place.

*But those, that write in rhyme, still make
 The one verse for the other's sake ;
 For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
 I think's sufficient at one time.—HUDIB. P. II. C. I. v. 29.
 (TYLER.)*

And out o'th' top o'th' chimney
He vanish'd, seen of none ;
For they did wink,
Yet by the stink
Knew, which way he was gone.

The country round about there
Became like to a wildern-
ness ; for the sight
Of him did fright
Away men, women, and children.

Long did he there continue ;
And all those parts much harmed ;
'Till a wise-woman, which
Some call a white-witch,
Him into a hogsty charmed.

There, when she had him shut fast,
With brimstone, and with nitre,
She sing'd the claws
Of his left paws,
With tip of his tail, and his right ear.

And with her charms and ointments
She made him tame as a spaniel ;
For she us'd to ride
On his back astride,
Nor did he do her any ill.

But, to the admiration
Of all both far and near,
He hath been shown
In every town,
And eke in every shire.

And now, at length, he's brought
Unto fair London city,
Where, in Fleet-street,*
All those may see't,
That will not believe my ditty.

God save the king, and parliament,†
And eke the prince's highness;
And quickly send
The wars an end,
As here my song has—finis.

* *Where in Fleet-street.*] If some curious enquirer into the minutiae of biography can discover, whether Cromwell lodged in Fleet-street, he may do me the pleasure of confirming, or himself that of confuting, my conjectures about the hero of this ballad.—(THYER.)

† *God save the king and parliament.*] From this circumstance it appears, that this ballad was wrote before the murder of the king; and that it is the earliest performance of Butler's, that has yet been made public; and, I think, one may, without prejudice, affirm, that it does no discredit to his younger years.—(THYER.)

SATIRE

UPON

THE IMPERFECTION AND ABUSE OF HUMAN LEARNING.*

IT is the noblest act of human reason
To free itself from slavish prepossession ;
Assume the legal right to disengage
From all it had contracted under age,

* In the large General Dictionary, or Bayle's, enlarged by Mr. Bernard, Birch, and Lockman, we are told by the learned editors, under the article *Hudibras*, that they were personally informed by the late Mr. Longueville—That, amongst the genuine remains of Butler, which were in his hands, there was a poem intitled, *The History of Learning*.—To the same purpose is the following passage cited from the *Poetical Register*, Vol. II. p. 21.—“ In justice to the public it is thought proper to declare, that all the manuscripts Mr. Butler left behind him, are now in the custody of Mr. Longueville, (among which is one intitled, *The History of Learning*, written after the manner of *Hudibras*,) and that not one line of those poems lately published under his name is genuine.”—

As these authorities must have given the world reason to expect in this work a poem of this sort, it becomes necessary for me to inform the public—that Butler did meditate a pretty long satire upon the imperfection and abuse of human learning, but that he only finished this part of it, though he has left very considerable and interesting fragments of the remainder, some of which I shall subjoin.

The Poet's plan seems to have consisted of two parts ; the first, which he has executed, is to expose the defects of human learning, from the wrong methods of education, from the natural imperfection of the human mind, and from that over-eagerness of men to know things above the reach of human capacity.—The second, as far as one can judge by the remains, and intended parts of it, was to have exempli-

And not its ingenuity and wit 5
 To all, it was imbu'd with first, submit;
 Take true, or false, for better, or for worse,
 To have, or t'hold indifferently of course.

For custom, though but usher of the school,
 Where nature breeds the body and the soul, 10
 Usurps a greater pow'r and interest
 O'er man, the heir of reason, than brute beast;
 That by two different instincts is led,
 Born to the one, and to the other bred;
 And trains him up with rudiments more false, 15
 Than Nature does her stupid animals:
 And that's one reason, why more care's bestow'd
 Upon the body, than the soul's allow'd;
 That is not found to understand, and know
 So subtly, as the body's found to grow. 20

Though children, without study, pains, or
 thought,
 Are languages, and vulgar notions taught,
 Improve their nat'ral talents without care,
 And apprehend, before they are aware;

fed what he has asserted in the first, and ridiculed and satirized the different branches of human learning, in characterizing the philosopher, critic, orator, &c.

Mr. Longueville might be led by this, into the mistake of calling this work a *History of Learning*; or perhaps it might arise from Butler's having, in one plan, which he afterwards altered, begun with these two lines,

*The history of learning is so lame,
 That few can tell, from whence at first it came.*

What has been said will, I flatter myself, be a sufficient apology for the printing an imperfect work, if the many good things to be met with in it, does not make one unnecessary.—However, for this reason I did not think fit to place it amongst his other satires, which are perfect in their different ways.—(TEYER.)

Yet, as all strangers never leave the tones, 25
 They have been us'd of children to pronounce ;
 So most men's reason never can outgrow
 The discipline, it first receiv'd to know,
 But renders words, they first began to con,
 The end of all, that's after to be known, 30
 And sets the help of education back
 Worse, than, without it, man cou'd ever lack ;
 Who therefore finds, the artificial'st fools
 Have not been chang'd i'th' cradle, but the
 schools,

Where error, pedantry, and affectation, 35
 Run them behind-hand with their education ;
 And all alike are taught poetic rage,
 When hardly one's fit for it in an age.

No sooner are the organs of the brain
 Quick to receive, and stedfast to retain 40
 Best knowledges, but all's laid out upon
 Retrieving of the curse of Babylon,
 To make confounded languages restore
 A greater drudg'ry, than it barr'd before.
 And therefore those imported from the East, 45
 Where first they were incurr'd, are held the best,
 Although convey'd in worse Arabian pothooks,
 Than gifted tradesmen scratch in sermon note-
 books ;

Are really but pains and labour lost,
 And not worth half the drudgery they cost, 50
 Unless, like rarities, as th' have been brought
 From foreign climates, and as dearly bought ;

When those, who had no other but their own,
 Have all succeeding eloquence out-done ;
 As men, that wink with one eye, see more true, 55
 And take their aim much better, than with two.
 For the more languages a man can speak,
 His talent has but sprung the greater leak ;
 And, for the industry h' has spent upon't,
 Must full as much some other way discount. 60
 The Hebrew, Chaldee, and the Syriac,
 Do, like their letters, set men's reason back ;
 And turns their wits, that strive to under-
 stand it,
 (Like those, that write the characters) left-
 handed :

Yet he, that is but able to express 65
 No sense at all in several languages,
 Will pass for learned, than he, that's known
 To speak the strongest reason in his own.

These are the modern arts of education,
 With all the learned of mankind in fashion, 70
 But practis'd only with the rod and whip,
 As riding-schools inculcate horsemanship ;
 Or Romish penitents let out their skins,
 To bear the penalties of others' sins.

73, 74. *Or Romish penitents let out their skins,—To bear the penalties of others' sins.*] The following story is extracted from De Lolme's *History of the Flagellants*, as an example of the practice to which our Author alludes. "A woman who was
 " gone to make her confession, had been secretly followed by her husband, who was
 " jealous of her ; and he had hid himself in some place in the church where he
 " might spy her ; but as soon as he saw her led behind the altar by the priest, in
 " order to be flagellated, he made his appearance, objected that she was too tender
 " to bear a flagellation, and offered to receive it in her stead. This proposal the

When letters, at the first, were meant for play, 75
 And only us'd to pass the time away ;
 When th' ancient Greeks and Romans had no
 name

T' express a school and play-house, but the
 same ;

And in their languages, so long ago,
 To study, or be idle, was all one. 80

For nothing more preserves men in their wits,
 Than giving of them leave to play by fits,
 In dreams to sport, and ramble with all fancies,
 And waking, little less extravagancies,
 The rest and recreation of tir'd thought, 85

When 'tis run down with care, and overwrought ;
 Of which whoever does not freely take
 His constant share, is never broad awake,
 And, when he wants an equal competence
 Of both recruits, abates as much of sense. 90

Nor is their education worse design'd,
 Than nature (in her province) proves unkind.
 The greatest inclinations with the least
 Capacities are fatally possest,
 Condemn'd to drudge, and labour, and take
 pains, 95

Without an equal competence of brains :
 While those, she has indulg'd in soul and body,
 Are most averse to industry and study.

" wife greatly applauded ; and the man had no sooner placed himself upon his knees,
 " than she exclaimed, ' Now, my father, lay on lustily, for I am a great sinner.' "—
 (EDITOR.)

And th' activ'st fancies share as loose alloys,
 For want of equal weight to counterpoise. 100
 But when those great conveniencies meet
 Of equal judgement, industry, and wit,
 The one but strives the other to divert,
 While fate and custom in the feud take part ;
 And scholars by preposterous over-doing, 105
 And under-judging all their projects ruin :
 Who, though the understanding of mankind
 Within so strait a compass is confin'd,
 Disdain the limits nature sets to bound
 The wit of man, and vainly rove beyond. 110
 The bravest soldiers scorn, until th' are got
 Close to the enemy, to make a shot ;
 Yet great philosophers delight to stretch
 Their talents most at things beyond their reach,
 And proudly think t' unriddle ev'ry cause, 115
 That nature uses, by their own by-laws :
 When 'tis not onl' impertinent, but rude,
 Where she denies admission, to intrude ;
 And all their industry is but to err,
 Unless they have free quarantine from her : 120
 Whence 'tis the world the less has understood,
 By striving to know more, than 'tis allow'd.
 For Adam, with the loss of paradise
 Bought knowledge at too desperate a price ;
 And ever since that miserable fate, 125
 Learning did never cost an easier rate :
 For though the most divine and sovereign good,
 That nature has upon mankind bestow'd,

Yet it has prov'd a greater hinderance
 To th' interest of truth, than ignorance ; 130
 And therefore never bore so high a value,
 As when 'twas low, contemptible, and shallow ;
 Had academies, schools, and colleges
 Endow'd for its improvement, and increase ;
 With pomp and shew was introduc'd with
 maces, 135

More than a Roman magistrate had *fasces* ;
 Impower'd with statute, privilege, and mandate,
 T' assume an art, and after understand it,
 Like bills of store for taking a degree,
 With all the learning to it custom-free ; 140
 And own professions, which they never took
 So much delight in, as to read one book :
 Like princes had prerogative to give
 Convicted malefactors a reprieve ;
 And having but a little paltry wit 145
 More than the world, reduc'd and govern'd it,
 But scorn'd, as soon as 'twas but understood,
 As better is a spiteful foe to good ;
 And now has nothing left for its support,
 But what the darkest times provided for't. 150

Man has a natural desire to know,
 But th' one half is for int'rest, th' other show.
 As scriveners take more pains to learn the slight
 Of making knots, than all the hands they write :
 So all his study is not to extend 155
 The bounds of knowledge, but some vainer
 end ;

T' appear, and pass for learned, though his claim
 Will hardly reach beyond the empty name.
 For most of those, that drudge and labour hard,
 Furnish their understandings by the yard, 160
 As a French library by the whole is,
 So much an ell for quartos, and for folios ;
 To which they are but indexes themselves,
 And understand no further than the shelves ;
 But smatter with their titles and editions, 165
 And place them in their classical partitions :
 When all a student knows of what he reads
 Is not in's own, but under general heads
 Of common-places, not in his own pow'r,
 But like a Dutchman's money i'th' *Cantore*, 170
 Where all he can make of it, at the best,
 Is hardly three *per cent.* for interest ;
 And whether he will ever get it out
 Into his own possession is a doubt :
 Affects all books of past and modern ages, 175
 But reads no further than the title-pages,
 Only to con the authors' names by rote,
 Or, at the best, those of the books they quote,
 Enough to challenge intimate acquaintance
 With all the learned moderns, and the ancients. 180
 As Roman noblemen were wont to greet,
 And compliment the rabble in the street,
 Had Nomenclators in their trains, to claim
 Acquaintance with the meanest by his name ;
 And by so mean contemptible a bribe 185
 Trepan'd the suffrages of every tribe :

So learned men, by authors' names unknown,
Have gain'd no small improvement to their own ;
And he's esteemed the learned'st of all others,
That has the largest catalogue of authors. 190

FRAGMENTS

OF AN

INTENDED SECOND PART OF THE FOREGOING
SATIRE.*

MEN's talents grow more bold and confident,
The further th' are beyond their just extent,
As smatterers prove more arrogant and pert,
The less they truly understand an art;
And, where th' ave least capacity to doubt,
Are wont t' appear most perempt'ry and stout :
While those, that know the mathematic lines,
Where nature all the wit of man confines,
And when it keeps within its bounds, and where
It acts beyond the limits of its sphere,

* These fragments were fairly wrote out, and several times, with some little variations, transcribed by Butler, but never connected, or reduced into any regular form. They may be considered as the principal parts of a curious edifice, each separately finished, but not united into one general design.

From these the reader may form a notion and tolerable idea of our Author's intended scheme; and will, I doubt not, regret with me, that he did not apply himself to the finishing of a satire so well suited to his judgement, and particular turn of wit.

It may be thought, perhaps, that some parts of it ought to have been illustrated with notes; but as the printing an imperfect work may be judged by some readers of great delicacy, a sort of intrusion upon the public, I did not care to enhance the objection by clogging it with additional observations of my own.—(TYLER.)

Enjoy an absoluter free command
O'er all, they have a right to understand,
Than those, that falsly venture to encroach,
Where nature has deny'd them all approach;
And still the more they strive to understand,
Like great estates, run furthest behind-hand;
Will undertake the universe to fathom,
From infinite down to a single atom;
Without a geometric instrument,
To take their own capacity's extent;
Can tell as easy how the world was made,
As if they had been brought up to the trade,
And whether chance, necessity, or matter,
Contriv'd the whole establishment of nature;
When all their wits to understand the world
Can never tell, why a pig's tail is curl'd;
Or give a rational account, why fish,
That always use to drink, do never piss.

What mad fantastic gambols have been play'd
By th' ancient Greek forefathers of the trade,
That were not much inferior to the freaks
Of all our lunatic fanatic sects!
The first and best philosopher of Athens
Was crack'd, and ran stark-staring mad with
patience;
And had no other way to shew his wit,
But when his wife was in her scolding fit;
Was after in the Pagan inquisition,
And suffer'd martyrdom for no religion.

Next him, his scholar striving to expel
 All poets his poetic commonweal ;
 Exil'd himself, and all his followers,
 Notorious poets, only bating verse.
 The Stagyrite, unable to expound
 The Euripus, leapt into't, and was drown'd.
 So he, that put his eyes out to consider,
 And contemplate on nat'ral things the steadier,
 Did but himself for idiot convince,
 Tho' reverenc'd by the learned ever since.
 Empedocles, to be esteem'd a God,
 Leapt into Ætna, with his sandals shod,
 That b'ing blown out discover'd, what an ass
 The great philosopher and jugler was,
 That to his own new deity sacrific'd,
 And was himself the victim, and the priest.
 The Cynic coin'd false money, and for fear
 Of being hang'd for't, turn'd philosopher ;
 Yet with his lanthorn went by day, to find
 One honest man i'th' heap of all mankind ;
 An idle freak, he needed not have done,
 If he had known himself to be but one.
 With swarms of maggots of the self-same rate,
 The learned of all ages celebrate ;
 Things that are properer for Knights-bridge Col-
 lege,
 Than th' authors and originals of knowledge ;
 More sottish, than the two fanatics trying
 To mend the world by laughing, or by cry-
 ing ;

Or he that laugh'd until he choak'd his whistle,
 To rally on an ass, that eat a thistle ;
 That th' antique sage, that was gallant t' a goose,
 A fitter mistress cou'd not pick, and chuse,
 Whose tempers, inclinations, sense, and wit,
 Like two indentures, did agree so fit.

The antient sceptics constantly deni'd
 What they maintain'd, and thought they justifi'd :

For when th' affirm'd, that nothing's to be known,

They did but what they said before disown ;

And, like polemics of the *Post*, pronounce*

The same thing to be true and false at once.

These follies had such influence on the rabble,

As to engage them in perpetual squabble ;

Divided Rome and Athens into clans

Of ignorant mechanic partisans ;

That, to maintain their own hypotheses,

Broke one another's blockheads, and the peace ;

Were often set by officers i'th' stocks

For quarrelling about a paradox :

When pudding-wives were launcht in cucking stools ;

For falling foul on oyster-women's schools.

* *And, like polemics of the Post, pronounce—The same thing to be true and false at once.*] Polemics, or, as they are usually called, *Knights of the Post*, were persons who were ready for hire to swear, in a court of justice, or before a judge, any thing that was required, like the *sham bail* of our time.—(EDITOR.)

No herb-women sold cabbages or onions,
But to their gossips of their own opinions.
A Peripatetic cobbler scorn'd to sole
A pair of shoes of any other school ;
And porters of the judgement of the Stoicks
To go an errand of the Cyrenaics ;
That us'd t'encounter in athletic lists,
With beard to beard, and teeth and nails to
fists,
Like modern kicks and cuffs among the youth
Of Academics, to maintain the truth.
But in the boldest feats of arms the Stoic
And Epicureans were the most heroic,
That stoutly ventur'd breaking of their necks,
To vindicate the int'rests of their sects,
And still behav'd themselves as resolute
In waging cuffs and bruises, as dispute ;
Until with wounds and bruises, which th' had
got,
Some hundreds were kill'd dead upon the spot :
When all their quarrels, rightly understood,
Were but to prove disputes the *sov'reign good*.

Distinctions, that had been at first design'd
To regulate the errors of the mind,
By b'ing too nicely overstrain'd and vext,
Have made the comment harder than the text ;
And do not now, like carving, hit the joint ;
But break the bones in pieces of a point ;

And with impertinent evasions force
 The clearest reason from its native course—
 That argue things s'uncertain 'tis no matter,
 Whether they are, or never were, in nature;
 And venture to demonstrate, when th'ave slur'd,
 And palm'd a fallacy upon a word.
 For disputants (as swordsmen use to fence
 With blunted foyles) engage with blunted sense;
 And as th' are wont to falsify a blow,
 Use nothing else to pass upon a foe:
 Or, if they venture further to attack,
 Like bowlers, strive to beat away the *jack*;
 And, when they find themselves too hardly prest
 on,
 Prevaricate, and change the state o'th' question,
 The noblest science of defence and art
 In practice now with all that controvert.
 And th' only mode of prizes, from Bear-garden
 Down to the schools, in giving blows, or ward-
 ing.

As old knights-errant in their harness fought
 As safe as in a castle, or redoubt;
 Gave one another desperate attacks,
 To storm the counterscarps upon their backs.
 So disputants advance, and post their arms,
 To storm the works of one another's terms,
 Fall foul on some extravagant expression,
 But ne'er attempt the main design and reason—

So some polemics use to draw their swords
Against the language only and the words :
As he, who fought at barriers with Salmasius,
Engag'd with nothing but his style and phrases ;
Wav'd to assert the murder of a prince,
The author of false Latin to convince ;
But laid the merits of the cause aside,
By those, that understood them, to be try'd.
And counted *breaking Priscian's head* * a thing
More capital, than to behead a king,
For which h' has been admir'd by all the learn'd
Of knaves concern'd, and pedants unconcern'd.

Judgement is but a curious pair of scales,
That turns with th' hundredth part of true or
false ;
And still, the more 'tis us'd, is wont t' abate
The subtlety and niceness of its weight,
Until 'tis false, and will not rise, nor fall,
Like those that are less artificial ;
And, therefore, students in their ways of judging
Are fain to swallow many a senseless gudgeon ;
And by their over-understanding lose
Its active faculty with too much use : ,
For reason, when too curiously 'tis spun,
Is but the next of all remov'd from none—
It is opinion governs all mankind,
As wisely as the blind, that leads the blind :

* *Breaking Priscian's head.*] See note, p. 110.

For as those surnames are esteem'd the best,
That signify in all things else the least;
So men pass fairest in the world's opinion,
That have the least of truth and reason in 'em.
Truth would undo the world, if it possess
The meanest of its right and interest;
Is but a titular princess, whose authority
Is always under age, and in minority.
Has all things done, and carried in its name,
But most of all, where it can lay no claim.
As far from gaiety and complaisance,
As greatness, insolence, and ignorance;
And, therefore, has surrendred her dominion
O'er all mankind to barbarous opinion,
That in her right usurps the tyrannies
And arbitrary government of lies—

As no tricks on the rope, but those that break,
Or come most near to breaking of a neck,
Are worth the sight; so nothing goes for wit,
But nonsense, or the next of all to it.
For nonsense being neither false nor true,
A little wit to any thing may screw;
And, when it has a while been us'd of course,
Will stand as well in virtue, pow'r, and force.
And pass for sense t' all purposes as good,
As if it had at first been understood.
For nonsense has the amplest privileges,
And more than all the strongest sense obliges,
That furnishes the schools with terms of art,
The mysteries of science to impart;

Supplies all seminaries with recruits
Of endless controversies and disputes ;
For learned nonsense has a deeper sound
Than easy sense, and goes for more profound.

For all our learned authors now compile
At charge of nothing, but the words and style ;
And the most curious critics of the learned
Believe themselves in nothing else concerned.
For as it is the garniture and dress,
That all things wear in books and languages,
(And all men's qualities are wont t' appear
According to the habits that they wear)
'Tis probable to be the truest test
Of all the ingenuity o'th' rest.
The lives of trees lie only in the barks,
And in their styles the wit of greatest clerks.
Hence 'twas the ancient Roman politicians
Went to the schools of foreign rhetoricians,
To learn the art of patrons (in defence
Of int'rest and their clients) eloquence ;
When consuls, censors, senators, and prætors,
With great dictators, us'd t' apply to rhetors,
To hear the greater magistrate o'th' school
Give sentence in his haughty chair-curule ;
And those, who mighty nations overcame,
Were fain to say their lessons, and declame.

Words are but pictures, true or false, design'd,
To draw the lines and features of the mind ;

The characters and artificial draughts,
T' express the inward images of thoughts ;
And artists say a picture may be good,
Although the moral be not understood ;
Whence some infer, they may admire a style,
Though all the rest be e'er so mean and vile ;
Applaud th' outsides of words, but never mind,
With what fantastic tawdery th' are lin'd.

So orators enchanted with the twang
Of their own trillos take delight t' harangue ;
Whose science, like a jugler's box and balls,
Conveys, and counterchanges true and false ;
Casts mists before an audience's eyes,
To pass the one for th' other in disguise ;
And like a morrice-dancer drest with bells,
Only to serve for noise, and nothing else,
Such as a carrier makes his cattle wear,
And hangs for pendants in a horse's ear ;
For, if the language will but bear the test,
No matter what becomes of all the rest :
The ablest orator, to save a word,
Would throw all sense and reason overboard.

Hence 'tis, that nothing else but eloquence
Is ti'd to such a prodigal expense ;
That lays out half the wit and sense it uses
Upon the other half's as vain excuses :
For all defences and apologies
Are but specifics t' other frauds and lies ;
And th' artificial wash of eloquence
Is daub'd in vain upon the clearest sense,

Only to stain the native ingenuity
Of equal brevity and perspicuity :
Whilst all the best and sob'rest things he does
Are when he coughs, or spits, or blows his nose ;
Handles no point so evident, and clear,
(Besides his white gloves) as his handkercher,
Unfolds the nicest scruple so distinct,
As if his talent had been wrapt up in't
Unthriftilly, and now he went about
Henceforward to improve, and put it out.

The pedants are a mungrel breed, that sojourn
Among the ancient writers and the modern ;
And, while their studies are between the one
And th' other spent, have nothing of their own ;
Like sponges, are both plants and animals,
And equally to both their natures false.
For whether 'tis their want of conversation
Inclines them to all sorts of affectation,
Their sedentary life and melancholy,
The everlasting nursery of folly ;
Their poring upon black and white too subt'ly
Has turn'd the insides of their brains to motly ;
Or squand'ring of their wits and time upon
Too many things has made them fit for none ;
Their constant overstraining of the mind
Distorts the brain, as horses break their wind ;
Or rude confusions of the things they read
Get up, like noxious vapours, in the head,

Until they have their constant wanes and fulls,
 And changes in the insides of their skulls :
 Or venturing beyond the reach of wit
 Has render'd them for all things else unfit ;
 But never bring the world and books together,
 And, therefore, never rightly judge of either ;
 Whence multitudes of reverend men and critics
 Have got a kind of intellectual rickets,
 And by th' immoderate excess of study
 Have found the sickly head t' outgrow the body.

For pedantry is but a corn, or wart
 Bred in the skin of judgement, sense, and art ;
 A stupified excrescence, like a wen,
 Fed by the peccant humours of learn'd men,
 That never grows from natural defects
 Of downright and untutor'd intellects,
 But from the over-curious and vain
 Distempers of an artificial brain—

So he, that once stood for the learnedst man,*
 Had read out Little-Britain and Duck-Lane,
 Worn out his reason, and reduc'd his body
 And brain to nothing with perpetual study ;
 Kept tutors of all sorts, and *virtuosos*,
 To read all authors to him with their glosses,
 And made his lacqueys, when he walk'd, bear folios
 Of dictionaries, lexicons, and scolias,

* *So he, that once stood for the learnedst man.*] I shall only just remark here, that our satirist very probably intended in this character to ridicule Selden. It is applicable enough to a scholar of his class ; and though they were once friends, yet they afterwards quarrelled ; and I find several other little strictures upon him in his common-place book.—(THYER.)

To be read to him, every way the wind
 Should chance to sit, before him or behind ;
 Had read out all th' imaginary duels,
 That had been fought by consonants and vowels ;
 Had crackt his skull, to find out proper places,
 To lay up all memoirs of things in cases ;
 And practis'd all the tricks upon the charts,
 To play with packs of sciences and arts,
 That serve t' improve a feeble gamester's study,
 That ventures at grammatic beast, or noddy ;
 Had read out all the catalogues of wares,
 That come in dry fats o'er from Franckfort fairs,
 Whose authors use t' articulate their surnames
 With scraps of Greek more learned than the Ger-
 mans ;
 Was wont to scatter books in ev'ry room,
 Where they might best be seen by all that come ;
 And lay a train, that nat'rally shou'd force
 What he design'd, as if it fell of course ;
 And all this with a worse success than Cardan,
 Who bought both books and learning at a bar-
 gain,*

* *And all this with a worse success than Cardan,—Who bought both books and learning at a bargain.*] This may allude to the miraculous way in which Cardan asserts he received a knowledge of Latin and other languages. He says, (*de Propr. Vit. c. xliii. p. 158.*) "Who could he be who came up to me, when if I recollect right, I was about twenty years of age, and sold me an Apuleius in Latin, and instantly departed? I however, though at that time I had never even been in a school except once, and who had no knowledge of the Latin language, and had only bought the book without thought for the sake of its gilt binding, the next day found myself as good a Latin scholar as I am at this day. The Greek also I learnt at once, and the French and the Spanish, only so however as to be able to read them, and not to hold conversations in them, being ignorant of the pronunciation and all their rules of grammar."—(EDITOR.)

When lighting on a philosophic spell,
Of which he never knew one syllable,
Presto, be gone! h' unriddled all he read,
As if he had to nothing else been bred.

MISCELLANEOUS

THOUGHTS.*

ALL men's intrigues and projects tend
By sev'ral courses to one end,
To compass, by the prop'rest shows,
Whatever their designs propose;
And that which owns the fair'st pretext
Is often found the indirect'st.

* This, and the other little sketches that follow, were among many of the same kind fairly wrote out by Butler in a sort of poetical Thesaurus, which I have before mentioned. Whether he intended ever to publish any of them, as separate distinct thoughts, or to interweave them into some future compositions, a thing very usual with him, cannot be ascertained; nor is it, indeed, very material to those who are fond of his manner of thinking and writing. I have ventured to give them the title of *Miscellaneous Thoughts*; but I have not been over curious in placing them in any methodical order. Out of this magazine he communicated to Mr. Aubrey that genuine fragment printed in his *Life*, beginning

*No jessit e'er took in hand
To plant a church in barren land;
Nor ever thought it worth the while
A Swede or Russ to reconcile, &c.*

The publishing of *Miscellaneous Thoughts*, or what passes under the name of *Table-talk*, might be justified by many names of the greatest authority in the learned world; and those sallies of wit, unconnectedly printed, sometimes give more pleasure, than when they are interspersed in a long and regular work; as it is often more entertaining to examine jewels separately in a cabinet, than to see them adorning a prince's crown, or a royal robe. One may venture to add, that these of our author must have a kind of additional recommendation by the agreeable singularity of their being in verse.—(THYER.)

Hence 'tis, that hypocrites still paint
Much fairer than the real saint,
And knaves appear more just and true
Than honest men, that make less show :
The dullest idiots in disguise
Appear more knowing than the wise ;
Illiterate dunces undiscern'd
Pass on the rabble for the learn'd ;
And cowards, that can damn and rant,
Pass muster for the valiant.
For he, that has but impudence,
To all things has a just pretence ;
And, put among his wants but shame,
To all the world may lay his claim.

How various and innumerable
Are those, who live upon the rabble ?
'Tis they maintain the church and state,
Employ the priest and magistrate ;
Bear all the charge of government,
And pay the public fines and rent ;
Defray all taxes and excises,
And impositions of all prices ;
Bear all th' expense of peace and war,
And pay the pulpit and the bar ;
Maintain all churches and religions,
And give their pastors exhibitions,
And those, who have the greatest flocks,
Are primitive and orthodox ;

Support all schismatics and sects,
And pay them for tormenting texts,
Take all their doctrines off their hands,
And pay 'em in good rents and lands ;
Discharge all costly offices,
The doctor's and the lawyer's fees,
The hangman's wages and the scores
Of caterpillar bawds and whores ;
Discharge all damages and costs
Of knights and squires of the post,
All statesmen, cutpurses, and padders,
And pay for all their ropes and ladders ;
All pettifoggers, and all sorts
Of mercats, churches, and of courts ;
All sums of money paid or spent,
With all the charges incident,
Laid out, or thrown away, or given
To purchase this world, hell or heaven.

Should once the world resolve t' abolish
All that's ridiculous, and foolish,
It wou'd have nothing left to do,
T' apply in jest or earnest to,
No business of importance, play,
Or state, to pass its time away.

The world would be more just, if truth and lies,
And right and wrong, did bear an equal price ;

But since impostures are so highly rais'd,
And faith and justice equally debas'd,
Few men have tempers for such paltry gains
T' undo themselves with drudgery and pains.

The sottish world without distinction looks
On all that passes on th' account of books;
And, when there are two scholars, that within
The species only hardly are a-kin,
The world will pass for men of equal knowledge,
If equally th' have loiter'd in a college.

Critics are like a kind of flies, that breed
In wild fig-trees, and when th' are grown up, feed
Upon the raw fruit of the nobler kind,
And by their nibbling on the outward rind
Open the pores, and make way for the sun
To rip'n it sooner, than he wou'd have done.

As all fanatics preach, so all men write
Out of the strength of gifts and inward light,
In spite of art; as horses thorough pac'd
Were never taught, and therefore go more fast.

In all mistakes the strict and regular
Are found to be the desp'ratst ways to err,

And worst to be avoided, as a wound
Is said to be the harder cur'd, that's round :
For error and mistake, the less th' appear,
In th' end are found to be the dangerouser ;
As no man minds those clocks, that use to go
Apparently too over-fast, or slow.

The truest characters of ignorance
Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance ;
As blind men use to bear their noses higher,
Than those that have their eyes and sight entire.

The metaphysic's but a puppet motion,
That goes with screws, the notion of a notion,
The copy of a copy, and lame draught
Unnaturally taken from a thought ;
That counterfeits all pantomimic tricks,
And turns the eyes like an old crucifix ;
That counterchanges whatsoe'er it calls
B' another name, and makes it true or false,
Turns truth to falsehood, falsehood into truth,
By virtue of the Babylonian's tooth.

'Tis not the art of schools to understand,
But make things hard, instead of b'ing explain'd ;
And therefore those are commonly the learned'st,
That only study between jest and earnest :

For when the end of learning's to pursue,
And trace the subtle steps of false and true,
They ne'er consider how th' are to apply,
But only listen to the noise and cry ;
And are so much delighted with the chace,
They never mind the taking of their preys.

More proselites and converts use t' accrue
To false persuasions, than the right and true :
For error and mistake are infinite,
But truth has but one way to be i' th' right ;
As numbers may t' infinity be grown,
But never be reduc'd to less than one.

All wit and fancy, like a diamond,
The more exact and curious 'tis ground,
Is forc'd for every caract to abate
As much in value, as it wants in weight.

The great St. Lewis, king of France,
Fighting against Mahometans,
In Ægypt, in the holy war,
Was routed and made prisoner.
The Sultan then, into whose hands
He and his army fell, demands
A thousand weight of gold, to free
And set them all at liberty.

The King pays down one half o' th' nail,
 And for the other offers bail
 The pyx, and in 't the eucharist
 The body of our Saviour Christ.
 The Turk consider'd, and allow'd
 The king's security for good ;
 Such credit had the Christian zeal
 In those days with an infidel,
 That will not pass for two-pence now
 Among themselves, 'tis grown so low.

Those, that go up hill, use to bow
 Their bodies forward, and stoop low,
 To poise themselves, and sometimes creep,
 When th' way is difficult and steep ;
 So those at court that do address
 By low ignoble offices,
 Can stoop to any thing, that's base,
 To wriggle into trust and grace,
 Are like to rise to greatness sooner
 Than those, that go by worth and honour.

All acts of grace, and pardon and oblivion
 Are meant of services, that are forgiven,
 And not of crimes delinquents have committed,
 And rather been rewarded, than acquitted.

Lions are kings of beasts, and yet their pow'r
Is not to rule and govern, but devour :
Such savage kings all tyrants are, and they
No better than mere beasts, that do obey.

Nothing's more dull and negligent
Than an old lazy government ;
That knows no interest of state,
But such as serves a present strait,
And to patch up, or shift, will close,
Or break alike with friends or foes ;
That runs behind-hand, and has spent
Its credit to the last extent ;
And the first time 'tis at a loss
Has not one true friend, nor one cross.

The Devil was the first o' th' name,
From whom the race of rebels came,
Who was the first bold undertaker
Of bearing arms against his maker ;
And, though miscarrying in th' event,
Was never yet known to repent,
Though tumbl'd from the top of bliss
Down to the bottomless abyss ;
A property, which from their prince
The family owns ever since,
And therefore ne'er repent the evil
They do, or suffer, like the Devil.

The worst of rebels never arm
To do their king or country harm ;
But draw their swords to do them good,
As doctors cure by letting blood.

No seared conscience is so fell,
As that, which has been burnt with zeal :
For christian charity's as well
A great impediment to zeal,
As zeal a pestilent disease
To christian charity and peace.

As thistles wear the softest down,
To hide their prickles till they're grown ;
And then declare themselves and tear
Whatever ventures to come near :
So a smooth knave does greater feats
Than one, that idly rails and threats,
And all the mischief, that he meant,
Does like a rattle-snake prevent.

Man is supreme lord and master
Of his own ruin and disaster,
Controuls his fate, but nothing less
In ordering his own happiness :
For all his care and providence
Is too too feeble a defence,

To render it secure and certain
Against the injuries of fortune ;
And oft, in spite of all his wit,
Is lost with one unlucky hit,
And ruin'd with a circumstance,
And mere punctilio of chance.

Dame fortune, some men's tutelar,
Takes charge of them without their care,
Does all their drudgery and work,
Like fairies, for them in the dark,
Conducts them blindfold, and advances
The naturals by blinder chances :
While others by desert or wit,
Could never make the matter hit,
But still, the better they deserve,
Are but the abler thought to starve.

Great wits have only been preferr'd
In princes' trains to be interr'd ;
And, when they cost them nothing, plac'd
Among their followers not the last ;
But, while they liv'd, were far enough
From all admittances kept off.

As gold, that's proof against th' assay,
Upon the touchstone wears away ;

And having stood the greater test,
Is overmaster'd by the least :
So some men, having stood the hate
And spiteful cruelty of fate,
Transported with a false caress
Of unacquainted happiness,
Lost to humanity and sense,
Have fall'n as low as insolence.

— Innocence is a defence
For nothing else but patience ;
'Twill not bear out the blows of fate,
Nor fence against the tricks of state ;
Nor from th' oppression of the laws
Protect the plain'st and justest cause ;
Nor keep unspotted a good name
Against the obloquies of fame ;
Feeble as patience, and as soon
By being blown upon undone :
As beasts are hunted for their furs,
Men for their virtues fare the worse.

Who doth not know, with what fierce rage
Opinions, true or false, engage ?
And, 'cause they govern all mankind,
Like the blind's leading of the blind,
All claim an equal interest,
And free'dominion o'er the rest.

And as one shield, that fell from heav'n,
Was counterfeited by eleven,
The better to secure the fate,*
And lasting empire of a state ;
The false are num'rous, and the true,
That only have the right, but few.
Hence fools, that understand 'em least,
Are still the fiercest in contest ;
Unsight unseen espouse a side
At random, like a prince's bride,
To damn their souls, and swear and lye for,
And at a venture live and die for.

Opinion governs all mankind,
Like the blind's leading of the blind ;
For he, that has no eyes in's head,
Must be b' a dog glad to be led ;
And no beasts have so little in 'em
As that inhuman brute, opinion.
'Tis an infectious pestilence,
The tokens upon wit and sense,
That with a venomous contagion
Invades the sick imagination ;
And, when it seizes any part,
It strikes the poyson to the heart.

* Referring to the shield which was pretended to have fallen into Numa's hands from heaven, the preservation of which, would, it was supposed, ensure the safety of Rome ; and in order the more effectually to accomplish this object, eleven others were made so exactly similar, that it was not possible to distinguish them.—

This men of one another catch
By contact, as the humours match ;
And nothing's so perverse in nature,
As a profound opiniaster.

Authority intoxicates,
And makes mere sots of magistrates,
The fumes of it invade the brain,
And make men giddy, proud, and vain :
By this the fool commands the wise ;
The noble with the base complies,
The sot assumes the rule of wit,
And cowards make the base submit.

A godly man, that has serv'd out his time
In holiness, may set up any crime ;
As scholars, when th' have taken their degrees,
May set up any faculty they please.

Why shou'd not piety be made,
As well as equity, a trade,
And men get money by devotion,
As well as making of a motion ;
B' allow'd to pray upon conditions,
As well as suiters in petitions ;
And in a congregation pray,
No less than chanc'ry for pay ?

A teacher's doctrine and his proof
Is all his province, and enough ;
But is no more concern'd in use,
Than shoemakers to wear all shoes.

The sob'rest saints are more stiffnecked,
Than th' hottest-headed of the wicked.

Hypocrisy will serve as well
To propagate a church, as zeal ;
As persecution and promotion
Do equally advance devotion :
So round white stones will serve, they say,
As well as eggs, to make hens lay.

The greatest saints and sinners have been made
Of proselites of one another's trade.

Your wise and cautious consciences
Are free to take what course they please ;
Have plenary indulgence to dispose,
At pleasure of the strictest vows ;
And challenge heav'n, they made 'm to,
To vouch and witness what they do ;
And when they prove averse and loth,
Yet for convenience take an oath ;

Not only can dispense, but make it
A greater sin to keep, than take it ;
Can bind and loose all sorts of sin,
And only keeps the keys within ;
Has no superior to controul,
But what itself sets o'er the soul ;
And, when it is enjoin'd t' obey,
Is but confin'd, and keeps the key ;
Can walk invisible, and where,
And when, and how it will appear ;
Can turn itself into disguises
Of all sorts, for all sorts of vices ;
Can transubstantiate, metamorphose,
And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus ;
Make woods, and tenements, and lands
Obey, and follow its commands,
And settle on a new freehold,
As Marclay-hill remov'd of old ; *
Make mountains move with greater force,
Than faith, to new proprietors ;
And perjures, to secure th' enjoyments.
Of public charges and employments :
For true and faithful, good and just,
Are but preparatives to trust,
The gilt and ornament of things,
And not their movements, wheels, and springs.

All love at first, like generous wine,
Ferments and frets, until 'tis fine ;

* See *Hudibras*, v. 3. p. 102, note.—Edit. 1819.

But when 'tis settl'd on the lee,
And from th' impurer matter free,
Becomes the richer still, the older,
And proves the pleasanter, the colder.

The motions of the earth or sun,
(The lord knows which) that turn, or run,
Are both perform'd by fits and starts,
And so are those of lover's hearts,
Which, though they keep no even pace,
Move true and constant to one place.

Love is too great a happiness
For wretched mortals to possess :
For, could it hold inviolate
Against those cruelties of fate,
Which all felicities below
By rigid laws are subject to,
It wou'd become a bliss too high,
For perishing mortality,
Translate to earth the joys above,
For nothing goes to heav'n but love.

All wild, but gen'rous creatures live of course
As if they had agreed for better or worse :
The lion's constant to his only miss,
And never leaves his faithful lioness ;

And she as chaste and true to him agen,
As virtuous ladies use to be to men.
The docile and ingenious elephant
T' his own and only female is galant;
And she as true and constant to his bed,
That first enjoy'd her single maidenhead :
But paltry rams, and bulls, and goats, and boars
Are never satisfy'd with new amours ;
As all poltroons with us delight to range,
And, though but for the worst of all, to change.

The souls of women are so small,
That some believe th' have none at all ;
Or if they have, like cripples, still
Th' ave but one faculty, the will ;
The other two are quite laid by
To make up one great tyranny :
And though their passions have most pow'r,
They are, like Turks, but slaves the more
To th' abs'lute will, that with a breath
Has sov'rain pow'r of life and death,
And, as its little int'rests move,
Can turn 'em all to hate or love,
For nothing in a moment turn
To frantic love, disdain, and scorn ;
And make that love degenerate
T' as great extremity of hate ;
And hate again, and scorn, and piques
To flames and raptures, and love-tricks.

All sorts of vot'ries, that profess
To bind themselves apprentices
To heav'n, abjure with sólemn vows
Not cut and long-tail, but a spouse,
As th' worst of all impediments
To hinder their devout intents.

Most virgins marry, just as nuns
The same thing the same way renounce ;
Before th' ave wit to understand
The bold attempt, they take in hand ;
Or having staid, and lost their tides,
Are out of season grown for brides.

The credit of the marriage-bed
Has been so loosely husbanded,
Men only deal for ready money,
And women sep'rate alimony ;
And ladies-errant for debauching
Have better terms, and equal caution ;
And for their journeywork and pains
The chairwomen clear greater gains.

As wine, that with its own weight runs, is best,
And counted much more noble than the prest :
So is that poetry, whose gen'rous strains
Flow without servile study, art, or pains.

Some call it fury, some a muse,
That, as possessing devils use,
Haunts, and forsakes a man, by fits;
And when he's in, he's out of 's wits.

All writers, though of diff'rent fancies,
Do make all people in romances,
That are distrest and discontent,
Make songs, and sing t' an instrument,
And poets by their sufferings grow;
As if there were no more to do,
To make a poet excellent,
But only want and discontent.

It is not poetry, that makes men poor;
For few do write, that were not so before;
And those, that have writ best, had they been rich,
Had ne'er been clap'd with a poetic itch;
Had lov'd their ease too well, to take the pains
To undergo that drudgery of brains;
But being for all other trades unfit,
Only t' avoid being idle, set up wit.

They, that do write in authors' praises,
And freely give their friends their voices,
Are not confin'd to what is true;
That's not to give, but pay a due:

For praise, that's due, does give no more
To worth, than what it had before ;
But to commend without desert
Requires a mastery of art,
That sets a gloss on what's amiss,
And writes what should be, not what is.

In foreign universities,
When a king's born, or weds, or dies,
Streight other studies are laid by,
And all apply to poetry :
Some write in Hebrew, some in Greek,
And some more wise in Arabic,
T' avoid the critic, and th' expense
Of difficulter wit and sense ;
And seem more learnedish, than those,
That at a greater charge compose.
The doctors lead, the students follow ;
Some call him Mars, and some Apollo,
Some Jupiter, and give him th' odds,
On even terms, of all the gods :
Then Cæsar he's nicknam'd, as duly as
He that in Rome was christen'd Julius,
And was addrest to by a crow
As pertinently long ago ;
And with more hero's names is stil'd,
Than saints are clubb'd t' an Austrian child :
And as wit goes by colleges,
As well as standing and degrees,

He still writes better than the rest,
That's of the house, that's counted best.

Far greater numbers have been lost by hopes
Than all the magazines of daggers, ropes,
And other ammunitions of despair
Were ever able to dispatch by fear.

There's nothing our felicities endears,
Like that, which falls among our doubts and fears,
And in the miserablest of distress
Improves attempts as desp'rate with success ;
Success that owns and justifies all quarrels,
And vindicates deserts of hemp with laurels ;
Or, but miscarrying in the bold attempt,
Turns wreaths of laurel back again to hemp.

The people have as much a neg'tive voice
To hinder making war without their choice,
As kings of making laws in parliament ;
No money is as good, as *no assent*.

When princes idly lead about,
Those of their party follow suit,
Till others trump upon their play,
And turn the cards another way.

What makes all subjects discontent
Against a prince's government,
And princes take as great offence
At subjects' disobedience,
That neither th' other can abide,
But too much reason on each side ?

Authority is a disease and cure,
Which men can neither want, nor well endure.

Dame Justice puts her sword into the scales,
With which she's said to weigh out true and false,
With no design, but, like the antique Gaul,
To get more money from the capitol.*

All that, which law and equity miscalls
By th' empty idle names of true and false,
Is nothing else but maggots blown between
False witnesses, and falser jurymen.

No court allows those partial interlopers
Of law and equity, two single paupers,

* The Romans having agreed, when the capitol was invested by the Gauls under Brennus, to pay a thousand pounds weight of gold, on condition that the besiegers would raise the siege and quit the Roman territories, were proceeding to weigh the gold, when the Gauls endeavoured fraudulently to kick the beam, and on the Romans remonstrating, Brennus threw his sword into the scales.—(EDITOR.)

T' encounter hand to hand at bars, and trounce
Each other gratis in a suit at once :
For one at one time, and upon free cost, is
Enough to play the knave and fool with justice ;
And when the one side bringeth custom in,
And th' other lays out half the reckoning,
The devil himself will rather chuse to play
At paltry small game, than sit out, they say ;
But, when at all there's nothing to be got,
The old wife law and justice will not trot.

The law that makes more knaves than e'er it hung,
Little considers right or wrong ;
But like authority's soon satisfy'd,
When 'tis to judge on its own side.

The law can take a purse in open court,
Whilst it condemns a less delinquent for't.

Who can deserve for breaking of the laws
A greater penance, than an honest cause.

All those, that do but rob and steal enough,
Are punishment and court of justice proof ;
And need not fear, nor be concern'd a straw
In all the idle bugbears of the law,

But confidently rob the gallows too,
As well as other sufferers of their due.

Old laws have not been suffer'd to be pointed,
To leave the sense at large the more disjointed,
And furnish lawyers, with the greater ease,
To turn and wind them any way they please.
The statute-law's their scripture, and reports
The ancient rev'rend fathers of their courts,
Records their general councils, and decisions
Of judges on the bench their sole traditions,
For which, like catholics, th' ave greater awe,
As th' arbitrary and unwritten law,
And strive perpetually to make the standard
Of right between the tenant and the landlord :
And when two cases at a trial meet,
That, like indentures, jump exactly fit,
And all the points, like chequer-tallies suit,
The court directs the obstinat'st dispute ;
There's no decorum us'd of time, nor place,
Nor quality, nor person in the case.

A man of quick and active wit
For drudgery is more unfit,
Compar'd to those of duller parts,
Than running-nags to draw in carts.

Too much, or too little wit
Do only render th' owners fit
For nothing, but to be undone
Much easier, than if th' had none.

As those, that are stark blind, can trace
The nearest ways from place to place,
And find the right way easier out
Than those, that hood-wink'd try to do't :
So tricks of state are manag'd best
By those that are suspected least,
And greatest *finesse* brought about
By engines most unlike to do't.

All the politics of the great
Are like the cunning of a cheat,
That lets his false dice freely run,
And trusts them to themselves alone ;
But never lets a true one stir
Without some fing'ring trick or slur ;
And, when the gamesters doubt his play,
Conveys his false dice safe away,
And leaves the true ones in the lurch,
T' endure the torture of the search

What else does history use to tell us,
But tales of subjects b'ing rebellious,

The vain perfidiousness of lords,
And fatal breach of princes' words,
The sottish pride and insolence
Of statesmen, and their want of sense,
Their treach'ry, that undoes of custom
Their own selves first, next those who trust 'em ?

Because a feeble limb's carest,
And more indulg'd than all the rest ;
So frail and tender consciences
Are humour'd to do what they please ;
When that, which goes for weak and feeble,
Is found the most incorrigible,
T' outdo all the fiends in hell
With rapine, murther, blood, and zeal.

As at th' approach of winter, all
The leaves of great trees use to fall,
And leave them naked to engage
With storms and tempests when they rage ;
While humbler plants are found to wear
Their fresh green liveries all the year :
So, when the glorious season's gone
With great men, and hard times come on,
The great'st calamities oppress
The greatest still, and spare the less.

As, when a greedy raven sees
A sheep entangl'd by the fleece,
With hasty cruelty he flies
T' attack him, and pick out his eyes :
So do those vultures use, that keep
Poor pris'ners fast like silly sheep,
As greedily to prey on all,
That in their rav'nous clutches fall.
For thorns and brambles, that came in,
To wait upon the curse for sin ;
And were no part o'th' first creation,
But for revenge a new plantation,
Are yet the fit'st materials
T' enclose the earth with living walls :
So jailors, that are most accurst,
Are found most fit in being worst.

There needs no other charm, nor conjurer
To raise infernal spirits up, but fear ;
That makes men pull their horns in, like a snail,
That's both a pris'ner to itself, and jail ;
Draws more fantastic shapes, than in the grains
Of knotted wood, in some men's crazy brains ;
When all the cocks, they think they see, and bulls
Are only in the insides of their skulls.

The Roman Mufti with his triple crown
Does both the earth, and hell, and heav'n own,

Beside th' imaginary territory,
He lays a title to in Purgatory ;
Declares himself an absolute free prince
In his dominions, only over sins ;
But, as for heaven since it lies so far
Above him, is but only titular,
And, like his cross-keys' badge upon a tavern,
Has nothing there to tempt, command, or govern :
Yet, when he comes to take accmpt and share
The profit of his prostituted ware,
He finds his gains increase by sin and women,
Above his richest titular dominion.

A Jubilee is but a spiritual fair,
T' expose to sale all sorts of impious ware ;
In which his Holiness buys nothing in
To stock his magazines, but deadly sin ;
And deals in extraordinary crimes,
That are not vendible at other times ;
For dealing both for Judas and th' High-priest,
He makes a plentiful trade of Christ.

That spiritual pattern of the Church, the Ark,
In which the ancient world did once embark,
Had ne'er a helm in't to direct its way,
Although bound through an universal sea ;
When all the modern Church of Rome's concern
Is nothing else, but in the helm and stern.

— In the Church of Rome to go to shrift
Is but to put the soul on a clean shift.

An ass will with his long ears fray
The flies, that tickle him, away ;
But man delights to have his ears
Blown maggots in by flatterers.

All Wit does but divert men from the road,
In which things vulgarly are understood,
And force mistake and ignorance to own
A better sense, than commonly is known.

In little trades more cheats and lying
Are us'd in selling, than in buying ;
But in the great unjuster dealing
Is us'd in buying, than in selling.

All smatt'ers are more brisk and pert,
Than those that understand an art ;
As little sparkles shine more bright,
Than glowing coals, that give them light.

Law does not put the least restraint
Upon our freedom, but maintain't ;

Or if it does, 'tis for our good,
To give us freer latitude :
For wholesome laws preserve us free
By stinting of our liberty.

The world has long endeavour'd to reduce
Those things to practice, that are of no use ;
And strives to practise things of speculation,
And bring the practical to contemplation ;
And by that error renders both in vain,
By forcing Nature's course against the grain.

In all the world there is no vice
Less prone t' excess than avarice :
It neither cares for food, nor clothing :
Nature's content with little, that with nothing.

In Rome no temple was so low
As that of Honour, built to show
How humble honour ought to be,
Though there 'twas all authority.

It is a harder thing for men to rate
Their own parts at an equal estimate,
Than cast up fractions, in the accompt of Heav'n,
Of time and motion, and adjust them ev'n :

For modest persons never had a true
Particular of all, that is their due.

Some people's fortunes, like a weft or stray,
Are only gain'd by losing of their way.

As he that makes his mark is understood
To write his name, and 'tis in law as good :
So he, that cannot write one word of sense,
Believes he has as legal a pretence
To scribble what he does not understand,
As idiots have a title to their land.

Were Tully now alive he'd be to seek
In all our Latin terms of art, and Greek ;
Wou'd never understand one word of sense,
The most irrefragable schoolman means :
As if the Schools design'd their terms of art,
Not to advance a science, but divert ;
As *Hocus Pocus* conjures to amuse
The rabble from observing what he does.

As 'tis a greater mystery in the art
Of painting to foreshorten any part,
Than draw it out ; so 'tis in books the chief
Of all perfections to be plain and brief.

The man, that for his profit's bought t' obey,
Is only hir'd, on liking, to betray ;
And, when he's bid a liberaller price,
Will not be sluggish in the work, nor nice.

Opiniaters naturally differ
From other men ; as wooden legs are stiffer
Than those of pliant joints, to yield and bow,
Which way soever th' are design'd to go.

—— Navigation, that withstood
The mortal fury of the Flood,
And prov'd the only means to save
All earthly creatures from the wave,
Has, for it, taught the sea and wind
To lay a tribute on mankind,
That, by degrees, has swallow'd more,
Than all it drown'd at once before.

The prince of Syracuse, whose destin'd fate
It was to keep a school, and rule a state,
Found that his sceptre never was so aw'd,
As when it was translated to a rod ;
And that his subjects never were s' obedient,
As when he was inaugurated pedant :
For to instruct is greater than to rule,
And no command's s' imperious as a school.

As he, whose destiny does prove
To dangle in the air above,
Does lose his life for want of air,
That only fell to be his share :
So he, whom fate at once design'd
To plenty and a wretched mind,
Is but condemn'd t' a rich distress,
And starves with niggardly excess.

The Universal medicine 's a trick,
That nature never meant to cure the sick,
Unless by death, the singular receipt,
To root out all diseases by the great :
For universals deal in no one part
Of nature, nor particulars of art ;
And therefore that French quack that set up
 physic,
Call'd his receipt a general specific,
For tho' in mortal poisons every one
Is mortal universally alone,
Yet nature never made an antidote
To cure 'em all, as easy as th' are got ;
Much less, among so many variations
Of diff'rent maladies and complications,
Make all the contrarieties in nature
Submit themselves t' an equal moderator.

A convert's but a fly, that turns about
After his head's pull'd off, to find it out.

—— All mankind is but a rabble
As silly and unreasonable,
As those, that crowding in the street
To see a show or monster meet ;
Of whom no one is in the right,
Yet all fall out about the sight ;
And when they chance t' agree the choice is
Still in the most and worst of vices ;
And all the reasons that prevail
Are measur'd, not by weight, but tale.

As in all great and crowded fairs
Monsters and puppet-plays are wares,
Which in the less will not go off,
Because they have not money enough :
So men in princes' courts will pass,
That will not in another place.

Logicians us'd to clap a proposition,
As justices do criminals, in prison ;
And in as learn'd authentic nonsense writ
The names of all their moods and figures fit ;
For a logician's one, that has been broke
To ride and pace his reason by the book,

And by their rules, and precepts, and examples,
To put his wits into a kind of trammels.

Those get the least, that take the greatest pains,
But most of all i'th' drudgery of the brains,
A natural sign of weakness, as an ant
Is more laborious than an elephant ;
And children are more busy at their play,
Than those, that wisely'st pass their time away.

All the inventions that the world contains,
Were not by reason first found out, nor brains ;
But pass for their's, who had the luck to light
Upon them by mistake, or oversight.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

Do not unjustly blame
My guiltless breast,
For vent'ring to disclose a flame,
It had so long suppress.

In its own ashes it design'd
For ever to have lain,
But that my sighs, like blasts of wind,
Made it break out again.

TO THE SAME.

Do not mine affection slight,
'Cause my locks with age are white :
Your breasts have snow without, and snow within,
While flames of fire in your bright eyes are seen.

TRIPLETS

UPON AVARICE.

As misers their own laws enjoin
To wear no pockets in the mine,
For fear they should the ore purloin :

So he, that toils and labours hard
To gain, and what he gets has spar'd,
Is from the use of all debarr'd.

And tho' he can produce more spankers
Than all the usurers and bankers,
Yet after more and more he hankers ;

And after all his pains are done,
Has nothing he can call his own,
But a mere livelihood alone.

EPIGRAM

ON A

CLUB OF SOTS.

- **THE jolly members of a toping club,
Like pipestaves, are but hoop'd into a tub ;
And in a close confederacy link,
For nothing else, but only to hold drink.**

DESCRIPTION
OF
HOLLAND.

A COUNTRY that draws fifty foot of water,
In which men live, as in the hold of nature ;
And when the sea does in upon them break,
And drown a province, does but spring a leak ;
That always ply the pump, and never think
They can be safe, but at the rate they stink ;
That live as if they had been run a-ground,
And, when they die, are cast away and drown'd ;
That dwell in ships, like swarms of rats, and prey
Upon the goods, all nations' fleets convey,
And when their merchants are blown-up and
crackt,
Whole towns are cast away in storms and wreckt ;
That feed, like cannibals, on other fishes,
And serve their cousin-germans up in dishes ;
A land, that rides at anchor, and is moor'd,
In which they do not live, but go a-board.

VARIOUS READINGS

OF, AND ADDITIONS TO

HUDIBRAS.*

Part I. canto I. line 115.

THAT had the greatest orator
Of all the Greeks, who heretofore
Did fill his mouth with pebble stones,
To learn the better to pronounce,
But known his harder rhetorick,
He wou'd have us'd no other trick.

Part II. canto I. line 285.

He thought it now the fittest moment,
The lady's amorous pangs to foment,

* Finding in Butler's manuscripts the original of many of his ideas, afterwards transferred into *Hudibras*, as well as different versions of and additions to several passages, and various thoughts illustrative of that poem; and considering, that to trace the thoughts of a man of genius from their first dawning to their developement,—to observe the quantity of acquired power which they possess,—the manner in which they have been altered, diminished, or amplified,—is equally agreeable as an amusement, and instructive, as shewing the working of the intellectual faculty, I have made a selection of such passages as in this view I thought most interesting.—(EDITOR.)

The hopefulest critical occasion
To pass upon her with his passion,
The likeliest planetary crisis
For stratagems and love surprises.
Who ever was a homelier lover
Than Hercules, th' heroic drover ?
Yet, when he woo'd at quarterstaf,
What lady's purtenance was safe ?
For sympathetic blows as well,
No doubt, may wound as powder heal.

Part II. canto II. line 15.

To fight for truth is but the sole dominion
Of ev'ry idiot's humour or opinion,
And what it fancies truth maintains,
By vent'ring t' hardest blows its brains ;
And he, whose noddle is most tough,
Demonstrates with the clearest proof.

Ibid. line 18.

What sort of creature summum bonum was,
Philosophers describe so like an ass ;
If virtue were an animal determine,
Or vice but insects, and imperfect vermin.

Part II. canto II. line 47.—CONSCIENCE.

For wise and cautious consciences
Are free to take what course they please,
And plenary indulgence to dispose
At pleasure of the strictest vows,
And challenge heaven, they made 'em to,
To vouch and witness what they do ;
And when they prove averse and loath,
Yet for conscience take an oath ;
Not only can dispense, but make it
A greater sin to keep, than take it ;
Can bind and loose all sorts of sin,
And only keeps the keys within ;
Has no superior to controul,
But what itself sets o'er the soul,
And, when it is enjoin'd to obey,
Is but confin'd, and keeps the key ;
Can walk invisible, and where,
And when, and how it will appear ;
Can turn itself into disguises
Of all sorts, for all sorts of vices ;
Can transubstantiate, metamorphose,
And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus ;
Make woods, and tenements, and lands
Obey and follow its commands ;
And settle on a new freehold,
As Marcy Hill, remov'd of old ;
Make mountains move with greater force
Than faith to new proprietors ;

And perjure, to secure th' enjoyments
Of public charges and employments ;
For true and faithful, good, and just,
Are but preparatives to trust,
The gilt and ornament of things,
And not their movements, wheels, and springs,
For a large conscience is all one,
And signifies the same with none.

Part II. canto II. line 133.

Fanaticks hold the scripture does not bar
The bearing of false witness for
A spiritual neighbour, but against ;
For only that's forbid the saints ;
When some among 'em have had calls
To swear for brethren, true or false,
They have been bred up by the saints
To swear without the least restraints,
Which, when it does not reach to blood.
Weighs nothing with the brotherhood.

Ibid. line 201.

God does not put those strict restraints
Upon his favourites the saints,
As on his slaves, the reprobates,
The drudges he abhors and hates ;
Nor does he look for that attendance
From privy chamber independants,

As from the presbyterian rout,
That wait like sentinels without.

Part II. canto III. line 522.—SIDROPHEL.

As Campanella, when he writ,
Striv'd to look like his reader's wit :
So Sidrophel still striv'd to look
As wise as those to whom he spoke,
And oft would shake his pensive head,
To stir his wit up, when 'twas dead ;
As clerks their ink bottles do shake,
To make it shine more bright and black.

Part III. canto I. line 319.

With cow-itch meazl'd like a siser,
And smutch'd i' th' nose with Guinea pepper,
With drink and dewtry* cast in trances,
And all the mad'st extravagances ;
Dismounted into sloughs and ditches
By friends and spirits, rais'd by witches
And conjur'd into raving fits,
Like one that's outed of his wits.

* Dewtry is an East India plant of intoxicating qualities, a small quantity of which, it is said, will render the person who takes it insensible to present objects, and transport him to imaginary scenes.—(EDITOR.)

Part III. canto I. line 329.

Employs me out upon perpetual jobs
Of gimcracks and fantastick jigambobs ;
Or grinding glasses in a punctual minute
For mysteries, which they believe are in it ;
That keep me in insufferable fears,
And everlasting danger of my ears ;
When guiltlesser delinquents have been scourg'd,
And hemp, in docks, on wooden anvils forg'd.

Ibid. line 365.

That think their talents most adroit
For any mystical exploit ;
To deal in love, and news, and weather,
And thieves, and matches altogether.

Ibid. line 379.

The Dev'l had granted him a lease
Of's life, for secret services,
Which he made o'er in trust to me,
And I, t' appear a just trustee,
Found out a flaw in't, which I knew
Would make him, when I pleased, renew :
And, therefore, when the time drew nigh,
I put his bill in equity,
And bid the Devil take his course ;
But he, who knew that med'cine worse
Than the disease, let fall his suit,
And fled to hell t' avoid dispute ;

But yet, conceiving himself wrong'd,
And knowing what t' his place belong'd,
That, tho' he could not touch a life,
Could plague with botches, and a wife,
He sent me that mysterious fob,
As he had done before to Job ;
And gave th' ungrateful wretch commission
To use me in this sad condition,
To pay m' in kind for all my sins,
As whips are made of horses' skins.

Part III. canto I. line 579.

When all his suit is but a mart.
For if he win the lady's heart,
Upon the marriage-day is paid,
Or hour of death, the bet he laid ;
And all the rest, of bett'r or worse,
Is but a loser out of purse.

Ibid. line 647.

For love, that is both man and beast,
Is equally with both possest,
And, like a Pythagorean soul,
Runs through all sorts of fish and fowl,
Retains a smack of ev'ry one
He shows his mighty power upon ;
And whensoever he's mad and fond,
Has something of the vagabond ;

And as a Pythagorean soul
Runs through all silly beasts and fowl;
So, ere he had it, his had done,
And had a smack of every one.

Part III. canto I. line 650.

Love's but the running of the fancy,
A clap of fond extravagancy,
That, if it be not stop'd in time,
Breaks out in botches of vile rhime;
And when 'tis with love-powder laden,
And prim'd and cock'd by miss or madam,
The smallest sparkle of an eye
Gives fire to his artillery.

Ibid. line 717.

Nor can diseases, though begot
By one or both, untie the knot,
For health and sickness b'ing all one,
Which both engag'd before to own;
And are not with their bodies bound
To worship only when th' are sound:
The worst that falls can be no more
Than was provided for before;
And when both sides have shar'd the hurt,
Who ever did it suffers for 't.

Part III. canto I. line 733.

No sooner are they made one flesh,
And both compounded int' a mesh,
But sexes prove the next debate,
And who has right to this, or that,
Or whether slavery or dominion
Belong to that of men or women,
Until the issue has been try'd,
And found most frequent for the bride,
Who can reduce the greatest brave
To be her utensil and slave ;
To husband takes him during life,
And makes but helper to his wife.

Ibid. line 779.

Your eyes are not two precious stones,
Nor twinkling stars, but radiant suns,
That dazle those that look upon ye,
And scorch all other ladies tawny ;
Your shining hair of the same fleece is
With that of heavenly Berenices ;
Your lips no rubies, but the stain
Of th' heav'nly dragon's blood in grain ;
Your teeth not pearles, but whiter far
Than those of the heav'nly Dog-star.

Ibid. line 795.

That like their watches wear their faces,
In delicate enamel'd cases,

And all their sense and wit as tawdry,
Except their native talent, bawdry.

Part III. canto 1. line 913.

For though the less love costs of pains
And slav'ry, 'tis the clearer gains;
As wine, the friend of love, proves best
That freely runs before 'tis prest.
Some lovers are besotted most,
Where most they find their matters crost;
As other beasts are sharper set,
The less they are allowed to eat.

Ibid. line 1134.

As in dreams, the hands and feet
Are not so vig'rous and fleet;
But, when th' engage to strike or run,
They both fall slow, and faintly on;
So did the renegado knight,
Perform his waking dream of fight.

Ibid. line 1017.

With rhyme and begging presents prove
To make returns of heart and love,
As Indians, for glass-beads and trinkets,
Exchange rich stones, and pearls, and ingots:
For there's no mystery nor trade
But in the art of love is made.

Part III. canto I. line 1470.

And engineers, the best divines,
And soundest doctrine, drawing lines;
Or taking forts and sconces in
The safest way to conquer sin;
And military discipline
Reveal'd to be by right divine;
Or men of war to overcome
The flesh and devil with a drum;
Else what can engines and edg'd tools
Pretend to do with saving souls?

Ibid. canto II. line 13.

The Persian Magi, who were brothers
To those that got 'em on their mothers,
And held unqualified t' enjoy
That dignity any other way,
With all submission had given place
To this unmixed and purer race;
So we and they became a-kin,
Wh' are both our sons and brethren.

Ibid. line 151.

As if they meant to build upon
The old design of Babylon,
Had coin'd a language for their sticklers,
Worse than the Mesopotamian bricklay'rs,
And edified their canting jabberers
Beyond the gibbrish of their labourers.

Part III. canto II. line 156.

For none but jesuits are allow'd here,
To propagate the faith with powder ;
For what can serve their purpose fitter
To prove their church deriv'd from Peter ?

Ibid. line 355.

As politick as if one eye
Upon the other were a spy,
And jealous, as if both his ears
Had eaves dropt what each other hears,
And so trepan the one to think
The other blind, both strove to blink.

Ibid. line 369.

As if the changling had been truck'd
In clouts by witches, whom he suck'd
The magick from, to turn himself
To any figure, like an elf.

Ibid. line 375.—CHARACTER OF LORD SHAFTESBURY.

Who, like a skilful rhetorician,
Knew how to order his transition
So cunningly, the quickest sense
Could ne'er discover his pretence ;
Nor what he went about discover,
Until the whole design was over.

Part III. canto II. line 391.

For as, at th' end of a game, 'tis lawful
Before the next to cut and shuffle,
He understood all common places
Of treachery, and their intricacies ;
The doctrine and the discipline
Of all cheats, moral and divine ;
The price of principles, and the rates
Of shifting them at turns of states,
And always valued them the more
The oftener th' had been sold before,
For he believed perfidiousness
Was like the small-pox or disease,
Which no man's temper 's free against,
But first or last the blood attaints ;
And only those are treason proof,
Wh' have had it once, and are come off.

Ibid. line 479.

Still the ignoranter they prov'd,
Became the stiffer to be mov'd ;
For fools are stubboner t' obey,
As coins are harden'd by th' allay.

Ibid. line 507.

Was this the mystery we meant
In th' holy league and covenant,
To take it like tobacco then,
Only to be blown-out again ?

To hold up one hand for a brother,
And pick a pocket with the other?
That all the bus'ness of the cause
Was but to tickle ears with straws,
And pick the purse of John a Nokes,
That did but scratch it, like Squire Cokes.

Part III. canto II. line 553.

'Tis true we are in some confusion,
For want of zeal and resolution.
When haughty 'prentices rebell'd,
And beat their masters in the field,
And after ventur'd to reduce
The guards at Whitehall, and the Mews,
But failing in the enterprise,
Took in the city in a trice,
And kept it with a strong recruit,
And fresh supplies of horse and foot,
Till gallant Hewson, with a handful
Of men at arms, resolv'd and manful,
Drew up where th' enemy made head,
And shot an apple woman dead,
Put th' haughty enemy, in spite
Of all their confidence, to flight,
And took the town, with the only slaughter
Of his great rival, a translator.*

* Colonel Hewson, above alluded to, was originally a cobbler.—(EDITOR.)

Part III. canto II. line 713.

Lawyers, like jugglers, can with ease
Convey men's money how they please,
From Stiles's pocket into Nokes's,
As readily as *hocus pocus*;
Play fast and loose, make men obnoxious,
And clear again, like *hiccius doctius*.
Those, that in licens'd knav'ry deal,
And freely rob the commonweal,
And after make the laws o'th' land
A refuge against justice stand,
Like thieves that in a hemp-plot lye
Secure against the hue-and-cry,
And make that which they more deserve—
A halter, for protection serve.

Ibid. line 1168.

To keep out surplices and rings,
Was fitter for your wit than kings ;
Or cast the Quakers out, and Ranters,
For out reforming Covenanters ;
Or banish rosemary and bays,
And pies, on Christ-tide holidays ;
Fitter for talents of your rate,
Than botching of a church or state.

Ibid. line 1189.

Those, whose int'rest lies between
His keeping out, or bringing in,

Mean nothing but to make a mouth,
And take th' advantages of both,
Like rooks, who drive a subtle trade,
By taking all the oddses laid.

Part III. canto II. line 1195.

Till finding the hangsmen like to board,
Our vessel grappl'd to his yard,
T' avoid the danger tack'd about,
And turn'd our vile commanders out,
To put in others, in their steads,
Of stouter hearts and wiser heads,
Who quickly got the weather gage,
And then came boldly up t' ingage,
Maintain'd courageously the fight,
And put the enemy to flight.

Ibid. line 1519.—THE BURNING OF THE RUMP.

A speaker with a mace before it,
Cut by an artist in a carret,
With many a tatter'd talisman
For Bradshaw, Ireton, Scot and Vane;
Next statues, they have shown much art in,
For Tichborn, Munson, Downs, and Martin,
With Lambert, Desbro', and the rest,
In proper characters exprest;

All which, with rumps, are on a flame,
And our approaching fate proclaim,
More ominous than comets' tails
To all our juntas and cabals.

* * * * *

Through all the flaming kennel coarse us,
To shoot the fiery gulph, like Curtius,
As if the fortune of the state
Depended wholly on our fate;
For what does all their fury mean else
By sacrificing rumps in kennels?
By burning fundaments and haunches,
But to supplant us roots and branches?
To burn the most refin'd of Christians,
With postick botches, like Philistians;
To make our patriots miraculous,
Scorch'd in the touts, like Chaucer's Nicholas,
And sacrifice our hinder quarters,
More like to hereticks than martyrs;
To blow us up worse than the plot;
To charge their mortar piece, for shot,
With th' house of lords and fire the hall,
Instead of a granado-ball?
And now stand ready with granadoes
Of squibs and crackers, to invade us;
And every journeyman and 'prentice,
With rumps in kennels represent us;
And now are damning us, and drinking
Strong ale and curses to our sinking.

Part III. canto II. line 1606.

The rumps of all trees are the head,
By which they are maintain'd and fed,
And, therefore, all their tops and branches,
Are but their rumps, and arms, and haunches.
Were not the fundamental laws
The rump and fundament o'th' cause?
The cause which we have vow'd t' intail,
And settle on our heirs male;
And therefore rump's a name most fit
For those whose bus'ness is to sit.
A peacock's tail 's more rich and gaudy,
Than all the feathers of the body.

Ibid. line 1639.—BURNING OF THE RUMP.

Nor is this news to us, or more
Than what we might expect, before;
For when we had been render'd once
The subject matter of lampoons,
The argument of stories, libels,
News, queries, politicks, and quibbles,
In which we have been said and sung,
And clinch'd, and punn'd upon so long,
'Twas no hard matter to forecast
How long our government would last,
For when our folly had render'd us,
And all we did, ridiculous,

Men have obey'd as much in jest
As we have us'd our interest;
And when a state becomes a farce,
There needs no prophecy of stars
Nor long tail'd comet, to presage
Implicit changes to the age:
The smallest conventicle prophet
Might dream awake the ruin of it;
For nothing can destroy a nation
So soon as fools in consultation.

Part III. canto III. line 243.

 Cowards,
Like horses, do heroic acts,
Engage by turning of their backs,
And use the same heels both for fight
With th' enemy, and pursuit, and flight;
So with the same arms kill and slay,
And rout the foe and run away.
He that overcomes himself and runs,
Does more than he that takes great towns:
If ev'ry man would save but one,
No victory would e'er be won;
For he that runs may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.

Part III. canto III. line 313.

All feats of arms are now abridg'd
To sieges, or to being besieg'd,
And he's the formidablest souldier
Who flies, like crows, the smell of powder ;
To digging-up of skeletons,
To make *brown-Georges** of the bones.
It is not wearing arms of proof,
Lin'd through with shirts of mail and buff ;
But marching naked in the cold,
That makes men valorous and bold ;
Nor swords, nor bullets, nor bloodshed,
But stealing one another's bread,
And eating nothing out of mode,
But what's in season, frogs or toad.
All blows are at the belly aim'd,
Until 'tis slain outright or maim'd ;
And one another's motions watch,
Only to go upon the catch ;
To understand the time and reason
When toads and vermin are in season,
When frogs come in, and what's the cause
Why July spiders make best sauce,
As if the wars of frogs and mice
Had been of ours but prophecies,
For greater crowds are slain of those
Than upon both sides now of foes.
No feats of arms are now in mode,
But only living without food ;

* Brown loaves.

Nor weapons handl'd but for show,
Disease and famine are the foe,
And he, that against both is proof,
Can eat his boots, and feed on buff,
Is held impregnable in arms,
And more than shot-free made by charms;
They do not manage the contest
By fighting, but by starving best;
And he that's able to fast longest,
Is sure in th' end to be the strongest;
And he that can dine upon mundungus,
Is held the valiant'st man among us;
And those the formidablest forces,
That never mount, but eat their horses,
And make 'em serve i' th' expedition
For cavalry and ammunition;
Nor helmets now are in request,
Nor curacier, nor back, nor breast,
Nor arms of proof accounted good,
Because they will not serve for food.

Part III. canto III. line 313.

Fighting now is out of mode,
And stratagem the only road,
Unless i' th' out of fashion'd wars
Of barb'rous Turks and Polanders.
They laugh at fighting in the field,
Till one side run away or yield;

But manage all a safer way,
Like th' ancient sword and buckler play,
And loiter out a whole campaign
To forage only and trepan.
All feats of arms are now reduc'd
To chowsing, or to being chows'd,
And no rencounters so renown'd
As those on walls and under ground.
They fight not now to overthrow,
But gull and circumvent a foe;
And watch all small advantages,
As if they fought a game at chess;
And he's approved the most deserving,
Who longest can hold out at starving,
Can make best fricasies of cats,
——— of frogs, and mice, and rats,
Pottage of vermin, and ragouts
Of trunks, and boxes, and old shoes;
And those who, like th' immortal gods,
Do never eat, have still the odds.
——— all their warlike stratagems,
And subtle ferrying over streams,
Or playing at bo-peep with bridges,
Or crawling under ground at sieges,
Or swimming over deepest channels
T' avoid the foe, like water spaniels.

Part III. canto III. line 561.

Allow him the oddses of demurrers,
The other nothing but his errors,
And is admitted to all grace
And lawful favour by his place.

Ibid. line 535.

Law is like the labyrinth
With the two form'd monster in't,
That us'd to eat men's flesh, and devour
All that it got within it's pow'r.

Ibid. line 581.

THE SUCCEEDING LINES SEEM TO HAVE BEEN INTENDED AS PART OF
HUDIBRAS'S CHARACTER OF THE LAWYER.

A man s' impartial in his calling,
That right or wrong to him was all one ;
Was never known to be s' unjust,
As when he was brib'd to break his trust ;
So just, that he who brib'd him first
Was never known to have the worst ;
But, when they strove to give him most,
The desp'rat'st cause was never lost.

Line 69.—HUDIBRAS'S EPISTLE TO HIS LADY.

Love, like honour's privileg'd,
And cannot be by oaths oblig'd,

No more than what a witness swears
Is valid in his own affairs ;
And love has nothing to pretend,
But it's own interest and end.

Line 89.—HUDIBRAS'S EPISTLE TO HIS LADY.

Can any pow'r pretend to awe
Love, nature's fundamental law,
Or offer to give laws t' a lover
They have no jurisdiction over?
Shall he, that with his magick bow
Strikes hearts of monarchs through and through,
Submit his own great laws of war
To come t' a trial at a bar ?
To turn solicitor and prog,
Suborn, forswear, and pettifog.

IBID.—Line 99.

Love, that's the work and recreation,
And charter of the first creation,
From whom all souls of things derive
The free inheritance of life,
That in a short time would expire,
But that 'tis lengthen'd by desire ;
—— for how could nature live,
But that love gives it a reprieve,

That has no more than one life in't,
If love did not enlarge that stint.

Line 105.—LADY'S ANSWER.

Love that has substance for its ground,
Must be more lasting, firm, and sound,
Than that which has the slighter basis
Of airy virtue, wit, and graces.
Which is of such thin subtlety
In man, it creeps in at the eye ;
But that which its extraction owns
From solid gold and precious stones,
Must, like its shining parents, prove
As solid as a glorious love.

* * * * *

IBID.—Line 123.

Wealth is all these, she that has that
Is any thing she would be at :
Wit, beauty, honour, virtue, vice,
Are always valu'd by the price ;
For what are lips, and eyes, and teeth,
Which beauty fights and conquers with,
But rubies, pearls, and diamonds,
With which a philter love compounds ?
Or what is hair but threads of gold,
That lovers' hearts in fetters hold ?

Part II. canto III. line 250.—DESCRIPTIVE OF SIDROPHEL.

Whether the ganzas, or a scarab,
Or Mahomet's horse, by birth an Arab,
Did bear him up, or if he flew
With bladders of attracted dew,
Since authors mention to the moon
Men only those four ways have gone.*

Ibid. line 821.—HUDIBRAS'S VISIT TO THE LAWYER.

To this brave man the knight repairs
For counsel in his law affairs,
And, though the sage were not at home,
Was led into an inward room,
And told, he should have speed' advice,
To wait upon them in a trice;
Mean while the clerk flew out in haste,
And lock'd the door upon them fast,

* There have been many schemes for effecting this aerial journey; the most ingenious of which is that of Bishop Godwin in *The Voyages and Adventures of Domingo Gonzales to the World of the Moon*. The adventurer trains a great number of ganzas, which are described to be a kind of wild swan, to fly with him by means of a wooden frame, which he fastens round their necks. It appears that these birds made an annual migration to the moon, to which they carry Gonzales with inconceivable rapidity, at the period of one of their periodical flights. In "*Les Voyages de Milord Ceton, by Marie Anne de Roumier*," the hero is represented to have been metamorphosed into a fly, and conducted to the moon by a friendly genius. The last mode above alluded to, is adopted by Cyrano Bergerac in his *Histoire comique des Etat et Empire de la Lune*. He fills several vessels with dew, which the sun attracts, and raises him to a vast height towards that luminary; when, finding that he was going to the sun instead of the moon, he breaks several of the vessels, and his own weight then preponderating over the attracting influence, he descends and alights upon the moon.—(EDITOR.)

And left the knight and squire once more
In durance closer than before.

The lawyer was that morning gone
Some miles off to a market town,
Where he was wont to ply for fees,
And regulate enormities,
To vend his trumpery opinions
For turnips, cabbages, and onions,
And in the market put to sale
Recognisance and common bail ;
But when his clerk had found him out,
And told him what he came about,
How long his two new clients had
For his advice or justice staid,
Three hours at least to give him handsel
To execute the laws or cancel.
Why then, quoth he, 'tis ten to one
The birds before this time are flown.
Flown! quoth the clerk, th' are fast enough,
I'll warrant 'em, from getting off;
I have 'em under lock and key
Too well secur'd to run away.
That's right, quoth he, but will the gains
We're like to have, outweigh the pains ?
Th' are such, as near as I could guess,
That seldom fail to pay their fees,
True virtuosos, and *lief-hebbers*
Of suits in law among their neighbours,
That bleed well, though the dotterels,
Are fain to spare in all things else.

They are the likelier, quoth Bracton,
To bring us many a sleeveless action ;
Then let us trudge away apace
To seize 'em for our wefts and strays,
As fast as jockies post to break,
Or padders to preserve, a neck,
Where let us leave 'em, while we tell
What new exploits the knight befell.

Clap'd up before hand for their fees
The knight and squire in little-ease
Some hours had laid, and did not know
How many more they were to do,
When wearied with their tedious stay,
The knight, to pass the time away,
And squire engag'd in fierce dispute
To pass the judgment on their suit,
And what they came to understand
Resolv'd between 'em before hand,
But wag'd with mortal heat the squabble,
As ignorance is apt to dabble ;
For none are fiercer in contest
Than those that understand the least.
Just as both parties were preparing
To break the peace and good abearing,
They heard a knocking at the gate,
That stopp'd the desperate debate,
And forc'd them both to wave th' assault,
And by consent to make a halt.

Soon as the lawyer was at home,
He sent his clerk to approach the room,

Where he had shut them in the pound,
Like beasts, for breaking int' his ground ;
T' excuse his master's great occasions
Of private bus'ness, and the nation's ;
And let them know what great affairs
He had neglected, to do theirs,
What clients he had wav'd and fees,
To serve them and their businesses.



BUTLER'S REMAINS.



• *An Hermetic Philosopher.*

EXTRACTS FROM THE CHARACTER OF THE

HERMETIC PHILOSOPHER.

HE will not allow any man to be free of the *Philosophers*, that has not only served out his time to a furnace, but can cant and spit fire like a Juggler. He is so full of the *great secret*, that he cannot possibly hold, but is fain, when he is treating of other matters, to withdraw very abruptly, and vent himself, like him that digged a hole in the ground to whisper in.

He hath taken much pains to prove, that magic is not conjuring; and that Sir *Henry Cornelius* was no conjuror, nor his dog a devil, but a mere natural dog; though he confesses, he could not chuse but have more in him than another dog, having served such a master, who, in his preface to *Lully's Ars Brevis*, professes in a few weeks to have made ignorant old men and young children, with a mere

trick, able to dispute in all sorts of learning with the most profound Doctors in *Europe*.

All the dukes, earls, and barons in the Planets are the godsons of the “*Hermetic Philosophers*,” if not their bastards. These lords spiritual hold so perfect a conformance in all their manners, customs, and usages with ours upon earth, that a learned antiquary would certainly conclude, they were at first some colony transplanted hence. With these they are so familiar, that they have a particular of every one’s estate, and can tell how many tenants he has, that hold their lands of him. These spirits they use to catch by the noses with fumigations, as St. Dunstan did the devil with a pair of tongs, and make them compound for their liberty, by discovering secrets. By this means, they have found out the way to make planetary mousetraps, in which rats and mice shall take themselves without the expense of toasted cheese and bacon. They have fine devices to make counterfeit maggots of lute-strings; translate agues into dogs, or fright them away with spiders; to cure the tooth-ach or sore eyes with medicines laid to the imagination; kill rats and warts with rhimes; quote moles on any part of the body by an index in the face; discover lost maidenheads; pimp with figures, charms, and characters; cut noses out of buttocks with *Taliacotius*; blow the philosopher’s fire with words of pure wind, and



BUTLER'S REMAINS.



The Churchwarden.

A CHURCHWARDEN

Is a public officer, intrusted to rob the church by virtue of his place, as long as he is in it. He has a very great care to eat and drink well upon all public occasions, that concern the parish; for *a good conscience being a perpetual feast*, he believes, the better he feeds, the more conscience he uses in the discharge of his trust; and as long as there is no dry-money-cheat used, all others are allowed, according to the tradition and practice of the church in the purest times. When he lays a tax upon the parish he commonly raises it a fourth part above the accompt, to supply the default of houses that may be burnt, or stand empty; or men that may break and run away; and if none of these happen, his fortune is the greater, and his hazard never the less; and therefore he divides the overplus between himself and his colleagues, who were engaged to pay the whole, if all the parish had ran away, or hanged themselves.

He over-reckons the parish in his accompts, as the taverns do him, and keeps the odd money himself, instead of giving it to the drawers. He eats up the bell-ropes like the ass in the emblem, and converts the broken glass windows into whole beer-glasses of sack; and before his year is out, if he be but as good a fellow as the drinking bishop was, pledges a whole pulpit-full. If the church happen to fall to decay in his time, it proves a deodand to him; for he is lord of the manor, and does not only make what he pleases of it, but has his name recorded on the walls among texts of Scripture and leathern buckets, with the year of his office, that the memory of the unjust, as well as the just, may last as long as so transitory a thing may. He interprets his oath, not according to the sense and meaning of the words, but the tradition and practice of his predecessors; who have always been observed to swear what others please, and do what they please themselves.



BUTLER'S REMAINS.



A Mountebank.

A MOUNTEBANK

Is an epidemic physician, a doctor-errant, that keeps himself up by being, like a top, in motion; for, if he should settle, he would fall to nothing immediately. He is a pedlar of medicines, a petty chapman of cures, and tinker empirical to the body of man. He strolls about to markets and fairs; where he mounts on the top of his shop, that is his bank, and publishes his medicines as universal as himself; for every thing is for all diseases, as himself is of all places, that is to say, of none. His business is to shew tricks and impudence: as for the cure of diseases, it concerns those that have them, not him, farther than to get their money. His *pudding* is his setter, that lodges the rabble for him, and then slips him, who opens with a deep mouth, and has an ill day, if he does not run down some. He baits his patient's body with his medicines, as a rat-catcher does a room, and either poisons the disease, or him. As soon as he has got all the money, and spent all the credit the

rabble could spare him, he then removes to fresh quarters, where he is less known, and better trusted. If but one in twenty of his medicines hit by chance, when nature works the cure, it saves the credit of all the rest, that either do no good or hurt; for whosoever recovers in his hands, he does the work *under God*; but, if he die, God does it *under him*: his time was come, and there's an end. A velvet jerkin is his prime qualification, by which he is distinguished from his *pudding*, as *he* is with his cap from him. This is the usher of his school, that draws the rabble together, and then he draws their teeth. His fool serves for his foil, and sets him off, as well as his bragging and lying. The first thing he vents is his own praise, and then his medicines wrapt up in several papers and lies. He mounts his bank as a vaulter does his wooden horse, and then shews tricks for his patients, as apes do for the king of Spain. He casts the nativity of urinals, and tries diseases, like a witch, by water. He pretends to universal medicines; that is, such as, when all men are sick together, will cure them all, but till then no one in particular.

BUTLER'S REMAINS.



The Medicine Taker.

draw the glorified spirit of the elixir, not out of gross matter, but the pure incorporeal hope and faith of the credulous, which is the best and most rational way of multiplication ; for a small dose, so prepared, and projected upon the dullest metal, converts it, presently, into gold ready coined.

They have found out a way to make invisible hour-glasses for gifted brethren to preach by, who would give offence to tender consciences, if it should seem, as if the spirit could enable them to understand what to say, but not how much, without the help of a carnal hour-glass. They are now carrying on a *thorough reformation* in the celestial world. They have repaired the old spheres, that were worn as thin as a cobweb, and fastened the stars in them with a screw, by which means they may be taken off, and put on again, at pleasure. They have pulled down all the ancient houses of the Planets, and set up tents in their places, as being more convenient in regard of their easiness to be removed upon all occasions. They have lately fallen on *Du Bartas's* design to new-christen all the Constellations, and give them Scripture names, a work no doubt of singular piety, and like, in time, to convert the Astrologers, when they shall derive the principles and rudiments of their science from divine authority, which now they are fain to borrow of the old Heathen Poets. This, in process of time, may enable them (as well as other trades) to preach for

themselves, and save the charge of hiring old Mongrel Rabines, that are three-quarters *Jews*, to make their art as lawful as they can, with mighty arguments drawn from etymologies and anagrams. But their intelligence in the upper world is nothing to what they have in the infernal ; for they hold exact correspondence with the devils, and can give a perfect account of their ecclesiastical, civil, and military discipline. All this they perform by virtue and dint of numbers, which they will have to run through the three worlds, like a ladder of rope, holding the same proportion in them all, and the universal privilege of the *Great Secret*, which they can prove to be the golden bough, that served *Æneas* for a pass to go to hell with.

A MEDICINE-TAKER

HAS a sickly mind, and believes the infirmity is in his body; like one, that draws the wrong tooth, and fancies his pain in the wrong place. The less he understands the reason of physic, the stronger faith he has in it, as it commonly fares in all other affairs of the world. His disease is only in his judgment, which makes him believe a doctor can fetch it out of his stomach, or his belly; and fright those worms out of his guts, that are bred in his brain. He believes a doctor is a kind of conjurer, that can do strange things, and he is as willing to have him think so; for by that means he does not only get his money, but finds himself in some possibility, by complying with that fancy, to do him good for it, which he could never expect to do any other way; for like those that have been cured by drinking their own water, his own imagination is a better medicine than any the doctor knows how to prescribe, even as the

weapon salve cures a wound by being applied to that which made it. He is no sooner well, but any story or lie of a new famous doctor, or strange cure, puts him into a relapse, and he falls sick of a medicine instead of a disease, and catches physic, like him that fell into a looseness at the sight of a purge. He never knows when he is well, nor sick, but is always tampering with his health till he has spoiled it, like a foolish musician, that breaks his strings with striving to put them in tune; for *nature*, which is *physic*, understands better how to do her own work than those that take it from her at second hand. *Hippocrates* says—*Ars longa, vita brevis*; and it is the truest of all his aphorisms ;

For he that's giv'n much to the long art,
Does not prolong his life, but cut it short.

BUTLER'S REMAINS.



An Harangue.

AN HARANGUER

Is one, that is so delighted with the sweet sound of his own tongue, that *William Prynne* will sooner lend an ear, than he, to anything else. His measure of talk is till his wind is spent ; and then he is not silenced, but becalmed. His ears have caught the itch of his tongue, and though he scratch them, like a beast with his hoof, he finds a pleasure in it. A *silenced Minister* has more mercy on the Government in a secure Conventicle, than he has on the company that he is in. He shakes a man by the ear, as a dog does a pig, and never looses his hold, till he has tired himself, as well as his patient. He does not talk to a man, but attack him ; and whomsoever he can get into his hands he lays violent language on. If he can, he will run a man up against a wall, and hold him at a bay by the buttons, which he handles as bad as he does his person, or the business he treats upon. When he finds him begin to sink, he holds him by

the clothes, and feels him as a butcher does a calf, before he kills him. He is a walking pillory, and crucifies more ears than a dozen standing ones. He will hold any argument rather than his tongue, and maintain both sides at his own charge; for he will tell you what you will say, though, perhaps, he does not intend to give you leave. He lugs men by the ears, as they correct children in Scotland, and will make them tingle, while he talks with them, as some say they will do, when a man is talked of in his absence. When he talks to a man, he comes up close to him, and, like an old soldier, lets fly in his face, or claps the bore of his pistol to his ear, and whispers aloud, that he may be sure not to miss his mark. His tongue is always in motion, tho' very seldom to the purpose, like a barber's scissars, which are always snipping as well when they do not cut, as when they do. His tongue is like a bagpipe drone, that has no stop, but makes a continual ugly noise, as long as he can squeeze any wind out of himself. He never leaves a man until he has run him down, and then he winds a death over him. A sow-gelder's horn is not so terrible to dogs and cats, as he is to all that know him. His way of argument is to talk all, and hear no contradiction. First, he gives his antagonist the length of his wind; and then, let him make his approaches if he can, he is sure to be beforehand with him. If he happens at any time to be at a stand, and any man else

begins to speak, he presently drowns him with his noise, as a water-dog makes a duck dive: for, when you think he has done, he falls on, and lets fly again, like a gun, that will discharge nine times with one loading. He is a rattlesnake, that with his noise gives men warning to avoid him; otherwise, he will make them wish they had. He is, like a bell, good for nothing but to make a noise. He is so long in delivering himself, that those that hear him desire to be delivered too, or despatched out of their pain. He makes his discourse the longer with often repeating *to be short*, and talks much of *in fine*, but never means to come near it.

THE END.

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